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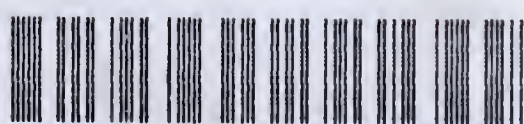


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# THE GUARDIAN:



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
DEVOTED TO THE  
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS  
OF  
**YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.**

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

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1852.



JOHN H. PEARSON, PRINTER,  
LANCASTER CITY, PA.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. III.]

JANUARY, 1852.

[No. 1.

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS Number begins a new year of the Guardian. Our patrons expect from us a few words—especially if their interest in our Magazine is a real one. We will most cheerfully, in a few words, show our face editorially, and greet them with a happy New Year.

We need say nothing of the object we have in view in this Publication. Those who have read its pages during the two past years are acquainted with its spirit and intent. Those who now see it for the first time, are respectfully referred to the Prospectus, which we have placed on the fourth page of the cover. As to how we have performed our editorial duty, our readers shall judge. We have done what we could—"Would it were worthier!" What good it has effected eternity will disclose. We believe in God, and we believe no less in His blessing on every effort to do good which He can approve. We are therefore content to await the harvest in the patience of that hope which never makes ashamed.

How has the Guardian fared? We answer it has more than kept the even tenor of its way. The improvements which we made, at considerable expense, at the commencement of the second year, have been appreciated, and have given it much additional favor with its readers. While, as was to be expected, about two hundred subscribers fell off at the end of the first year, we had the pleasure of adding about five hundred new ones. If our present number of subscribers will permit us to continue their names for another year, and an addition of new ones is made in proportion to the last year, we shall have quite a respectable list. We hope our friends will not withdraw, and in so far discourage our enterprise for the sake of one dollar. How easily can that small amount be saved during the year from some useless expenditure. While we would not unduly urge any one to continue, we may be permitted respectfully to express our desire that all our present subscribers may kindly go with us another year.

If an inducement, in addition to what its merits may hitherto



have been, is necessary, it is offered in the continued improvements which we promise to make. Some items of improvement the reader will discover in various places in the present number. Its general appearance is much more neat; experience makes perfect. In addition to this we may mention several improvements of a more prominent and important character.

1st. The Editorial Department will receive the benefit of the talent and taste of two additional Editors—REV. E. HEINER, D. D., and REV. S. H. REID, A. M.

2d. The present number is embellished by a beautiful engraving, which was expressly prepared for the Guardian. This will make a fine ornamental frontispiece for the bound Volume.

We pledge ourselves anew to keep the pages of the Guardian pure. It shall contain only solid and instructive reading; and will continue to be in spirit a testimony against the light literature of the day. It will not compromise its character for the purpose of increasing its circulation. In dependance upon that God who will always "speed the right," we advance upon the labors of another year. May we, and our readers, be enabled to do so with a solemn sense of the truth that it may be our last. Another year!—what revelations it may make! What we do, let us do quickly. Behold the Judge is at the door.

## TOLLING! TOLLING!

BY H. H.

THE bell!—it tolls!  
How mournfully it rolls  
Its gloomy cadences upon the ear.  
It tells us that some mortal  
Is borne toward the portal  
Of the grave, upon a bier.

Who's dead? Oh say,  
Whom do they bear away  
By the muffled music of the bell?  
Is it Father? Is it Mother?  
Is it Sister, Child, or Brother?  
Who is it? can you tell?

Enough—we know  
That hearts are pierced with wo,—  
Their heavy sorrows let us try to share.  
Whoe'er it be that's faded,  
Some hearth has been invaded,  
And there's a vacant chair!

Was he—Oh say—  
Whom they now bear away—  
Was he a child of God? an heir of Heaven?  
Then peaceful are his slumbers,  
He's joined the happy numbers  
Of those who are forgiven.

Or does it toll  
For some unforgiven soul,  
Whom death hath from his earthly idols torn?  
Hath some sinner passed the flood?  
Oh! had it not been good  
If he never had been born!



## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

### NO. I.

#### THE DREADFUL DOINGS OF RUM!

BY REV. S. H. REID.

A PASTOR'S experience is very varied and often very instructive. He sees much, and hears more. And if what he sees and what he hears were more generally put on paper, some highly interesting, and many sad and instructive tales might be made to impress themselves upon the human mind. His office naturally brings him into closer contact with his fellow men. He beholds their virtues and their vices. He sees the dreadful effects of sin—its painful and destructive tendencies. Fain would he turn his eyes away, but he cannot; and cheerfully would he conceal sin's workings, but he *dare* not. Oh! what must he do? what *can* he do? what *shall* he do? The Prophet directs, "Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." We have not lived long in this world; nor have we seen much of its varied and instructive history; and still we have seen enough to have taught us many wholesome lessons. Ah, many things too which have made our heart sad. And if an account of these, during the year that is now before us, be, in any way, instructive and profitable to our youthful readers, we will feel ourselves abundantly repaid.

The dreadful doings of rum! Ah! how many are these dreadful doings, and among the many sad incidents of this description, permit us to record the following:

On the banks of one of the beautiful rivers in Pennsylvania, there lived a man not many years ago, who became very rich. He started low in life, but grew rapidly in business, and came in the end to own farms, merchandise, and much wealth. He was known in the community as the Rich man; and the title was not inappropriate, for he had "great possessions."

In the Providence of God, to this man were given three hale, healthy sons. To these he looked with parental fondness, as his future comfort in his declining years, and the legal heirs to his great estate. It is not in man, however, to direct his steps; nor to tell what a day may bring forth. He frequently heaps up riches, while the Rumseller or Gamester gathers them. But a few years passed after the birth of these boys, and their father was removed by death. This sad occurrence of course made a



great change under the parental roof; and resulted in the winding up of this estate—the appointment of Guardians for these sons—and their removal to the County-seat for future training or education. But, *pity* the youth who are early deprived of the watchfulness of a fond mother, or the control of a careful father! Or especially, *pity* the youth who are early turned loose in our cities or larger towns, with pockets full of money and no restraints, to grapple with a thousand temptations, and run the risk of being caught in the meshes of those wicked monsters in human shape, who hang around the paths of youthful society, like so many bloated spiders, to catch unwary flies! Would that parents and guardians were made to feel that to give their trusts plenty of money and permit them to run at liberty, is but to turn them over to wretchedness and ruin! Then we might begin to hope that the days of drunkenness were measurably doomed; and the number of those diminished, who are destined to fill a drunkard's grave. The youths of this sketch, grew up in their new relation in the exercise of great liberties, and amid many alluring enticements to evil; and while we lose sight, for the present, of the two youngest, let us trace the history of the eldest, whose sad course and end makes up the main subject of this incident.

John M——, having completed a course of preparatory training, immediately entered upon the studies of a profession; and having given the usual time and attention to these studies, he commenced to try his strength in putting his acquirements into practice. For awhile all was fair and bright. He bid fair to be eminently useful and successful. Possessing naturally a good mind, and having this well trained, he seemed to be fairly in the way of establishing a character for business and amassing wealth. He was also a pleasing companion; of good manners and a friendly and sociable heart. Society courted his presence, and the highest places of respectability were accessible to him.

But how full of meaning the prayer, “lead us not into temptation;” and well would it have been for young M——, had he have made it the sincere petition of every day. Elated with success—the heir of a considerable fortune—and being constantly caressed by the smooth but insidious tongue of flattery, his youthful brain could not endure it. He became dizzy by the rapid height to which he had been so rapidly carried; and having received no guiding principles in early youth to direct his steps, it was soon discovered that he was gradually falling a prey to the destroyer. He commenced, as most inebriates commence, *with the social glass*. From this the road was broad and easy



to the midnight carousal. Finally it began to be noised abroad that young M——, so talented and promising, was growing fond of the cup; and at last, unable any longer to conceal the truth, or curb his appetites, it was no uncommon thing to see him staggering through the streets a *drunken bloat*! Of course his professional career soon felt the shock. Old employers forsook him, and new ones were not to be found. In a short time, a practice of which any man might have been proud, dwindled into nothing; an office always before thronged, was now empty and desolate—the very picture of a drunkard's doings, and a drunkard's doom!

Nothing was left now as a source of support, but that part of his parental inheritance still left to him after the expenses of his education were deducted. This originally being considerable, a large portion was still at his disposal. But from the manner in which he had lost all popular respect and support, and from the manner in which his intemperate habits were daily growing upon him and draining his pockets, it was evident to his most partial friends, that it would not require a very long time to render him *penniless*.

In the same place in which the scene which I have just described, was carried on, there lived an old and respectable family, the close and intimate friends of the parents of young M——. In this family was reared an affectionate and interesting daughter, between whom and the subject of this sketch, feelings of peculiar interest and attachment, even from early youth, had sprung up. It was very evident, from their early and growing interest in each other, that something more than common friendship was the basis of their intimacy, and that, if nothing occurred to prevent, in due time they would be united in the close and sacred bonds of marriage.

When, however, young M—— had so unfortunately and shamefully debased himself in the uses of the intoxicating cup, as has already been described, he was plainly assured that he had forfeited his claim to that hand, which had been so freely extended to him, when treading in the bright and promising career of prosperity and uprightness. Still, all hope was not blotted out, and he was given to understand that the guilty could be forgiven, and favors bestowed upon those who would reform.

But is there any salvation for the poor deluded drunkard? Very little; and so confirmed in his habits had this unfortunate youth become, that all the sense of former shame—and all the entreaties of friends, and even the certainty of losing forever the hand and heart of her he fondly loved, could not divide between



him and his cups. On he plunges, deeper and deeper, into the destructive bowl, until all hopes of his reclamation were clear gone forever! Time passed, and the object of his early and fondest love gave her hand to another. Not, however, without evident chagrin upon his part, and the fatal determination to lay hands upon his life!

"If *C. marries another*," swore he, "*the day of her marriage will be the day of my death!*"

And he was true to his engagement. The marriage-day came, and the happy pair were united, amid the smiles of fond friends, and the anxiety of doating parents. Around that hearth all was joy and gladness; and each congratulated the cherished bride and her escape, on the one hand, from the doom of a drunkard's companion; and on the other, at her happy final choice. While joy and gladness, however, were felt and exhibited in this home of happy hearts, quite another scene was being transacted not very far off. No one, who had heard the threat of young M——, expected at all that he would carry it into execution. All supposed that this was made amid the fumes of alcohol, and consequently when these would pass away, his determinations would likewise depart. But not so the result. The youth seems to have been given up, and he who might have lived anywhere and been loved by all, was now a captive at Satan's will. Having ascertained fully the certainty of the marriage already referred to, and taking a trusty servant with him, he steals away into the silence of his lonely and forsaken office, and there with his *own* hand, he lifts the poisonous and deadly cup to his lips, and—*the deed is done!*

How reasonably may we exclaim, in view of the above facts, (and they are facts, every one of them,)—*Oh, the dreadful doings of rum!* I cannot think of this young man—I cannot think of his parentage—I cannot think of his wealth—I cannot think of his education, and of his early prospects in life;—I cannot think of the interest shewn by kind friends and citizens generally, and then remember the dark, dreadful morning of his death, without, even now, feeling a shivering horror steal over my mind and body.

And what effect had this occurrence in its own immediate neighborhood? For a time the impression was deep, awful, and the lovers of sobriety and order fairly hoped it would speak with solemn abiding effects upon the minds of this young man's companions. But the deed was soon forgotten. The most solemn warnings are often disregarded, and so it has been, in a great measure, in this case. Even since this victim of the cup has



met his doom, others, in the same way, have gone to share his reward. When will men be wise? When will they take advice? and when will they see practically and fully, THE DREADFUL DOINGS OF RUM?

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## NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

SHALL I speak of visions? Shall I tell a dream? Shall I turn my thoughts within me and commune with the solemn past? Oh, the restless and changing Present! Oh, the earnest Future with its hopes and fears! I love the Past—it hath the voice of a prophet. Blessed are they who have no disposition to stone this prophet, because he brings hateful things to their ears.

Once upon a New Year's eve, while merry sleigh-bells were ringing along the way, making sad music in contrast with the creaking of swinging signs, the rattling pat pat of window shutters, and the peculiarly mournfully moaning of the wind around the corners of the house, I sat thoughtfully with my feet upon the fender, with my hands folded behind my head, and my eyes fixed upon the solemn alternations of light and shade upon the wall. It was a sober hour! One scene of memory after another moved with funeral pace before my imagination. More and more did the outward world fade from my consciousness, till at length!—did I dream?

It seemed as if I was passing along a meandering way, which was like the backward path of life. All around me seemed lit up with joy, like the bright and peaceful fields of childhood; but my heart hung in leaden sadness over the scene. Soon I discovered that my eyes were wet! I saw a small green mound before me, overhung with the depending branches of that "gloomy tree which looks as if it mourned over what it shadows." I hastened to the spot, as fast as my heavy feet would bear me, laid my face upon it, and wept earnestly upon the bosom of the earth. It was the grave of my parents!

This was a place for meditation! A thousand recollections passed over my mind, like shadows of Autumn pass over the



field. I thought of the days of youth—of the fancies and hopes which then mocked me—of the joys which pleased me, and of the playmates which I loved. I remembered the spot from which I called Echo, and he answered me. I heard the noonday horn—saw the grain fields waved by the wind, and the heat twitter over fields of blooming clover. I heard the dog's gruff bay from the neighboring barn—heard the cricket's chirp in the wall, and the solemn click! tick! of the clock in the corner. The June odor of blossoming trees was wafted to me, and even the humming of bees greeted my ears. With these came back over my soul all the feelings of early life, and I almost wished to be a child again!

Then I endeavored to count the changes to which memory could refer in life's backward track. But who will trace the shifting shadows of earth under the changing moon? Who will count the changes of mortal life? Ah! I have found it. It is but one change—a changing change of changes!

While I was increasing my sadness by counting life's changes over, a venerable sage drew up towards me with a slow step and patriarchal look. I saw by his grey locks, and thoughtful brow, that he was one to whom

“The sunset of life gave mystical lore.”

Behold it was Father Time. He had in his hand a seal by which to close up all the deeds of my past life unto the day of judgment! His eye, which seemed at a careless view, mild and tender, grew fierce and terrible on a closer look. At length he addressed me with measured solemnity thus:

“Oh child of earth, I am come to close up the accounts of the past year with you. Here is the Record; prepare to meet it in the day when all the affairs of time will be finally settled. Canst thou answer one of a thousand? In it the recording Angel has written the acts of the past year!—Ay! and of thy whole life! ‘A prudent man forseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the wicked pass on and are punished.’”

Thus saying he was about to turn away, when I called him and prayed for some good advice. “Speak to me, O grey-haired Father, a few words of wisdom.”

“I have just dropped you a word, lay it to heart. A prudent man forseeth the evil. You are now entering a New Year, and the Recording Angel is waiting to make the first record! What shall he put down first? Your first act must determine that. See to it, O child of dust, that he write good things of thee during the coming year. I will meet you again on next New Year's night, in the mean time be wise lest thou mourn at the last.”



Again he turned from me, but cast a look back into my eyes which seemed to convey a world of meaning, but I could not interpret it till I heard in soft murmurs falling from his lips the paradoxical words :

“That which is past is not yet past—that which will be in future is not yet future!”

These words wakened in my soul such earnest thoughts, that I awoke—and the clock struck TWELVE! The year was past, and yet not past, for it must be reviewed in the presence of an Omniscient God! That which will be in the coming year is not yet.

I fell upon my knees, and began the New Year with prayer. Oh, may it be better than the past!

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## “THE STEADY PURPOSE AND HIGH RESOLVE.”

BY ELIA.

THE golden age of unlabored production was but of the duration of a flower. It soon passed away, for man fell and the earth was cursed. Thereupon arose the necessity of toil—thenceforth and forever, until his end. From the beautiful garden he was driven out upon the world withered beneath the Almighty's frown. He could no longer linger in happy indolence in that enchanting retreat, plucking without pain its spontaneous fruits, where delicate fragrance and pleasing sights gratified the yet unperverted sense—where sweet ideas and thoughts of loveliness fed while they delighted his still uncorrupted spirit—where he himself, with his noble, sinless soul, gladdened the place in its beauty, and woman's fairness in angelic purity shone upon him like a smile from Heaven.

His mode of life was sadly, miserably changed. With his unaided physical energies must he begin to toil. He was like one born upon the earth in full maturity, but had not the education of childhood and youth to guide him on his way. Science had not yet explored the laws of those material agents thrown so profusely around, nor had Art selected them and applied them for its use. Great, then, was the presumption against him; for who could predict aught of the mighty works of which man's developed and still developing faculties are capable? Indeed, we now seem to have almost realized the beautiful fable of Plato in the results which have been attained; the Goddess of Poverty



has been embraced by the God of Wealth, and though their offspring has not been the voluptuous Cupid as in the fable, yet she has become the fertile mother of Agriculture and the ingenious mother of the Arts and Sciences.

In all that God has made, or man's disobedience marred, there lingers beauty, and to restore their pristine loveliness is one of the noblest employments of man. In himself may this especially be done, and while in himself also in others. It was the just and beautiful conception of the ancient philosophers, who had nought but the light of nature to guide them, that man, in his present state, seemed but the ruins of some once grand and noble temple; and scattered over the world lie the remains of its former greatness and splendor. In rearing its fallen columns, re-carving its disfigured chapiters, polishing again its statues and replacing them in their appointed niches, and raising its pinnacle to its height, should be the occupation of good men. When restored it would appear a master-piece of classic architecture,—its marble pillars rising from its deep foundations, exquisitely fashioned and proportioned, surrounded with ornamented capitals, and having for its inscription all forms of loveliness.

There are in the recesses of Nature, stored and uncounted agents, of advantage, when known. From every corner beam forth rays from some unknown truth, which needs but be seen to be used. Not for its beauty alone has the flower bloomed and faded in its delicacy, or the tree grown up in its strength. With lavish abundance has the Author of nature strewn around gifts elevating and useful to the mind. It is man's to discover, to expand, catching at the hints, and improve, remoulding the old with the new.

Though the pursuits of men be diversified, and their success as diversified as their individual characters, yet if they perform their duty, religion being the inspiring principle, their aims must be directed toward these two ends, and in that they enjoy and possess the highest occupation of life; for this is to restore his former moral purity and grandeur, and help him in his pathway to an eternity of bliss.

Enduring gratitude and eternal fame be theirs who have done this. It is a remarkable fact, that they who have eminently benefited their race are familiarly known; and of their names it may be truly said, that they live on the lips of the people. And who would not, who ought not to prefer the world-wide homage which is the reward of excellencies which the wide world can appreciate, to the more circumscribed admiration of the little circle of those who enter into this deeper reasoning?

It is, indeed, painful to see what empty trifles men pursue in



this delusive world. The largest hoard ever heaped by miser hands may soon vanish by the spendthrift's joyless prodigality :—the noblest monument ever reared to commemorate the deeds of men may crumble to ruin ;—the brightest laurel-wreath ever won by the feats of arms, may linger for a brief period around the temple of the victor, and time will soon brush it away forever. Their *names* and their *existence* are but commensurate with their transient lives, and after the third generation they have no place on earth.

The remembrance of useful men is analogous to the character of useful works, in respect to durability and extension. Only those have remained uncovered by the great ocean of time, who have been useful not only in their day, but also in after times. The beautiful have been swept away, but the useful remains to benefit and gladden posterity. Nero's golden palace, the marble theatre, the obelisks and colossal statues of Rome, are shapeless ruins. "The public and private edifices that were founded for eternity lie prostrate, naked and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant, and the ruin is more visible from the stupendous relics which have survived the injuries of Time and Fortune. Yet still the aqueducts of Appius and Agrippa pour their living streams into the city, bearing health and convenience to the people. The glory and existence of the holy temple of cedar and gold, whose great size, massive solidity and astonishing strength seemed fitted to resist all the efforts of human force and stand the successive shock of ages, have alike terminated. Yet Siloam's cool bright waters still refresh the weary pilgrim. Thus if there be any names which shall shine brightly amid the records of the world, they will be those who have conferred some great and lasting benefit upon their race and raised them nearer to that perfection of which they are capable ; only such deeds give undying glory ; imprinting their names with the immortality they themselves possess. This is strikingly evident from the history of those who have not done thus, but on the contrary have offered upon the altar of *self* the holocaust of a ruined world. Though the shouts and cheers of the multitude, dazzled and led astray by the brilliancy of their deeds may rise tumultuously around such an one, like a whirlwind bearing away all thought or sense, the impartial historian in *histories pedestribus* will judge his every act and enter thence into the secret motives of the soul—and with stern accents will he pronounce his doom, "Wo unto you, for your works shall testify against you forever."

There is much to be done on earth—there are yet many discoveries to be made in the domain of truth—there may be still



Great improvements made in the physical, moral and intellectual condition of mankind—errors to be rectified which have passed for truth,—triumphs of principle, of a splendor not yet dreamed, and there will continue to be long after we are dead. Let us not, then, stop and idly endeavor to perceive the direct bearing of our influence, or the measure of our usefulness in the great game of life, but learn to labor and to wait. Accepting as true the decisions of that *great Book*, which has been the resting-place of myriads from the ceaseless questions which agitated the minds of the greatest sages of antiquity, and which have uselessly employed the noblest intellects of modern times; the mind is left free to pursue its investigations and researches in that path and within those limits, in which only human science can be successfully prosecuted. We pass quickly, and there is but a fleeting moment in which to labor, but in the records of the world that moment is important as one in which its progress has been impelled or impeded. Our fathers have preceded us in the march of life, and acted their part whether well or ill; we feel their blood flowing through the paths of our systems, but slower and slower till it shall soon cease forever. Then in haste must we deliberate and form “the steady purpose and high resolve.” We must take up the work where our fathers have left it; and let it not be said that we have stopped or impeded the progress of “bright Improvement rolling on in the swift car of Time.”

These especially should be the thoughts of us who are about to enter upon manhood. They, therefore, can have reference only to the future. The past is gone, and forever, and with it all opportunity there. “No hand can make the clock that will strike for us the hours again that are gone.” In the unknown future lies the scene upon which we must act—there only can be brought into tangible being the dream-like visions which fancy formed for us in early days; and if we have any noble aspirations, there only can they be reached, and our anticipations realized. For it, must we form the “steady purpose and high resolve.” Though storms may rage around us,—and we may not escape what the experience of others has taught us to expect, that like a brilliant star will shed to us a clear light, calling unto us and declaring we are her’s. Though companions may flee our way and abandon us when danger is near, with hoping spirits we may look confidingly upward and find that star still there “dyed with the depths of heaven, and clothed in the calm of eternity.” And if we have done anything worthy under its auspices—if we have aided virtue and lessened the ills of life—that we leave as a heritage to posterity; and they will entwine



round our tombs "the fruit-wreath of good deeds, the fairest flower and cypress-wreaths which they can give to those who hold the dearest and most sacred place in their hearts."

"Though life may be the sacrifice,  
Though want and misery darkly frown;  
Still must our rugged pathway rise,  
Still must we grasp the victor's crown."

## EXCELSIOR!

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

"While, from the bounded level of our mind,  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanc'd, behold, with strange surprise,  
New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So, pleased at first the tow'ring Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
But, those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labors of the lengthened way;  
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes;  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."—POPE.

THE shame of ignorance becomes so much greater, in this age, when we consider the facilities which are now enjoyed. In former times, books were scarce and dear; now they are almost like the leaves of Autumn. Especially have elementary books in all sciences been multiplied and simplified to such an extent, that almost any science can be acquired without a teacher. All that is known, on almost all subjects, is within reach of the humblest. He who cannot purchase, can easily borrow.

On account of time-saving inventions, time has become more plenty. We need but half the time in which to do the same amount of works, as our forefathers did. Mind has so far mastered the physical world, and has made science its servant to such an extent, that it has abundant leisure to cultivate its own powers, and to make itself more completely Lord over this lower world. But alas! worldliness, fondness for amusements, and other earthly trifles, seem also to be increasing with the progress of the age, and the tide of things, like a stream, is becoming shallow in proportion as it becomes broad. Knowledge seems to become more superficial as it becomes more general. Because the work of providing for the body, and getting rich, is easily done; men sit down to eat and rise up to play. A novel, a circus, a dance, or a glass of Lager Beer seems to be relished more than the waters of Castilia; and the fumes of a Principe, is more regaling than the purest air on the hill of



science; and sure *any* of these is better adapted to rock the faculties of the soul to sleep than the keen electric animations of science. See the *loafer*! whether upon the store-box, upon the bench before the bar-room, or upon the sofa!—how he loves his inglorious ease. “Science,” he exclaims “Science!—Can a man eat it? Can a man drink it? Will it make a man laugh? What then is Science?” And back he falls again into his original doings, as if he had been shot with poppy!

The lessons afforded by history, plainly exhibit the fact, that success in the pursuit of knowledge is only possible when there is a love of reading, and industrious use of time and the most undeviating perseverance. The glorious rewards that are reached in the end, are too precious to be bestowed upon the indolent. None but the victor, can wear with grace the crown and wave the palm. The *trials* must ever precede the *triumphs* of genius. He who is willing to submit to the labor and self-denial involved in the pursuit of knowledge, may feel sure of final success.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps in the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another  
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor, and to wait.

It is never too late in life to begin the pursuit of knowledge. Zwinglius was thirty-eight years old when he began the study of Greek and Hebrew, and he mastered both. Oliver Cromwell was forty-two years old before he entered the army. The celebrated Admiral Blake was in his fiftieth year when he first went to sea. Sir William Jones, the most extensive Linguist that ever lived, having been acquainted with twenty-eight different languages, perfected himself in most of them after his thirty-third year; and was studying the grammars of several Oriental languages up to within a few weeks of his death. Cato, the old Roman Censor, commenced learning Greek in his old age. The soul does not expect to die at death, and hence need not cease to feel an interest in its own expansion towards the close of life, but rather the contrary; especially if we believe that the human mind will continue to expand in eternity. Under the power of this belief it ought rather to kindle into new animation at the



prospect of being transferred into a higher state of existence, where wisdom dawns with a clear radiance upon the soul, and where we may hope to know even as we are known.

It must, however, be evident to all, that the young are peculiarly interested in the subject to which we have now called attention. Youth is the rich, soft, moist meadow ground out of which the stream of life arises; and the course it then takes it is apt to keep. Now then, or never! Few rivers are turned into a new channel when once they sweep along in the full tide of their strength; and equally few human beings turn into a new course when once the strong current of middle life is bearing them on towards their destiny. Youth, then, is the time to form high purposes, and to set out for high ends.

At this period of life however, hidden dangers lurk in the arbors where the most inviting flowers grow. Evil society opens its unclean embrace. To all the ardent senses existing, evil presents some of its defilements. To the eye appear the pride and vanity of life—to the ear the whispers of unbelief, and the siren seductions of forbidden pleasure. Passion is strong, hope is active, the judgment restless and impatient of restraint, and the balance is hanging in fearful poise between weal and woe—between glory and shame. Here is the day of trial; and I need not say that thousands fail in passing safely the dreadful crisis! We need but look among our acquaintances, upon whom the morning of life has dawned as brightly and hopefully as upon us, to see fearful shipwreck of health, character, and all that makes life pleasant and eternity desirable.

“Oh! Pilot, these are fearful seas,  
There's danger on this deep.”

It is true, nothing but true religion is a full safeguard in these circumstances; yet, next to it, we know of nothing to recommend more highly than the pursuit of knowledge. Nothing can aid more, in avoiding the path of idle and low profligacy, than a love for books—a love for the cultivation of the mind—a love for the high pursuits of Science. This will give employment to your leisure hours—it will go far to destroy all taste for the lower enjoyments of sense and vanity—it will open to your mind a vast field of pure and elevated enjoyment; and above all, it will fit you for a life of usefulness and honor.

We are born with active minds, and if we do not employ them in a right way, they will employ themselves in a wrong one. It is an old Proverb, and a true one: “An idle brain is the devil's workshop.” And equally true is the old couplet, which you have all learned from your school-books,



“Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.”

An industrious youth, who is interested in the cultivation of his mind, is not likely to become a street rowdy. Those who every evening, throng the corners of the streets, and proclaim their own shame, and the shame of the families to which they belong, are there because they are destitute of all taste for the higher enjoyments of mental improvement. The precious time which is there spent, is not only useless to themselves and annoying to others, but it is the almost infallible introduction to a rude, intemperate, useless and unhappy life. It is a training, not towards the honorable triumphs of genius, but for stratagem and spoils.

Shame on him that licks the dust upon which brutes tread! Shame on him who crawls like a worm, when he might rise like the eagle to face the sun, and leave the record of his flight among the stars! Always look up—that is the destiny of spirits. Grasp, with a firmness that yields not even to death, the banner upon which is written your glorious purpose. When difficulties threaten, and when the sirens of ease seek to allure you from your onward and upward path, wave your banner into their faces, and purpose in your heart to take another step.

It need scarcely be remarked, that what has now been said of the triumphant success which attends industry and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, applies with equal force to both sexes. This path which opens so invitingly, which leads through such regions of pure enjoyment, and which ends on such a serene eminence of honor, lies before the female equally as before the male. Literature is closed with the same importance to them, and is equally necessary and ornamental in the positions which they occupy in the social sphere. If true literary cultivation shows to advantage anywhere, it is when it clothes this Priestess of the inner circle and the inner shrine.

In conclusion, permit me to add a short, but beautiful poem, in which this idea of seeking to rise, which we have endeavored to exhibit to you in this article, is beautifully illustrated.

A youth, struggling through difficulties towards eminence and honor, is represented by a traveller ascending the Alps. The Alps, as you are aware, abound in lovely and peaceful vallies, where every object invites the traveller to tarry. They abound also in cold, icy and dreadful mountains, where the path is overhung with threatening glaciers and avalanches, “in awful grandeur piled” above the traveller’s head. In one of these beautiful valleys, at the foot of one of the Alps, just at nightfall, a youth



is coming along. His home is afar! He looks at the dangerous steeps before him. For a moment his heart sinks; but again his courage rises at the thought of his friends and his home beyond the frowning peaks of the Alps. He bears in his hand a banner upon which is written "Excelsior!"—which is a Latin word, and means *higher*—indicating his purpose to scale the heights before him. The peasants warn him, by the dangers before him, not to proceed, and invite him in the tender accents of kindness, to tarry with them in their quiet homes in the valley. Even lovely maidens appear, and by all the moving influences of beauty, seek to move his purpose. But like a true hero he flourishes his banner, crying "Excelsior," and passes on, though danger and death are frowning in his path.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A Banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan!  
Excelsior.

"Try not the pass," the old man said;  
Dark lowers the tempest over head,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;  
A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior.

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious Monks of St Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!



A traveller, by his faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That Banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior.

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star!  
Excelsior.

## THE ART OF MAKING PRESENTS.

BY PROF. WM. M. NEVIN.

“Happy he who understands the delicate art of making presents!”

It was a passage in the middle of the fourth book of the Odyssey of Homer, which elicited from me this exclamation by way of comment, where Menelaus, king of Sparta, is telling his disconsolate young guest Telemachus, what a splendid present he would certainly be making him at the time of his taking leave for home. I have two fair young private pupils, Mary L. and Blanche E., who had arrived at this passage in their reading:

“And did not Menelaus understand this art?” inquired Blanche.

“Menelaus,” said I, “was a noble chieftain. He understood the art of war thoroughly, and he was hospitable even to a fault; but I must say that he fell short in this most delicate of all arts.”

“If there is any great mystery or art about making presents,” said Mary, “I do wish you would tell us all about it.”

“To enter upon this subject philosophically, said I,——

“Oh, not philosophically,” interrupted Blanche, “if you please; for then I know you will be making use of so many hard words, as *objective* and *subjective* and *idiosyncrasy*, and I cannot tell you what all, that no person can understand. As I really wish to become acquainted with its mysteries, please treat it in a manner as plain as possible, and make use of no hard words.”

“All presents then,” said I, “may properly be divided into two classes: the preservable and the consumable.”

“And to which would you give the preference?” inquired Blanche.



"The preservable," said I, "or keepsakes, are generally esteemed the more worthy, as they address themselves through the eye, that noblest organ to our higher sensibilities. As their name imports, they can be laid away for years, and then being drawn forth they awaken up thoughts the most pleasing but mournful, resembling the music of Carryl. Still, I am not disposed to underrate those of the other class. Less sentimental they are, it is true, but more touching to our joyous feelings. Transitory things, they perish in the using, but they leave their abiding impressions. They come from friends hale and happy, and, for the most part, not very far removed. If to be eaten or drunk, we taste in their rich flavor something of the cordiality; or if to be worn, we feel in their soft embraces something of the kindly warmth, of those who sent them. They are all the better too for requiring to be often repeated."

"But, Mr. N.," cried Mary, "have you not rushed almost into the middle of affairs? Have you not commenced with the passive voice instead of the active? Are you not telling us of the receiving of presents without having laid us down some rules, in the first place, for making them?"

"If allowed by Blanche," said I, "to enter into this subject philosophically, I would say that all makers of presents may naturally be divided into two classes: first, those who make them in a *subjective*; and secondly, those who make them in an *objective* manner."

"Just as I expected," said Blanche, "Now look out for *idiosyncrasy*, or some word still more abtruse and metaphysical."

"But," said Mary, "if the subject itself is really philosophical or metaphysical, Blanche, we must not quarrel with the terms that properly belong to it. I fancy we shall not find them too abtruse. I feel a deep interest in this subject and would like to understand it thoroughly. I think, myself, of making some presents on the coming holidays."

"Your maker of subjective presents," I went on to say, "is induced by goodly feelings. He is free from all hypocrisy. He wishes to give satisfaction to his friends. Still, he is wanting in dramatic powers. He cannot go out of himself and assume the characters of others. He judges of their enjoyments by his own. He looks upon them merely as a class. He cannot enter into their peculiar modes of thought, their tastes and fancies, their individualities. He regards them merely as reflections, lesser lights of which himself is the sun and centre. He would warm and irradiate them with his beams. Of such, for instance, was Cyrus, the younger, of whom we read lately in the Ana-



basis of Xenophen. His geese, you remember, he took care to send to his friends, half eaten, and his jars of wine half emptied, whereby they might know surely that himself had partaken of them, which no doubt, added very much to their original gusto.

"Of such too is this royal Menelaus. He is led to choose his intended present, you observe, not so much out of regard to the tastes and habits of Telemachus, which he had never studied, as out of regard to his own predilections. He thinks of presenting him with a splendid chariot and three; forgetting, what the young Prince is soon constrained to tell him, that such a vehicle, though highly suitable for the spacious plain around Sparta, would be utterly out of place in Ithica, his mountain home."

"But," said Mary, "as Blanche and I are neither rich nor royal, as were Menelaus and Cyrus, we can hardly hope to fall under this class, for I would think it includes few others. Our hearts are large enough, but not our means. We would like, therefore, if you please, to hear something of the other class."

"Your maker of objective presents, on the other hand," I continued, "forgetting himself, is wholly concerned about his friend. He studies him as a book. He makes himself acquainted with all his likes and dislikes, his whims and oddities, his *idiosyncrasies*——"

"There it is," cried Blanche, smiling, "I was on the lookout, I knew it would be coming forth at last."

"Having fathomed his man in a quiet way, without having excited his suspicions, he discovers some article still unpossessed, which he fancies would fall in harmoniously with the tastes and wishes of his friend. This, having searched for and found, he becomes its possessor by fair means; after which he watches for an opportunity the most befitting, and then adopts a manner he deems the most unobtrusive and graceful in which to bestow it; very often through the agency of others; whereby it may come upon its destined recipient with the most agreeable surprise. This imparts to presents their chief value and charm. Himself unseen, his satisfaction is complete in observing that his friend is gratified. Like Charity herself, he vaunteth not himself, he seeketh not his own. But should his name be mentioned his reward is still greater. It becomes forever associated in the heart of him he wished to please, with the tasteful and the agreeable. As instances of this sort, I can think of none better than the many which Cowper thankfully acknowledges *passim*, in his Letters with which I suppose you are both familiar and can mention some."

"Oh yes," cried Mary, "the sun-dial. I was reading about



that just the other day. It was after dinner, and he had come out into the orchard with Mrs. Unwin and his factotum, as he calls him, Sam Roberts, to take a walk; when observing the great difference between the Hall clock and theirs in the house, he lamented, as he had often done before, that in all Weston there was not to be found a sun-dial to set them right. They then pursued their walk for some distance till they came to an alcove where they sat down and rested themselves for some time. On returning by the same way, however, what was his astonishment to observe, beside the very spot where, on setting out, he had uttered his complaint, a handsome sun-dial mounted on a stone pedestal whose gnomon on the plate was casting its shadow on the true time! It seemed to have sprung up during their absence by enchantment. At first, not knowing whom else to suspect, he charged with having ordered it, Sam Roberts, who, he fancied, having often heard him complain of the want, might have forestalled his commands; but that official, to exonerate himself from any such over-officiousness, declared the true perpetrator. It had all been brought about through the sly manoeuvres and secret directions of the Poet's absent, but ever watchful cousin, Johnny Johnson."

"Here," said I, "is a delicacy in the art of giving which Cyrus and Manelaus could never reach. In their liberal donations and free hospitality, which bestowed upon their guests many things now to be acquired only by purchase, the ancients certainly excelled; but in adding a new value to their gifts in their fit selection in the first place, and then in bestowing them at the most proper time and in the happiest manner, the moderns have gone far ahead."

On Christmas morning, some weeks after having made this *excursus* on the text of Homer, on coming home after a smart walk, I was surprised to find upon my table a silver-mounted staff, brown and stout, with a silk string and tassels, and beside it a small package. Could it be possible, I wondered, that my two fair pupils had been trying their hands in the way of making presents on myself? The staff took my fancy. The critical time, in which, according to the Sphinx's riddle, it is expedient for man to convert himself, by the adoption of a third foot, from a biped into a triped, is not definitely assigned by nature. By some that metamorphosis is undergone sooner and by others later. Even by juveniles slender canes are often assumed as ornaments, or as feelers, or as light weapons of defence. These however are more like digital extensions than pedal assistants. I had long felt disposed to lay hold on something stouter. In



taking my walks I have often been set upon by surly growling mastiffs; and only a few days before, in the fields, had I been followed for some distance, certainly for no good, by a huge, bellowing quadruped of the genus *Bos*. Why should I expose myself defencelessly to dangers? I began to think seriously of taking unto myself a full grown, substantial staff. Still, I had my misgivings about leaving off old familiar habits and adventuring into unwonted usages. I had my apprehensions about being ushered into "untried beings." I might feel awkward in my new relations. At any rate, I cared not to furnish myself with the wanted member unnaturally by purchase. How fitly then on this occasion was the article proffered ready to my hand, as if from some unseen fairy or guardian angel! I applied it to the palm. It clave to it by a sort of elective affinity, like Ruth to Naomi. It completed my figure. Many thanks to her who saw the want and thus unobtrusively supplied it! It shall hereafter be my constant walking companion; my *vade mecum*. It took me some time to untie the chords of the package. From its soft feel I inferred it must be some article of clothing. It was directed to myself as "an objective present," in the hand writing of Blanche. I trusted she had observed all due reverence towards my *idiosyncrasies*. Fancy colors I have long since discarded even in my vests. I confine myself exclusively to plain black and white, which it strikes me are the most becoming for moral writers. At length it showed itself through the envelope. It was a flaring red! On opening it, however, I was highly pleased therewith, for it was not intended to be worn ostentatiously. And, reader, what dost thou imagine it was? A pair of hose, you will say, or a bandanna handkerchief or, mayhap, some nether flannel vesture. Nay, but something far more grand and imposing. Still, its beauties must blush unseen. Like morning-glories, they are too tender to be gazed upon rudely by the sun. It was a *Crown Imperial* to be worn only in the dark; a splendid, worsted ———.

MERCERSBURG, PA.

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### HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me when the hour when daylight dies,  
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea:  
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
 And mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of line that plays  
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,  
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.



## POPULAR OPINION.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

SOME people are always guided and controled in their conduct by *popular opinion*. They never take a step without first asking themselves the question, what will this or that one think of it? All their thoughts are measured by this rule. They scarcely ever allow themselves to utter an opinion without first hearing the opinions of others. And in all their doings, even down to the purchase of a coat or a dress, they evince this same sort of sickly servitude to the thoughts and notions of others.

And this characteristic is not at all confined in its limits. We might suppose at first thought, that it is the result entirely of ignorance, and of course connects itself with those who are unlettered and unlearned. But this is not true. Many who make pretensions at least to learning, and who *ought* to be *thinkers* for themselves and *doers* for themselves, betray a very great tendency to guage their movements by some other mind. We have known for instance, some engaged in the sacred work of the Ministry, who have been most sadly, and I might say, shamefully led captive by the fear of man and a reference to human opinion. The most careful watching and anxious solicitude have been exercised, lest at any time some rich sinner's conscience might be touched by a home-thrust of truth, and the ear of the fastidious made to ring with the wholesome but plain words of the gospel. How miserable is such a spirit! How unbecoming a rational and responsible creature! Why not act in accordance *with truth*, let the consequences be as they may? Such a course is much more in accordance with the character of a man and a christian.

But are we to have no respect to popular opinion in our conduct, and act wholly regardless of what others may think of us? We have not said so—nor would we. We have just spoken against the practice of some, *enslaving* themselves by the opinions of others. A decent respect as to what others think of us, is not only right and proper, but a mark of the highest respect and gentlemanly feeling. It is often a good index by which youthful feet may be guided in the paths of virtue and propriety, and the youthful mind animated to renewed exertions of diligence and duty. Wo be to that youth who has descended so low in the broad way of self-degradation, as to place no value upon the approbation of the wise and good, and not care a farthing what men may think of him. Be assured that such an one is treading fast in the way that leads to destruction and shame.



How then ought we to regard the opinions of others in giving shape and impulse to our own steps? Let us do *this*, and it is likely we will not err. Let us weigh well in our minds the opinions of others. Let us sift them thoroughly, and having done so, let us select those we may approve and can adopt, and set the rest aside. When it is necessary, let us bring ourselves under the influence of the thoughts and opinions thus chosen, always, however, in the exercise of that freedom and judgment which is in accordance with manly independence. Guided by such a course, we will be able to move in this life free and safe.

Though subject to opinion, it is the *opinion of right*, and that is the freest and safest subjection. We will not be slaves to the notions of others, but free in the use and imitation of whatever is right and good. We will seek the truth, be guided by the truth, and be safely protected by the shield of truth.

Now the youth living on such principles is in the safest position imaginable. If he be assailed by temptation—and what youth is not?—he is prepared for it. Having a mind of his own, he will think, and think correctly and safely. All sin will be sin and nothing but sin to him, though dressed in the garb of politeness, or sanctioned by a fashionable and professedly christian society; and he will not be afraid to resist and expose it as such. He will call it by its right name. He will set it in its right place in his own mind, even though it bring upon him a frown, and the charge of being singular, obstinate and rude. So much then for popular opinion. So much then for living a slave to the notions of men, whether these notions be good or bad. Out upon the man who is such a serf, and give us the man who will consult his duty at all times, and in enquiring for her path, will look up and say, “What is thy will, O God?” And while he feels constrained to respect the opinions of others, he does so only in as far as they respect and love the truth.

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### TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
 To weep, yet scarce know why;  
 To sport an hour with beauty's chain,  
 Then throw it idly by;  
 To kneel at many a shrine,  
 Yet lay the heart to none;  
 To think all other charms divine,  
 But those we just have won.  
 This is love—careless love—  
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame  
 Through life unchill'd, unmoved;  
 To love in wintry age the same  
 The first in youth we lov'd;  
 To feel that we adore  
 To such refin'd excess,  
 That tho' the heart would break with  
 We could not live with less; [more,  
 This is love—faithful love,—  
 Such as saints might feel above.



## OUR ENGRAVING.

SEE ENGRAVING.

WE have the pleasure, in this first number of the Guardian for the year 1852, to present to the notice of our patrons, a beautiful lithographic view of the Church and steeple of the "First German Reformed Church, of Baltimore," under the pastoral care of one of the Editors of this Magazine.

The precise date of the origin of this Church is not known. We have reason to believe that it was as early as the year 1750. It is certain that in '56 or '57, the Congregation purchased a lot and took measures to build a house of worship and call a minister.

The building erected at that time, was located on North Charles street, near the present St. Paul's Episcopal Church. It was very plain in its appearance, and on account of the steep sand hill upon which it stood, was difficult of approach. At that early period churches were not furnished with cushioned seats and carpeted aisles; nor had they sweet-toned organs to aid the singing, or even stoves to make the worshippers comfortable.

The first regular Pastor of the Congregation, was the Rev. J. C. Faber, from the Pflatz, in Germany; some of whose descendants are still living in the city. He served the Congregation fourteen years. It was towards the close of his ministry, that a number of persons withdrew from the church and organized a Second German Reformed Congregation, which was faithfully served for nearly half a century, by the Rev. Mr. Otterbine. In 1772, Mr. Faber was succeeded by the Rev. G. Wal-lauer, who, in 1779, was succeeded by the Rev. C. L. Beohme. His successor, in 1783, was the Rev. Nicholas Pomp, from Germany, who was an accomplished scholar.

Under the care of Mr. Pomp, the Congregation resolved to build a new church. This was done at the corner of Baltimore and Front streets. It was commenced in 1785, and completed in 1787, at the estimated cost of \$4000. In 1789 Mr. Pomp resigned the charge, and was succeeded by the Rev. George Troldenier, a learned and excellent man, in October, 1791.

In the year 1795, the congregation having become dissatisfied with the location of their church, determined to sell their property and build elsewhere. The sale was accordingly effected, and afterwards St. Paul's Episcopal Congregation occupied the building. In after years it was known as Christ's Church. It is not long since it was taken down, and the place where it stood is now improved with handsome stores.

The site chosen for the erection of a new church, is the ground



occupied by their present building on Second street, between South and Gay. The lot is about one hundred feet front, by two hundred feet deep, and besides the church, has erected upon it two comfortable dwellings. This property is centrally located, and highly valuable. The Corner Stone of the present edifice was laid on the 28th of April, 1796, and it was solemnly consecrated to the worship of the triune God, September 24th, 1797. Its dimensions are fifty feet by eighty. It was built by Lewis Herring, who was distinguished as an architect in his day. The cost of the edifice, together with its beautifully systematical steeple, two hundred feet high, containing a large clock of which the city is allowed the use, and three large bells, weighing in the aggregate forty-five hundred pounds, is set down in an old map of Baltimore, at \$43,000. The steeple, the highest in the city, was put up in 1805, several years after the church itself was completed. It was built by George Roback, of Lancaster, Pa., a celebrated architect. The bells were cast in England, by Thomas Mears, for the Congregation, at a cost of \$1,800, and were brought over by Robert Gilmor, a shipping merchant of the city, free of charge. About the same time, the clock was put up by Mr. Eberman, of Lancaster. The Organ was built by John Geib & Son, of New York, at a cost of \$3000, and was placed where it now stands, in 1809; since which time it has been sending forth its sweet tones to aid the worshippers in their songs of praise.

Soon after their house of worship was finished, the Congregation was called to mourn the death of their beloved Pastor. He died on the 12th of December, 1800, in the prime of life, being only a little more than forty-four years old. The marble slab that marks his resting-place, may be seen set up in the southern wall of the Lecture-room, and directly over the spot where his ashes repose.

The next minister who served the Congregation, was the Rev. John H. Dryer, who, in the course of four years resigned, and gave place to the Rev. Dr. C. L. Becker. He took charge of it in 1806. As a pulpit orator he was distinguished. During his ministry, the question of English preaching in their worship was first agitated, and caused great excitement. His sudden death, in July, 1828, put an end to all proceedings in reference to it, for the time.

Having previously presented a call to the Rev. Dr. L. Mayer to become their pastor, which he declined, the Congregation, in 1819, unanimously chose the Rev. A. Helfenstein, sen., to fill the office. He was pleased to accept their invitation, and con-



tinued his connection with the charge for the space of sixteen years. It was during his administration, in the year 1827, that the difficulties about German and English preaching were finally settled. Since then the English language has been alone used in public worship.

The present minister is the Rev. E. Heiner, D. D., who succeeded Mr. Helfenstein, and commenced his labors on the first Sabbath in January, 1836. Under his ministry the congregation has increased its strength and influence, and also its ability to do good. In the winter of 1839-'40, it was especially visited, as it would seem, with an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and in the course of the year nearly one hundred persons were added to the Church.

In 1841, the year of the Centenary Celebration of the German Reformed Church in this country, the congregation contributed the generous sum of \$4000 towards the endowment of the various institutions of the denomination; and they have always been distinguished for their liberal and systematic support of the general objects of christian benevolence.

In 1843, it was believed that the state of things would warrant the erection of a church for another German Reformed Congregation in the western part of the city. Arrangements were accordingly made for the purpose, and in the summer of 1844, the fine church edifice, at the Northeast corner of Saratoga and Paca streets, was erected, and the Third German Ref. Congregation, now under the care of the Rev. Dr. B. C. Wolff, was organized, and early in the following year commenced the worship of God within its walls. At the same time the parent congregation renovated, improved and furnished their own church in modern style, at a very large cost.

It may also be added that in 1845, in the way of church extension, the Fourth German Reformed Church was established, and has since been well sustained under the wise and energetic ministry of the Rev. J. S. Kessler.

During the first hundred years of its existence, the Second street congregation has had nine settled pastors, who, together, have united in the bonds of holy matrimony about 1000 couples; have baptized 2400 persons; have admitted to full communion by confirmation, or on profession of faith in Christ, 900; and have administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, about three hundred times, to at least 1200 different persons on different occasions, besides attending more than 1600 funerals of deceased members.

On the second Sabbath in December, 1850, the church, whose



history we have briefly sketched, celebrated its first centennial anniversary with appropriate services. It was a joyful season and one long to be remembered. On Sabbath morning the pastor preached a discourse which was mainly historical, and which the Consistory afterwards published and circulated extensively, to a crowded and deeply interested congregation. On Sabbath evening, the Rev. Dr. Wolff preached an excellent discourse; and on the following Tuesday evening a grand Centenary Concert of Sacred Music, was given by the Choir of the church.

The above brief congregational sketch which we have given, and the interesting Centennial celebration to which we have referred, suggest some important reflections.

1st. How changed the place of the congregation's location! One hundred years ago Baltimore contained some twenty-five houses and a population of 300 or 400 souls. In 1775, there were 564 houses and about 6000 inhabitants; in 1776, there were but 472 votes taken at an important election—now there are some 23,000 legal voters in the city. In 1790, the population was 13,503; in 1840, 103,000, and now 170,000, being an increase of 70 per cent. during the last ten years. The same ratio of increase would give to Baltimore in 1860, ten years hence, a population of nearly 300,000. The city now contains more than 26,000 houses, besides some 200 churches and other public buildings, covering not less than 2500 square acres of ground; and it is supposed that for the next ten years alone, 1500 additional acres will be required for various building purposes.

2nd. How careful were this congregation to make early and suitable provision for the education of their children, and the celebration of divine worship!

One of the first things which appears to have claimed their attention, was the erection of a church, in which they might worship God after the manner of their fathers, and be nourished up for eternal life. Religion with them was, as it ought to be with all men, the great absorbing interest; and next to that was, perhaps, the education of their children. From the everyday school established by the congregation, and generally well supplied with competent teachers, the larger children passed into the catechetical class of the pastor, where they were religiously indoctrinated, and where efforts were made to prepare them for full admission into the church. The educational and religious provision which this people made for themselves and their children, is deserving of serious attention and constant imitation.



3d. What changes an hundred years have made in this congregation! The fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever? Seven of the nine pastors have already died, and have passed away to their account, and we trust to their reward. And where are those to whom they have ministered? Alas! those to whom the early pastors ministered have all fallen asleep. On the late centennial occasion it was stated that there was not one living who sat under the ministry of Faber, or Wailauer, or Boehme, or Pomp. Only here and there one could be seen in the large assembly who sat under the ministry of Becker. Oh, Death! what pain, what tears, what separations thou hast cost among this flock! How many hundreds thou hast folded to thy cold embrace!

A little while, dear reader, and we too must die. Are you prepared to meet death? How stands your account? Oh! if you are not living near to God by faith and prayer, how can you expect to die happy, and to enter through the gates into the city? Oh, is it not painful to repeat that, if you die without repentance and faith, you will lose your soul! Oh, let us remember, in this the day of our merciful visitation, that if we neglect the great salvation, and die at last without a preparation for glory, we shall pass away into the regions of eternal night and sorrow. Whilst our pious parents and friends will be celebrating the day of everlasting thanksgiving in heaven, we shall be shut up to deep and hopeless despair.

Child of God!—A little while, and you will be at home—you will see Jesus as he is, and enjoy the fulness of his great salvation. Soon shall these blessed words of the Master fall upon your ears, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

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## THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE are two extremes into which each successive age is liable to run; either unduly to elevate its own period, or unduly to depreciate it in comparison with former periods. In our own time, the danger seems to be to run into the former extreme. Especially is it the case when we compare ourselves with certain portions of the Past. Nothing, for instance, is more common than to regard that period, usually styled the “Middle Ages,” as vastly beneath our own, and as almost unworthy of our study.



So often indeed do we hear the epithet, "Dark Ages" applied to it, that we are apt to imagine that during this period the world was shrouded in a worse than "Camerian darkness," and that God had almost withdrawn himself from our planet and was merely an indifferent spectator of its affairs. Though much has been done of late to clear this period of that reproach which had long rested upon it, the opinion is still too prevalent that for eight or ten long centuries the light of Science was entirely obscured, or shone but here and there with a few glimmering rays; that the people of Christian nations were ignorant and priest-ridden, and but little removed from a state of barbarism; that the little of science and literature which remained, was in the hands of a parcel of sleepy-headed Monks, who, either from indolence or selfishness, were unwilling to impart it to others.

Of course, our own period has advantages which we should be sorry to exchange for those of any former period; still, we should not unduly pride ourselves upon our own age to the disparagement of all former time. Every age has something peculiar in it, from which we can learn something that will be useful to our own. No period is entirely barren of interest, especially no period upon which the light of Christianity has shone. In all ages may be discovered foot-prints of Deity, just as marks of the wisdom of God appear in all the Geological strata which compose our earth. True, in some the hand of God appears more conspicuous than in others, yet in none can it be said that God has left himself without a witness. The wisdom and design of God are apparent in the Middle Ages just as truly as in any other period of our world's history. And perhaps if we were in the habit of approaching it in a different spirit, and judging it with a different object in view, we would find more in it to interest us than we usually do.

We often hear it lamented that ever those hordes of barbarians, the Goths and Vandals, came down from the North upon the fair and cultivated portions of Europe, and with the force of a tornado, swept away every vestige of civilization and refinement, and with ruthless hand destroyed the most valuable monuments of the talent and genius of former ages. Of course, amid the general wreck which took place at this time, much was lost beyond recovery; yet it is most probable that whatever was most valuable of the old Roman civilization was preserved and handed down. The Irruption of the Barbarians is one of the grandest facts in history since the introduction of Christianity, the Reformation itself scarcely excepted. It is true the ancient



fabric of Roman civilization was almost entirely demolished, but only to give place to a grander, nobler and loftier superstructure; the rubbish of former ages had to be cleared away in order to make room for a solid foundation on which to build a new order of civilization. It was impossible to engraft Christian civilization, so as to produce a healthy and vigorous growth, upon the old stock of Greek and Roman civilization. All, however, that was truly valuable in the past, was taken up and appreciated. The blessings and advantages of civilised life once tasted, the barbarous hordes are easily induced to adopt the manners and customs of the conquered. And thus it was once more true that the conquered gave laws to the victors. Those tribes which overspread Europe at the beginning of the Middle Ages possessed the proper stamina and solidity of character, and hence when once they came under the influence of Christianity, a civilization far different and vastly superior to that of Greece and Rome, was the necessary result. Here was the proper soil for Christianity to take root in, to spring up and yield fruit richer and superior to any thing that could have existed, had this migration of nations never taken place.

Much evil, of course, as was to be expected, still attended the modern European civilization in its first stages of development. The Feudal System, with all its concomitants, entailed much mischief over the entire extent of Europe, and its effects are not yet wholly obliterated. But when it is supposed that during the Middle Ages the Arts and Sciences were either not cultivated at all, or that they were in the lowest possible state, a great mistake is certainly committed. It will be admitted, of course, even by those who desire to eulogize this period, that the Arts and Sciences did not attain to that degree of perfection, which they have done in our own time; yet, still during this whole period there is a constant progress in every department of knowledge. It is true, in their transition-state, they occasionally assumed very unusual and fantastic forms, yet these served in the end rather to advance than retard them. Thus the Alchymist dreamed of the Philosopher's Stone, and the Elixir of Life, and spent his days and nights in trying to discover them. By the former he expected to fill his coffers with gold and thus be freed from the vulgar cares of existence, whilst the latter would enable him to lengthen out his life beyond his threescore and ten, and preserve the perennial bloom of youth. Yet if he failed wofully in making these discoveries, he succeeded in making others of greater importance perhaps, for the weal of the human race, than the Philosopher's Stone or the Elixir of Life.



Indeed, we find that in the Middle Ages, some of the Arts were cultivated much beyond what they are in our own age. One of the genuine productions of this period is the Gothic order of Architecture—the most suitable by far for Church building. Look at the noble monuments which it has reared—those mighty Cathedrals, pointing with their lofty spires, heavenward, and inspiring the mind of the beholder with feelings of reverence and devotion, and directing his thoughts to heaven where Jehovah dwelleth. What is our own Church Architecture, but a child's toy when compared with that of the Middle Ages? Where is there any thing in modern times to compare with the Cathedral of Cologne, which is said to strike the beholder with inexpressible awe and admiration? Then look at the music—the soul-stirring, heavenly music of this period—and it may be said that Church Music is a production of the Middle Ages. The Art of Painting, too, was assiduously cultivated during the latter part of this period; and even now we are accustomed to look with rapture upon the productions of the Masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Nor was Poetry neglected. Here, of course, every one will recur to the name of the immortal Dante, whose *Divina Comedia* entitles him to the first rank among Christian Poets. Nor is he distanced even by such names as Shakspeare and Goethe. In Theology we have Anselm, Bernard of Clairvaux, Thomas Aquinas and others. In fact, in every department we will find something to study and admire.

Then let us consider those religious movements, not of one nation only, but of entire Europe—the Crusades I mean. All were ready, old and young, rich and poor, to make every sacrifice in order to avenge their brethren of the faith, and to rescue the Holy City from the hands of the Infidels. This, of course, was misdirected zeal; still we cannot help admiring the spirit and enthusiasm which prompted these men to make such sacrifices and undertake such vast enterprises, from no selfish motives, but for the sole benefit of others. Another production of this period was the Institution of Chivalry, which, though it embodied much that to us seems highly ridiculous, was yet an important element in the civilization of Europe—infusing into society proper refinement of manners, and elevating woman to that position in society for which God had designed her. Much more might be said to show that this period is worthy of our study and regard, but our article is already longer than we intended it.

N. T. H.

SPRINGDALE, Dec., 1851.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. III.]

FEBRUARY, 1852.

[No. 2.]

## A DESCRIPTION OF WHITEFIELD'S PREACHING.

BY MISS FRANCIS.

THERE was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man, which would lead you to suppose that a Felix could tremble before him.

“He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark blue eyes small and lively; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more remarkable than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled, both in melody and compass; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action, which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite for an orator.” To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing; but, as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of every thing around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house. Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns, crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was: “Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.” “See that emblem of human life,” said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. “It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view



—but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne; and every eye behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate; whether you were supremely devoted to God; whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, “I made myself easy in the world, by flattering myself that all would end well; thus I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.”

“And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, by that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned around him.”

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with more celestial fire.

“Oh, sinners,” he exclaimed, “by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!” said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—“’Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!” continued he raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in a tremendous crash over the building—“It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger!”

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, “Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bent it.” The effect was astonishing.



## THE TREE OF LOVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Fast by the dear, domestic bower,  
There sprang a tree of healing power ;  
Its leaflets, damp with gentle rain,  
Could charm or quell the pang of pain ;  
And 'neath its shade a maiden grew,  
She shar'd its fruit, she drank its dew.

And by her side, a youth was seen,  
With glance of love, and noble mien—  
At twilight hour, a favor'd guest  
Her trembling hand he warmly prest,  
At length, with guileless heart and free,  
She said, "I'll plant that tree for thee."

Her little brother climbed her knee,  
"You must not go away from me ;  
The nightly prayer with me you say,  
And soothe me when I'm tired of play ;"  
Her sister's eye with tears was dim,  
She said, "I'll plant that tree for him."

"Its roots are deep," the mother said,  
"Beyond the darkling grove they spread."  
"Thy hand is weak," the father cried,  
"Too young thou art to be a bride ;"  
Serene she spoke, "I'll look above  
For strength to plant the tree of love."

Before the holy priest she stood,  
Her fair cheek dy'd with rushing blood,  
And as with hands, to heaven displayed,  
Strong vows upon her soul he laid,  
Her heaving breast, like fluttering bird,  
Her snowy mantle wildly stirred.

But when the hallow'd cirque of gold  
Of deathless love the promise told,  
Mysterious strength her spirit felt,  
And at the altar's foot she knelt,  
"My God—my God—I'll cling to thee  
And plant for him that blessed tree."

Around their home, its branches spread,  
Its buds she nurs'd, its roots she fed,  
Tho' flaunting crowds with giddy look,  
Of toil so meek, slight notice took,  
Yet hovering angels mark'd with pride  
The green tree of the blessed bride.



## GOING IN DEBT.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for a person to pass through life, in the present state of society, without being at times more or less in debt. It is a result in a certain sense of our mutual dependance, and of the confidence we have in each other, the praiseworthy disposition to help others, and of the unpleasant necessity we are sometimes unavoidably under, of being helped. Yet there is caution necessary; and there are limits beyond which we ought not to pass if we value our own peace. It is better to suffer a small inconvenience in the present, than to expose ourselves to a much greater one in the future. Upon no subject, of a merely temporal kind, can good advice be of more importance, especially to the young, than on that which we are here considering.

It is not only the source of constant care, anxiety and trouble, but it has a great tendency to discourage us, and to cripple all our energies. It binds upon us the shackles of a humiliating bondage, which it is exceedingly difficult to cast off. It places us to a grievous extent, in the power of those to whom we are indebted. If our creditors are not honorable, it subjects us to almost any kind of imposition and insult they may please to put upon us. "One would think it impossible," says the Spectator, "that a man who is given to contract debts should not know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honor, liberty and fortune. One would think that he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit: "that he is unjust," without defamation. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be afraid or ashamed to see any one man breathing? Yet, he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him."

The pleasantry of the following extract speaks a serious truth.

"Debt is a perfect bore. How it haunts a man from pillar to post, lurking in his breakfast cup, poisoning his dinner, embittering his tea! now it stalks from him like a living, moving



skeleton, seeming to announce his presence by recounting the amount of his liabilities. How it poisons his domestic joys, by introducing its infernal "balance" into the calculation of madam respecting the price of a new carpet, or a dress. How it hinders dreamy plans for speculations and accumulations.—Both-eration! How it hampers useless energies, and cripples resolutions too good to be fulfilled.

At bed and board, by night or day, in joy or grief, in health or sickness, at home or abroad—debt—grim, gaunt, and shadowy, falls as an incumbrance. As no presence is too sacred, no ground is too holy to tetter the memory of "bills and notes payable" from taking immediate possession, so no record is enlivening, no reminiscence more delicious than the consciousness that debt has fallen like a January morning, twenty-nine degrees below zero!"

The miseries associated with being in debt have even inspired the Poet. There is a good deal of poetry, but a great deal more sense in the verses which we subjoin. It would be difficult to teach better lessons in the most precisely written prose.

## DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind,  
If the old clothes are faded and torn;  
Fix them up, make them do, it is better by far,  
Than to have the heart weary and worn.  
Who'll love thee more for the set of your hat,  
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,  
The shape of your vest, or your boots or cravat,  
If they know you're in debt for the new?

Don't run in debt—if canary's the go,  
Wear the blue if you have not the cash,  
Or—no matter what—so you let the world know,  
You won't run in debt for a dash.  
There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street,  
In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt,  
And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet,  
Who will sneer—"They're not paid for yet."

Good friends, let me beg you, don't run in debt,  
If the chairs and sofas are old—  
They will fit your back better than any new sett,  
Unless they are paid for in gold;  
If the house is small, draw the closer together,  
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;  
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,  
Will send to your warm heart a chill.



Don't run in debt—now, dear girls, take a hint;  
 (If the fashions have changed since last season,)  
 Old Nature is out on the very same tint,  
 And Old Nature we think has some reason.  
 Just say to your friends, that you cannot afford  
 To spend time to keep up with the fashion;  
 That your purse is too light and your honor too bright  
 To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends if they can  
 Have fine houses, feathers and flowers,  
 But unless they are paid for, be more of a man,  
 Than envy their sunshiny hours.  
 If you have money to spare, I have nothing to say;  
 Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,  
 But mind you, the man that has his note to pay,  
 Is the man that is never at ease.

Kind husbands don't run in debt any more,  
 'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow,  
 To know that a neighbor may call at the door,  
 With a bill you won't settle to-morrow.  
 Oh! take my advice—it is good—it is true;  
 (But lest you may some of you doubt it,)  
 I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you—  
 I've tried it and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,  
 Its links all corrosion and rust,  
 Gild it o'er as you will—it is never of gold,  
 Then spurn it aside with disgust.  
 The man who is in debt is too often a slave,  
 Though his heart may be honest and true;  
 Can he hold up his head and look saucy and brave,  
 When a note he can't pay becomes due?

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## THE CREED.

BY REV. E. H. HOFFHEINS.

Faith!—'tis a precious grace,  
 Where'er it is bestowed;  
 It boasts of a celestial birth.  
 And is the gift of God.

THE following illustrations and proof of the articles of this most ancient and worthy of all the symbols of Christian faith, we have copied and arranged from an old German Bible, for the interest and benefit of the youthful readers of the "Guardian." From it they will readily perceive, that in receiving this precious relic of the faith of the apostolic and primitive christian church, they have not followed cunningly devised fables, but the sub-



stance: yea the very pith and marrow of the word of God itself. May it ever save him from falling into a thousand dangerous and pernicious errors and heresies, which lie along his path on every side. May a living interest in it sustain him through life, comfort and support him in the hour of death, and at last land him safely upon Canaan's fair and blissful shores; where faith shall end in the blessed fruition of the things we now believe.

The reader will perceive that the articles of the Creed stand supported on the one side by proofs drawn from the Old Testament, and on the other from the New.

The just shall live by his faith. *Habb.* 2, 4. I believe

But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. *Rom.* 4, 5.

Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord. *Deut.* 6, 4. in God,

But to us there is but one God. *1 Cor.* 8, 6.

He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father. *Psa.* 89, 26. the Father,

Call no man your father upon earth; for one is your Father which is in heaven. *Math.* 23, 9.

I am the Almighty God. *Gen.* 17, 1. Almighty

The Lord Almighty. *2 Cor.* 6, 18.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. *Psa.* 33, 6. Maker of Heaven and Earth;

For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, &c. *Col.* 1, 16.

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee; he is just and having SALVATION. *Zech.* 9, 9. and in Jesus

Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins. *Math.* 1. 21.

Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people to anoint the Most Holy. *Dan.* 9, 24. Christ

God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. *Heb.* 1, 9.

The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. *Psa.* 2, 7. His only Begotten

And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. *John* 1, 14.



The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my son. *Psa.* 2, 7.

The Lord our righteousness. *Jer.* 23, 6.

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son. *Isa.* 7, 14.

A virgin shall conceive &c. *Isa.* 7, 14.

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. *Isa.* 9, 6.

He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was laid upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. *Isa.* 53, 5.

The rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed. *Psa.* 2, 2.

They pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me. *Psa.* 22, 17.

And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself. *Dan.* 9. 26.

And he made his grave with the wicked. *Isa.* 53 9.

Son

our Lord,

Who was conceived

of the Holy Ghost.

Born of the Virgin Mary.

suffered

under Pontius Pilate.

was crucified.

dead.

and buried.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. *Math.* 16, 16.

My Lord and my God. *John* 20, 28.

And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son. *Luke* 1, 31.

The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. *Luke* 1, 35.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother. *Math.* 2, 11.

About the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me. *Math.* 27, 46.

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged him. *John* 19, 1.

And when they came to the place called Calvary, they crucified him. *Luke* 23, 33.

But God commanded his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. *Rom.* 5, 8.

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre—there laid they Jesus. *John* 19, 41, 42.



For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell. *Psa.* 16, 10.

descended  
into Hell.

Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lowest parts of the earth. *Eph.* 4, 9.

And after two days will he revive us; in the day will he raise us up. *Hos.* 6, 2.

The third day  
he rose again  
from the dead

He rose again the third day, according to the scriptures. *1 Cor.* 15, 4.

Thou hast ascended on high. *Psa.* 68, 18.

He ascended  
into Heaven.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven. *Luke* 24, 51.

The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.— *Psa.* 110, 1.

And sitteth  
at the right  
hand of God,  
the Father,  
Almighty.

After the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat at the right hand of God. *Mark* 16, 19.

He cometh to judge the earth; he will judge the world with righteousness. *Psa.* 96, 13.

From thence  
he shall come

This same Jesus, which is taken up into heaven, shall come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. *Acts* 1, 11.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing whether it be good, or whether it be evil. *Ecc.* 12, 14.

to judge the  
Quick and the  
Dead.

We shall all stand before the judgment of Christ. *Rom.* 14, 10.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh. *Joel*, 2, 28.

I believe  
in the Holy  
Ghost.

And the Holy Spirit descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him. *Luke* 3, 22.

And they shall call them the holy people. *Isa.* 62, 12.

The Holy

In whom all the building groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord. *Eph.* 2, 22.

Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. *Psa.* 2, 8.

Catholic

To the general assembly and church of the first born. *Heb.* 12, 23.



Behold I lay in Zion Church.  
for a foundation stone, a  
tried, a precious corner  
stone. *Isa.* 28, 16.

Then they that feared  
the Lord spake often one  
to another; and the Lord  
hearkened and heard it.—  
And they shall be mine,  
saith the Lord of hosts, in  
that day when I make up  
my jewels. *Mal.* 3, 16, 17.

Blessed is he whose  
transgression is forgiven,  
whose sin is covered.  
*Psa.* 32, 1.

I will ransom them from  
the power of the grave; I  
will redeem them from  
death. *Hose.* 13, 14.

And many of them that  
sleep in the dust of the  
earth shall awake, some  
to everlasting life, and  
some to shame and ever-  
lasting contempt. *Dan.*  
12, 2.

Blessed be the Lord  
God of Israel from ever-  
lasting, and to everlasting.  
Amen, and Amen. *Psa.*  
41, 13.

The Commu-  
nion of  
Saints.

The Forgiveness  
of sins.

The Resur-  
rection of the  
Body,

and the life  
everlasting.

Amen.

Thou art Peter, and  
upon this rock will I build  
my church, and the gates  
of hell shall not prevail  
against it. *Math.* 16, 18.

Endeavoring to keep  
the unity of the Spirit in  
the bond of peace. There  
is one body and one Spirit,  
even as ye are called in  
one hope of your calling.  
*Eph.* 4, 3, 4.

To him give all the  
prophets witness, that  
through his name whoso-  
ever believeth on him  
shall receive remission of  
sins. *Acts* 10, 43.

The hour is coming, in  
which all that are in the  
graves shall hear his voice,  
and shall come forth; they  
that have done good to  
the resurrection of life;  
and they that have done  
evil to the resurrection of  
damnation. *John* 5, 28, 29

And I give unto them  
eternal life, and they shall  
never perish. *John* 10, 28.

And the promises of  
God in him are yea, and  
in him Amen, to the glory  
of God by us. *2 Cor.* 1, 20.

### FAITH.

THINK not the faith by which the just shall live  
As a DEAD creed—a map correct of heaven,  
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,  
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.  
It is an affirmation and an act,  
That bids eternal truth be present fact.—COLERIDGE.



## PERSONALITIES IN THE PULPIT.

BY EDWIN.

ARE you acquainted with Pastorius? No difference where he lives; if you have not seen him, I feel sure that you have seen some one that resembles him, and that you have had the pleasure of that some one's acquaintance.

Pastorius is now about middle-aged, and a very useful man. He made a profession of religion in his eighteenth year. Since then he has been a constant and careful reader of the Bible. He has also been a regular attendant on the services of the Sanctuary. He not only hears sermons, but he *eats* them! Eats them?—Do you say. How is that? I mean that he assimilates their contents to his soul just as the body assimilates the food which it receives, to strengthen himself by it. He does just as Jeremiah did—"Thy words were found and I did eat them!" There seems to be at this time a good deal of mental dyspepsia, so that not everything that is heard is digested. Hence many are weak and not a few sleep.

Pastorius is also a reader. He has a number of the best theological and practical books, and he knows what they contain. He takes also as many solid religious periodicals as his means will allow. He is well posted up in all the religious news of the day. When he reads, he also thinks and reflects. Having had these kind of habits since he joined the church, he is now, you may say, quite an intelligent christian. With all his acquirements he is modest and rather quiet. His prudence, consistency and wisdom are acknowledged, and his influence is felt in a very salutary way in the congregation to which he belongs. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the congregation would get along at all without him. He is constantly allaying disaffected spirits, and sustaining the influence of his Pastor.

Last Monday morning, as he was going out from his breakfast to his work, he met with Mr. Lart, who is a member of the same church. The first question, after the usual "good morning," was "Friend Pastorius, how did you like the sermon yesterday?"

"Quite well—a testimony for the times."

"True, it was all well enough, but don't you think it was entirely too personal? I have heard that there is quite a stir about it. I have heard several members express themselves in terms of strong displeasure in reference to it. Some of our members are getting tired of these personalities, and I must



agree with them. If there is not a change soon, I am sure that——”

“Be calm, neighbor,” said Pastorius mildly, “let us examine your premises before you draw your conclusions.”

“How—what do you mean?”

“I mean that we ought to be sure that our Pastor really was personal before we frighten ourselves with terrible consequences. Suppose a pastor should quote the passage, “Let him that stole steal no more,” and there should be one in the congregation who had actually stolen something, would it be right for him to charge the Pastor with being personal?”

“Oh, no; that would be—would be——”

“Well, it would be the truth brought home, so as to find out the guilty, and discover to him his own sin. So, it seems to me, if any one in the course of a sermon, feels that his own faults are alluded to, he has no right to think that it was intended to be personal. For my part I like that kind of personality; and I think we ought to be thankful to God that we have a Pastor who does not beat the air with vague generalities, but administers the word as a discernor of our faults. We ought to feel like a certain king, who, after hearing a certain preacher, said, “All the other preachers sent me away dissatisfied *with them*, but this one has sent me away dissatisfied *with myself*.”

“If that is a sign of a good preacher, we have a good one; for I must confess I think less of myself every time I hear him.”

“That matter can be remedied, friend Lart. You remember Father Saylor’s house had, for a long time, a hole in the roof, and he complained that the boys annoyed him greatly by throwing stones through it into his garret. What did he do? The happy idea struck him that he would close up the hole. He did so, and the annoyance ceased. Now do you——”

“I understand; you think if I would mend those evil ways which the word of God condemns, the reproofs of the Pastor would no more annoy me, and I would return from church better satisfied with myself.”

“Well, you understand parables, I see; and you have saved me the unpleasant duty of making the application; if I had made it myself you might have considered it personal.”

“Why, friend Pastorius, you would make a good preacher yourself; you can illustrate truth to as sharp an edge as our Pastor. But I see you are right, and so is he. I shall try hereafter to imitate the wisdom of Father Saylor. Good morn——”

Delay a moment till I tell you a short story in point. A



country pastor on one occasion preached a sermon, in which he was led, by the text, to dwell at length on the evils of strife among neighbors. After the congregation was dismissed one of the Elders was accosted by a brother outside of the house thus :

"Is not tale-bearing forbidden in scripture? Who could have told him but yourself? You *did* tell him!"

"Tell him what?"

"Yes, tell him what?—you know well enough what! His whole sermon was on that."

"Friend, I told him nothing in reference to you, for I know nothing."

"Deny it!"

"Yes, I deny of course that I said anything of you to the Pastor; and I will venture that he had no reference to you at all. I will call him, and he shall answer in your presence."

The Pastor was called; and approaching the disaffected member, he was asked in an abrupt tone—

"Who told you?"

"Told me what?"

"There," said the Elder, "did I not tell you that he knew as little of anything that has reference to you as I do myself?"

"What is wrong," said the Pastor." What do you refer to?"

"Yes, refer to—how could you describe the whole affair as you did in your sermon if some one had not told you. If even I *had* hissed Brent's hogs, it is nothing to be taken into the pulpit, and how can I help having the law-suit when he sued me?"

"That will do, friend Pastorius," said Mr. Lart. "I will promise you to reconsider this matter of pulpit personalities. I am convinced that our Pastor has been frequently wronged in the same way as this country Parson."

"Yes, I know he has, and it is in our place to use our influence to correct such wrong impressions whenever we find them to exist. Let us both read over again, and meditate anew upon, that chapter in the Bible about Aaron and Hur, who held up the hands of Moses." *Ex. 17.*

### A W I S H .

Mine be a cot beside the hill,  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willow brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.



REASON RIGHTLY EXERCISED IN HARMONY WITH  
REVELATION.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

ONE of the crowning glories of man—perhaps I ought to say THE crowning glory of man—is his rationality. What but reason is it that chiefly distinguishes him from the beasts of the field! God created man a reasonable being, endowing him with powers and faculties, by the exercise of which “he might rightly know God his creator, heartily love him, and glorify and praise him.” One chief part of the original image of God in man, consisted in his rationality. Man was made a rational, reasonable being, and was therefore like God. By the fall, the *moral* image of God in man was *totally* destroyed; the *mental* partly. Although wholly corrupted by sin, man is still rational. His mind is weakened and perverted by the fall; and it has lost its original power and purity, but still it is capable of grasping and understanding subjects requiring the profoundest thinking. It can judge and decide as to the truth, or probability and importance of a vast variety of most deeply interesting subjects presented to its observation; but the facility and correctness with which this can be done, will depend in a great measure “on the amount of knowledge it has acquired; the degree of culture it has received, and the clearness of the testimony presented.”

It must be borne in mind, however, that great as man’s mental powers are, there are many subjects above his comprehension. In the kingdom of nature there are a thousand mysteries which his reason cannot explain; and within the precincts of revelation there are truths so lofty or so profound which it is impossible for his reason to grasp. But whilst there are many subjects too difficult for the grasp of reason, they are not opposed to reason. The Author of nature and revelation is an infinitely wise, powerful and most glorious Being, possessing all the attributes and perfections which can be predicated of the one true and only God; and it would be marvellously strange therefore, if finite minds could comprehend all that he has said and done. It is far more reasonable to believe that there are mysteries in the moral as well as natural world, which are too deep for reason to fathom, than it is to believe that there are no subjects too profound for the human understanding to comprehend. Man, at best, is finite; God is infinite. Before he can see and understand as God does, he must be like God: but this he can never be; and man must, therefore, content himself



with understanding such things as are within the reach of reason, leaving all others to be matters of faith, not comprehension. When we are satisfied that God speaks, our reason must bow at his feet, and receive reverently and believingly whatever she may not be able to understand.

But when is enlightened reason, in matters of religion, fairly and properly exercised?

1st. When the principles and evidences of natural religion are carefully examined. Surely this is a fit subject for reason to investigate. The foundation of all religion is the being of a God; and is it not reason to believe in the existence, wisdom, power, and supreme greatness, of one true and only God, as deduced from the works of Nature, and the government of the world? Lay the Bible aside, and contemplate nature, only. Look out upon the broad earth, and gaze upon scenes of beauty, of goodness, of wisdom, and of power, which ravish the heart, and fill the mind with wonder and delight. See the beautiful landscape, the towering mountain, the majestic river, the green meadow, the golden harvest. See the skipping lamb, the chirping bird, the bounding insect. See the air, the waters, the earth, all full of living creatures, and all furnished with capacities for enjoyment suited to their various natures. See man, with his erect and commanding form higher than all, the head and lord of the visible creation. And now lift up your eyes and behold the heavens. Ten thousand times ten thousand worlds roll in the immensity of space, and sweep along at rates so rapid as to be beyond the grasp of our understanding. Many thousands of them are worlds of light and heat, and thousands of times larger than the globe on which we live. Order and harmony reign throughout all these worlds, and systems of worlds. What exhibitions of wisdom, and goodness, and power, are these? Surely it is proper for reason to determine, if possible, if there would not have been a first originating cause, and whether such a cause did not include an exalted Intelligence—an Intelligence possessing almighty power, and infinite knowledge, wisdom and goodness. “Reason revolts at the notion of a World without a Maker, a Universe without a Creator and Ruler.” She finds far less difficulty in acknowledging the existence of a first great cause, or in believing in a Being who existed from all eternity—possessing infinite and adorable perfections, and who by his power created and still upholds all things—than she does in an effort to account for the existence of the universe, and the wisdom, order, harmony, and goodness which are every where displayed in it, *without* such a being. Reason cannot grasp, it is



true, the grand idea of a Being existing in and of himself from all eternity, and who, by his simple fiat, created all worlds and all creatures—nor can she see how an Intelligence, however great and exalted, could control and govern all the works of his hands, according to his own good pleasure; but still, she finds that it is far more natural and much easier to account for the creation and government of the world in this way, than in the other. Surrounded on all sides by clear and powerful evidence, touching the being of a God, and the existency of the world, reason is obliged to discard the doctrine of chance, and to admit the existence of one eternal and most perfect Being, who by his great power created, and still upholds and governs the universe. The order, harmony, beauty and grandeur of the visible creation, address in a voice which she must and does understand, and which she silently adores. How truly applicable to *all* God's works, what the Poet beautifully says of the stars, only :

“In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.”

2d. Reason may, and ought to examine the evidences of the truth of the christian revelation. It is both our duty and privilege to look narrowly into things which concern our peace in this world, and our being and happiness in the world to come. If we are rational, immortal, and accountable beings, it surely does not become us to be indifferent to the claims of Christianity, but to carefully examine the foundation on which it rests them. And as to the necessity and desirableness of such a revelation as the Bible contains, reason cannot fail to decide rightly, we think. It is generally admitted that the Bible contains a direct revelation from God to man, That there is a great and palpable difference between those who have, and those who have not this revelation, in their physical, intellectual, social and moral condition, cannot be seriously questioned by any one. Is knowledge, truth, goodness, purity, desirable? Is it important to man's well-being that his social, mental and spiritual interests should be guarded and cared for on Bible principles? Of which does reason most approve?—the condition of the enlightened, virtuous, enterprising christian, who receives the scriptures as the word of God, and acts according to its requirements—or the condition of the ignorant, filthy, wretched, cruel Pagan, who worships dumb idols and knows not God? Who, does reason say is the favored individual, and most like a man ought to act, who is created in the



divine image, and destined for immortality? Is it the christian or the heathen? Reason sees and acknowledges both the necessity and desirableness of the christian revelation, because without it, man is in a state of darkness, vileness and awful wretchedness, and wholly unfitted to answer the great ends for which he was created; but with it he is an enlightened and exalted being, and enjoys great peace and happiness. The authenticity of the scriptures is established by a great variety of evidence, and this is also a fit subject for reason to investigate. There cannot be any real contradiction between reason and revelation, both of which have emanated from the one perfect source and author. If reason will carefully examine both the internal and external evidences of christianity, she will soon discover that they are just such proofs of the truth of revelation as she would look for and approve. She reads that holy men of old spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and when she examines into the character of what was spoken and written, she finds such evidences of honesty, purity, goodness, truth, that she is overwhelmed with the conviction that such a revelation could only have proceeded from God. The impress of Jehovah she finds upon every page, and confesses and proclaims that such a revelation as the Bible contains, is altogether worthy of God to make and of man to receive. And then reason perceives additional evidence of the truth of christianity, when she finds in what a remarkable manner prophecy has been fulfilled, and is now fulfilling—and that those men who professed to teach others what God had revealed to them, in attestation of the truth which they promulged, opened the eyes of those who were born blind, cured the leprosy, raised the dead, and performed numerous other mighty and astonishing works—works which were evidently supernatural, and required the aid of almighty power to effect. Here reason bows to the presence of the great God, and confesses his mighty hand in the wonders which are wrought. Between reason and revelation there are no discrepancies which cannot be easily reconciled. And how can it be otherwise? As both have proceeded from God as we have seen they have, there can be no irreconcilable contradiction between them. He who is the source and author of both reason and revelation, never contradicts himself. Every where and at all times he is consistent with his own being and perfections. Truth, whether discovered in nature, or revealed in the scriptures, is *one*, and God is its author.

3d. Reason may fairly judge as to the SUBJECTS which revelation presents to us, as well as to the evidences which the Bible



brings to our notice we might name the divine character—the divine works—the fall and misery of man—the salvation provided for him—his responsible state—the doctrines he is required to believe—the duties he is commanded to perform—and the blessings which are offered for his reception. Now all these subjects of revelation should and do accord with sound, unbiased reason. It is surely altogether reasonable to believe in the existence, character, perfections and works of God, as brought to light in the scriptures. So too in the Bible account of the creation, fall and wretchedness of man—of redemption wrought out for him by Jesus Christ—of the terms on which the sinner may be saved—of the doctrines to which his believing assent is required—of the duties which are connected with his responsible state, and of the benefits and blessings which are promised to a life of faith and obedience. All these are subjects of the highest importance to man, and a firm belief in them is in perfect accordance with the dictates and demands of enlightened reason.

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## HTEBAZILE.

BY LILIAN MAY.

INSCRIBED TO W. W. G.

“AND in that land, oh, is it not sweet  
To know that the mother and child will meet.”

It was in the month of September—  
The gloomiest month of the year,  
When the Summer is loath to parting  
Ere the leaves grow yellow and sere;  
A month of dark sorrow and sadness,  
Joy dawneth yet over its gloom,  
Tho' through all its weeping and watching,  
It hath brought but the cradle and tomb.

The day was hot and oppressive—  
I sighed for the cooling shade;  
I saunter'd forth to the woodland,  
Where gently the breezes play'd—  
In a darken'd and dim old forest,  
By the banks of a rushing stream,  
And I laid me down and mused  
O'er a poet's waking dream.

Then the thoughts of days departed,  
Rushed over my weary soul,  
An ease for its sorrow and pining—  
Up, upward the vista rolled:



I knelt by the side of my Mother  
In the shades of the dusky even,  
And she bade me pray to Our Father  
Who dwelleth in yonder Heaven.

She taught me the love of a Saviour  
Who came to this world of ours,  
And offered himself as a ransom—  
'Twas like dew on the new-born flow'rs;  
Thus every morning and evening,  
As I humbly knelt by her side,  
She taught me of God and of Jesus  
Who for sinners as I am had died.

She told me when here He had wandered—  
Folding me close to her breast,—  
That mothers oft brought Him their children,  
Whom He took to His bosom and bless'd;  
Her lessons of sweet instruction  
I remember in later years,  
And the hopes of my early childhood  
Loom up thro' its sorrows and tears.

But Time came on with its changes,  
And her brow grew marble-like pale;  
Her eyes were darken'd and sunken—  
Their lustre forever had fail'd:  
Her hands were blue-cold and icy,  
Her lov'd voice was silenced forev'r—  
Mute, mute were the lips that had taught me  
My morning and evening pray'r.

It was a bright morn in September—  
Tho' a sadden'd and lone one to me—  
I was brought to the home of my Mother,  
The bride of Death's Angel to see;  
I know that flow'rs in Autumn  
All wither at the breath of the blast,  
Ere the snows of the coming Winter  
A blight o'er their being cast.

It was a bright morn in September—  
Ten Summers have flown since then,  
And over their pathways the roses  
Have blossomed and faded again:  
Yet still thro' earth's dreariest mazes,—  
Midst its cares, its solace and tears,—  
I behold the same smile of my Mother  
That she bore in my earlier years.

Oh! heavy the grief and the sorrow  
That saw her consigned to the tomb;  
Yes Faith pointed on to the Future,  
And Hope bade me cheer in my gloom.  
I well knew that up through the ether  
Her spirit rejoicing had gone,  
To dwell with the Father Eternal—  
From the realms of mortality flown.



Thro' the years of beauty and sunshine  
 That have gone to the past since then,  
 She hovers e'er by me an angel  
 Unseen by the visions of men.  
 In the lovely bright flowers of Summer  
 I behold the light of her smile;  
 And all through the coldness of Winter  
 Her face beameth on me the while.

I remember, one evening in Autumn,  
 When my mind was heavy with care,  
 To my ears came the voice of my Mother,  
 And childhood's loved spirit of pray'r,  
 I knelt on the green sward beside me  
 To my Father I lifted my soul,  
 And ere I had risen the waters  
 Of Peace o'er my troubles had roll'd.

It was a bright month of September—  
 The gloomiest month of the year—  
 When the Summer is loath to parting,  
 Ere the leaves grow yellow and sere,  
 A month of dark sorrow and sadness—  
 Joy dawneth yet over its gloom—  
 Tho' through all its weeping and watching  
 It hath brought but the cradle and tomb.

## KEEPING THE HEART.

PERHAPS few duties are more neglected than this; and yet none is more important. Out of the heart are the issues of life. The spring or principle of action is the heart. Just as our natural life has its seat and origin in the heart, so too our spiritual life has its source in the heart. So long as the arteries which convey the blood from the heart, to every part of the body, perform their functions, so long will life continue to animate the body; but let them cease to perform their office, and life must come to an end,—the body becomes a corpse. Now as in a moral sense, the heart is the seat of spiritual life, it is important that care should be taken that none of the avenues which lead to the heart, be closed.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. If our hearts are kept pure, then will our actions, our conduct and conversation, be pure likewise. A corrupt tree cannot produce good fruit; neither will a good tree yield bad fruit. And here we see the importance of keeping the heart from exercising bad thoughts—for if the heart is allowed to run on that which is wicked, then that which proceeds from the heart will be wicked also. Can a fountain send forth water both bitter and sweet?



If the heart be pure and holy, all its purposes will be just and good. If it be defiled, nothing but abomination can come forth from it.

Keep a watch to all the avenues which lead to the heart. The eye—let it not rest on forbidden objects. Let thine eye be single, and thy whole body shall be full of light. The ear—keep it open to all that is good, but shut to every thing like sin. The imagination—let it not brood over forbidden objects. Sin frequently gains entrance to the heart through the imagination. The imagination paints even the most odious sins in colors of beauty, and thus the heart is carried away.

Especially seek to have Christ in your hearts. If his spirit dwell in you, you will be made holy and pure. If Christ reigns in the heart, sin cannot dwell there. M. A. S.

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“BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW.”—SOLOMON.

BY REV. H. D.

OF all the periods and events of human life, the concluding scene is one of the deepest interest to the person himself and to surviving spectators. To the one it is the moment when death is about ushering him into eternity, whilst it is reminding those who stand by his bedside, of their frailty and mortality. And how many solemn occasions of this kind, have we, in the order of providence, been called upon to witness? But notwithstanding that God has so often reminded us of the brevity of life, by the death, yea even the sudden death of our friends and relations, still it is a lamentable truth, that if we take a view of mankind in general, we find but comparatively few who act properly in reference to these solemn things, and live as though every day might prove to be their last. To-day they rejoice and are glad, deceiving themselves with the song of hope, “To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.” The young man thinks he will dash the cup of pleasure from his lips and join the worshippers of God, when he has arrived at the age of manhood. The man in the noonday of life thinks to renounce sin and the world in future days, when he has no more strength to sin and his silver hairs are beginning to tell him very plainly, that he is now fast ripening for the grave. And even old age itself is often ingenious in discovering pretexts for putting off a little longer the work of preparation for the eternal world. To all such, the words of the wise man are applicable, “Boast not thyself of to-morrow.”



## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

## NO. 2.

## UNKINDNESS VERSUS KINDNESS.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

THIS, in many respects, is a cold world. We mean by this, that many of the people who inhabit it, have cold, unfeeling hearts. *They* live, and that is all they seem to care for. Others may take care of themselves, and get along the best way they can. If it goes well, well ; if not who cares ?

And this heartless selfishness is often found among the very ones that ought to be the freest from it. We refer now to those who have the opportunity to become acquainted with the woes and the wants of mankind, and the power to exercise human kindness in the alleviation of their woes, and the satisfaction of their wants. These persons are often the most unfeeling and hard-hearted, and abuse their privilege in this respect. Their hearts, instead of melting under a sense of divine goodness towards themselves, and a sight of human wretchedness and rags, grow hard as mercies multiply, and the instances of this wretchedness increase. In their eye, there is no tear of sympathy for the suffering. Such hearts are strangers to feelings of pity and kindness. The helpless and miserable are left to die in their miseries, and the poor wandering beggar is turned from their door, without even a crust to satisfy the cravings of gnawing hunger. Are such creatures human ? Do they belong to the family of man ? Can they be found in modern society ? Alas ! for our day, that they exist at all ! But that they *do* exist, many sad and painful instances fully declare. And here is one.

During one of those cold, dark and cheerless nights of last December, which made every man feel the value of a comfortable home and fireside, a poor Irish boy was seen entering one of our flourishing country seats. He had but lately come upon our shores, and was now, poor and penniless, making his way to the far West, to seek employment and a home. There was nothing about him that was particularly repulsive, save that he was poor and destitute, having spent all his means in defraying his expenses across the Ocean. His dress was thread-bare and somewhat shabby, it is true, for it was the only suit he owned, and he had worn it a considerable length of time ; but it was clean and decent. His manners were those of modesty and humility. His habits were those of temperance and sobri-



ety ; and in any way in which he might have been viewed, he was fully worthy of any man's kindness and hospitality.

Night having come upon him, and he being weary and hungry, he resolved to try the charity of one of the houses of entertainment in the place, and seek shelter for the night.

Accordingly entering one of the doors quietly and modestly, he approached one whom he supposed to be the Proprietor of the house, and in a suppliant tone inquired—

“Can I have shelter here for the night, sir, and something to eat?”

“*Have you any money?*” was the harsh and stern reply.

“No sir, I have not. I am a poor boy. I am on my way to the West to seek employment and a home. I have travelled hard all day through the cold, sir, and am very tired and hungry, and though I have no money with which to repay, still I shall be very thankful, if you will give me some plain fare and a place to rest upon.”

“I can do nothing for you this evening,” was the angry return of the monster in human shape. “My house is ‘full’ at this time, and I have no room ; and furthermore, I just suppose that you are another of that lazy gang of fellows that are roving the country, too lazy to work and imposing upon good-natured people for their living. So take up your line of march, master, and let us see no more of you to-night !”

Of course this unfeeling excuse—“my house is full,” was one of these “landlord lies,” for which many of this gentry are noted, especially after they have surveyed their customer from head to foot, and have come to the conclusion that there are poor prospects for their *bill of fare*.

The poor boy turned away with a sad, depressed heart, and sought the door that would lead him out again into the cold and cheerless street. What now would he do? was the earnest inquiry of his tender but bleeding heart. To whom shall I go? thought he to himself. If I stay out here in this open street I must perish ; for already I feel this cold wind piercing me through ; and if I try at another place, I may just meet with another similar cast-out.

However, drawing his thin coat still closer around him, and hoping that all landlords were not like the one to whom he had just applied, he resolved, as he approached another hotel, to try again.

So, entering and repeating his former sad tale, and making a feeling inquiry for a place of shelter, what was his bitter disappointment, when the same lie—“all full,”—was again thundered in his ears, and he was gruffly ordered to begone !



By this time the heart of the poor Irish youth was ready to break, and had it not been that death stared him in the face if he would dare to lie out, cheerfully would he have made the curb-stone his pillow—the earth his bed, and the heavens his covering, and weary and hungry, laid himself down to sleep.

But this he felt that he dare not do. The night was growing colder as it grew shorter, and though he had, by this time tried every public place of resort but one, he determined to try this last chance between life and death.

It was now about ten of the clock. The busy streets were all quiet. Nearly every citizen had retired to his warm and comfortable abode. Nothing was seen but the darkened fronts of closed stores, houses and workshops; and nothing was heard but the growl of some faithful mastiff, as he watched his master's premises; or the cold, biting wind, as it pierced the poor boy's thin garments, and chilled his wearied limbs.

By this time, being guided by a splendid lamp that hung at the door, he stopped in front of a first-class hotel, and the only one at which he had not sought for shelter; and now "what must I do?" was again the anxious inquiry. Being naturally of a sensitive mind, he feared greatly another repulse. And yet, he very reasonably concluded, "If I stay out here, I must die; and if I enter and am again turned out, I can but perish; and so I will again try. Perhaps there is some kind heart here that will pity me and take me in." And accordingly, putting his hand upon the latch, with a trembling heart and faltering step, he entered and told his tale of destitution and want.

The lateness of the hour, and his shabby dress were taken as strong evidences against the poor youth, and though there was something cruel, as even the unfeeling landlord seemed to feel, in sending a fellow-being into the cold street on such a night, still he was again told in tones that fell almost like a sentence of death upon his heart—"my house is full!"

But this was too much for the heart of the poor Irish boy to endure. "Oh!" thought he, "were I only at home in my own green Island, that I might tell my grief in a mother's ear, and soothe my sorrows at a parent's hearth. I have often heard of America's freedom and America's generosity, but alas, I have found poor samples of these to-night. May God have mercy upon a poor, friendless boy."

Heretofore the poor youth had restrained his tears in the hope of better success. But alas! this was the last chance that he would see for shelter and refreshment, and now he must again be sent away. He could restrain his tears no longer. The



fountains of his heart were broken up, *and the poor Irish boy wept!*

But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and in his Providence often provides a way for our comfort and deliverance when we least expect it. And so it was in this case. As the poor boy stood weeping, not knowing which way to go, there was a young man of generous heart standing by gazing upon him with deepest emotions. Being an inmate of this house, and familiar with its different departments, he took the poor boy by the hand and volunteered to aid him in finding something to eat, and a place on which to rest himself comfortably for the night. He led him to the kitchen, and there repeated the story of his destitution and wants to the domestics.

And here again, in the same kind Providence, did the poor Irish boy find kind hearts and sympathising friends. And foremost in kind attentions was a *generous Irish girl*, who with ready hand and a cheerful heart, not only spread a soft bed, but a board of good supplies for the lone wanderer from her own native Erin. And how her young heart burned with interest and feeling, as the boy sat down to partake, for the first time for many long and cheerless hours, upon the bounties which her kindness had spread. Whilst thus engaged, she drew from the youth the story of his nativity, the names of his parents, the locality of the cot where he was born; and to their mutual joy it appeared that they had both come from the same district of country, were familiar with the same brooks and rills, had wandered over the same hills and plains, "and other loved spots which their infancy knew."

Here was double pay for all the interest, which the interested girl had shown in the poor boy's case. She was learning the luxury of doing good; but not only so, contrary to her first expectations, she was feeding one to whom she was attached by strong natural ties, and recollections of early and happy scenes and associations. Here was one fresh from the cot of *her own* birth; the friends of *her own* heart, the playmates of *her own* early youth; who was able to give her, in *her own accents*, a satisfactory account of the changes and chances which had passed since she bade her own sweet Ireland adieu!

And what a feast was this for the poor fellow, a page of whose sad history we have endeavored to record. Half-starved, through a long and unbroken fast, he was enabled to satisfy the cravings of his appetite; and not only so, but to be cheered by the kindness and presence of one who was to him as a sister.

But as a crowning act in this whole incident, when the morn-



ing light again made glad another day, the board was again spread for the traveller, and there, before he was permitted to depart, the poor hard-working *girls of the kitchen*, with a spirit of spontaneous kindness, *replenished the poor boy's purse from the hard-earned savings of their own!*

The above incident is not without its *Moral*. It shows, evidently, that there is much inhumanity in our world. We boast much of our "free institutions," and the "genius of liberty," and yet many among us seem to be so destitute of kind feelings and pity that they can have the heart to drive men from their door, who are *starving*, or turn them out to *freeze!* This is a shame for human nature. God have mercy on the man who has no mercy on his fellows! We should think that men who are so much indebted to kindness and forbearance, and charity, as we *all* are, would surely learn to show similar kindness to their fellow men. But man, given over to the Devil, turns *brute!* His soul seems to lose its finer sensibilities; and like the greater animals, he lives by eating the smaller ones.

"That man may breathe, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives,  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

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## THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

"TELL him the dangers thick that lay  
Around his wildly devious way,—  
So shalt thou win him, call him back  
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track,  
And warnings thou hast mildly given  
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven."

THE pleasures of sense have produced more misery and desolation than the pestilence that walketh in darkness. On the soft bed of Luxury and in the halls of dissipation, kingdoms have expired, and the brightest stars in the firmament of human greatness and glory have fallen forever. Proud Babylon was demolished at a banquet, and amid scenes of revelry; Alexander, amid mirth and intoxicated pleasures, fell under the stroke of his "last enemy" to rise no more. The sensualist, like a taper in the socket blazing up brightly just before it is extinguished, perishes in the very midst of his carnal joys.

But what do we mean by a man of pleasure? He whose life is merged in the world of mere sense, who depends upon the material world alone for enjoyment, and seeks his pleasures from



it merely by his physical organs, who depends upon the ball and bar-room, the novel and fashionable amusements of the day for pleasure. Such pleasures are altogether sensual, opposed to intellectual, moral and spiritual enjoyments; and the man of such pleasures is a sensualist, a voluptuary, a follower of Epicurus. We pity such a man; we must scorn all such pleasures. They are indeed more penurious than direct vice, for the latter may put us on our guard, but the former, seeming innocent at first, stupifies and besots while it tickles. In its soft and downy lap it lulls the conscience to sleep, and blunts the refined sensibilities of our nature. Throwing its gaudy mantle over the understanding, it blinds and crushes thought, as well as lulls to sleep. Thus the man of sensual pleasure is blind as well as stupid. The very happiness he seeks is to him a dream,—a complete phantom; the moment he thinks he will grasp it, it flitters away and is gone forever. Pleasures drawn from sense by reason and faith, are good; but the sensualist uses neither reason nor faith, but only the hand, the mouth, eyes, feet, the appetite and imagination; and with these he dips too deep, stirs up a sediment that renders all his pleasures impure, vapid and poisonous. We admit that in the halls of dissipation and amusement some “bastard joys” may be felt; so we admit the animal feels a pleasure in the gratification of its appetite. But how soon they wither! how soon does the sweet become a bitter cup! Such is the nature of all joys that have their root in mere appetite, and increased by art. They are not *real*, because they claim no kindred with thought or faith, but built only upon transitory feeling and lust. Such pleasures are like lightning, before we can fix our eyes upon them they are gone. In the ball room or at the card table, the young may feel a fluttering joy in their hearts; but how soon do they become sick of all these! Jaded with the dizzy round of fashionable amusements, how soon they begin to yawn over them! But the drone of nominal pleasure hums on, and like the bear in the fable, *he hugs his darling to death.*

“By blindness he is blessed;  
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.  
His pleasure is the promise of his pain.”

But many think the pleasures of sense are innocent and harmless in their character, and can be enjoyed to the full with impunity. The ball room and card table they regard as only harmless expedients to smooth the rugged path of life, to kill time, and to chase away the gloomy thoughts of death and eternity. Oh, what a sad mistake! To smooth the rugged



path of life you thus prepare the way to make its end awful. To divert your attention in time, you close your eyes against eternity; and to kill time! Be assured your time will be short enough, without the aid of your suicidal hand; and perhaps when it ends you will with one of the Queens of England, give worlds for but "one inch of time." And amid its hurried flight you "make trifles seem the marrow of salvation." Oh! why then this waste of time? Tell me, generous youth, why spend your money "for that which is not bread?" Your spruce appearance is a complete forgery; your pleasures are unnatural; you forget death and eternity in order to enjoy time without thought and care. But stop! Remember the more death and judgment are forgotten, the more terrible they become. And will you then on to-morrow repeat the farce of to-day? You may "see visions," but they will never come to pass; why then be ravished with them? Why seek to grasp airy bubbles on life's ruffled ocean, when you know that the moment you touch them they will vanish into nothing?

"Sport we like the natives of the bough,  
When vernal suns inspire? Amusement reigns,  
Man's great demand; to trifle is to live;  
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?"

If not, then think not that life's trifles and frivolities are harmless and innocent, and that you can engage in them with impunity. Look at the sensualist. Look at the bearing of his pleasures upon his character and his destiny. He is an immortal without a sense of his immortality; a rational, with reason subverted, an animal with appetites abused; for he regards not eternal interests, he permits not reason to reign, and he sinks himself below the animal in the abuse of appetite. Hence he suffers from all these three, because he abuses them all. What a maze of human ruin! what a wreck of character! Thus the man of pleasure first debauches the brute in man; then the brute in return subverts the man, and finally the debauched brute and the subverted man join together in rebellion against the immortal in man, causing him to "*curse God and die!*" Thus the sensualist becomes a corrupt wreck, body, mind and soul,—a blank in human life. His sentiment is "eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow we die." And oh, *what* a death! Have you witnessed the death-bed scene of the man who spent his life in profligacy and dissipation? Oh, what wretchedness, what horrors hang over that scene! How do sickness and sin darken the shocking tragedy. Are these trophies of his Paphian conquests? They are. Are these the fruits of his *harmless*



amusements? Yes! He now reaps the fearful "whirlwind;" "Sudden destruction cometh upon him," and he is hurried into eternity "without remedy." On a narrow isthmus between two worlds lost to him forever, he sinks under the weight of his doom. The ghost of his butchered time haunts his maddened thought. Conscience awakens from her long slumber, and with giant strength, lashes his bleeding heart. Memory hurries him back over all the tragic scenes of his past life;—

"She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,  
Of fair occasions gone forever by,  
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,  
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die!"

While imagination bears him onward beyond the world's mummery to that fearful world, over which he is trembling, and portrays to him the awful end which he is about to meet. Oh, could you but stand by such a bed and be witness to the dying scenes of a Paine, a Voltaire, an Altamont, methinks the cup of sensualism would bear no sweet for you. Deluded youth! you that seek the haunts of Epicurean pleasure, pause for a moment, and think of the departed who preceded you in the same dark path. Listen to the sound of their last fearful tread in that path. In the language of the dying Altamont—young, noble and talented—it speaks to you,—"*Too late!*" "*All is over!*" "*Lost! Lost!*" "*My darkest hell would be in heaven!*" With rapid strides you are following. Your last tread may soon be heard. Oh, stop! Cast your eye beyond the bowl in your hand; there is a fearful scene just beyond you; *It is death!* There is a solemn reckoning above you; *It is Judgment!* There is an awful gulph beneath you; *It is Hell!*

"Think, oh think!  
And ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,  
Pause on the brink awhile, look down and see  
Thy future mansion!"

It is because the young refuse to think they become the dupes of mere sense. Youth is the season of pleasure and indulgence, and hence of great peril. Soon that morning of life will change; the flowers will pass away; the bland smile will give place to sterner features. What if when we pass over into the period of manhood we find ourselves the slaves of sheer sense, bound to the harlot pleasure by a chain which we are unable to break? In youth habits are formed, desires confirmed, companions chosen, links in the chain which binds you to society completed, and if in that period of life you become a devotee to the pleasures of sense, each of these will form powerful ties to bind you to these pleasures throughout life. See then the slippery ground



on which you stand ! The danger and the importance of fleeing from it ere we approach too near.

But devotion to the pleasures of mere sense is not only dangerous, but a detraction from the dignity of our nature. Man becomes the slave of nature below him ; his noblest attributes are brought under subjection to his meanest. Think of it, young man and lady, when you make the bar and ball-room, the novel and the amusements of the day, the sources of your pleasure, and live only for them, you make the highest attributes of your nature bend to the lowest. You make the taste of the mind and heart give way to the taste of the tongue and palate, the intellectual, to the physical eye ; novelty and romance, to substance and reality ; chance takes the place of Providence ; time occupies the place of eternity. Is this no degradation of your nature ? It is. You would frown with indignation upon any act of your companions that would reflect upon your honor. You would resent the lie that would be given to you by another. And yet, if a votary of sensual pleasure, you act thus towards yourselves. You descend with a rapid step from the position of your native dignity. You write in dark characters with the pencil of your own deeds, the lie upon your nature. The sensualist counterfeits himself, ever seeking to deceive himself, and yet hugging the phantom notion to his bosom that he is *right* ! Nothing will compensate for this evil. No redeeming quality will wipe away the foul blot. No antidote will allay the rage of injured, degraded nature. The young may be allured, it is true, by the beauty of outward appearances, and he may be made to forget, by the dazzling equipment without, the rottenness within. The fine dress of the body, the gay colorings of fancy, the creations of imagination, the bland smile of the face, the tickling sentimentalisms of the heart, the gems of the finger, the rich bracelets of the arm, the light step of the foot, the graceful posture of the body, the merry laugh and witticisms of companions,—these may all seem rich and valuable offerings at the shrine of a Venus and Bacchus, and worthy our aspirations, but they only lull the conscience to a dark haze before the mind, and keep us at ease while sudden destruction is coming upon us. Thus it was with the deluded, wretched Antony, when his fleet and that of his adversary, Octavianus, fought for the empire of the world near Actium. During the battle which was to determine the destiny of Rome, he slept in the soft arms of the beautiful, yet debauched Cleopatra ; he could not live out of her sight. And what was the result ? His enemy conquered ; his sceptre was gone ; the freedom of the Augustan age expired,



and Antony, captivated in the arms of sensuality, vanquished by the amorous art of a libertine, and in hopeless grief, sinking under the weight of his misfortune and his shame, died in the arms of Cleopatra, with the world's contempt upon him, while she ended her shameful existence by the bite of a serpent.

What a picture of the tragic end of all who, forgetful of life's true interests and enjoyments, and heedless of life's end and sin's curse, abandon themselves to the pleasures of sense and become the slaves of their own lusts.

Young man! young woman! this may be the prophecy of your end, if you have begun the same delusive course. Though it may not be as public, nor may it wear the same wonderful romance; though history may not record it, nor may the destiny of the world's mistress be decided by it; yet the agony may be as keen, the infamy as black, the woe as great. The epitaph over Antony's grave may be fitly ascribed for yours; the dark hours of Cleopatra's exit, and the serpent which caused it, may hover over our own departure, and be applied with willing hands to your own bosom. Oh, then, before all is lost, retrace your steps: let the Life, Light and Love of the Gospel cheer the rugged path of life, animate your hopes, and point you to your true destiny. None of the pleasures of earth are true and harmless unless they are seasoned by religion; none are lasting that do not spring out of piety:

“Like snow that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasure's fade away;  
They melt in Time's destroying tide,  
And cold are while they stay!  
But joys that from religion flow,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amidst the darkest gloom of woe,  
Smile forth with sweetest light.”

S. P

BURKITTSVILLE, MD.

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### JOHN URSINUS LEINBACH,

Aged 3 years, 7 Months and 11 Days.

Here sweetly rests our Boy in peace,  
Where pains and tears and turmoils cease;  
Rests on his Saviour's tender breast,  
Forever saved—forever blest.

The dismal grave is but the gate  
That opens to that heavenly state;  
He is not lost but gone before,  
To live where death is known no more.

Faith sees him still, our happy Boy,  
In heavenly songs his tongue employ;  
We hope—nor will our hope be vain—  
To find our sainted Boy again.



## DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

BY PROF. WM. M. NEVIN.

Don't forget to say your prayers—  
You've been sporting all the day,  
And through the merry candle-light  
You still have had your play;  
But, though now you're tired and drowsy,  
Ere you cast yourself to sleep,  
Down kneeling ask the Holy One  
Your soul this night to keep.

Ne'er neglect to say your prayers—  
Though laid beneath the sod  
Are her gentle lips that taught you,  
And her soul has gone to God,  
Say the simple words she told you,  
Ere you lay you down to rest,  
And you'll dream of the holy angels,  
And the ones you loved the best.

Ne'er neglect to say your prayers—  
And be sure to shut your eyes,  
And with your "soul's sincere desire,"  
Make each petition rise;  
And He who looks upon the heart  
Will guard your sleeping form,  
And keep you safe through all the night  
From every fear and harm.

Ne'er neglect to say your prayers—  
If at home or if abroad,  
Still keep up the old communion  
With your Saviour and your God;  
And suffer not your hopes to fix  
On earthly things that range;  
But fasten them on Him who knows  
No shadow of a change.

Ne'er neglect to say your prayers  
When in health—and when you're ill,  
Still breathe them, with submission  
To your Heavenly Father's will;  
And He will make you well again,  
If that He think the best,  
Or gently take your spirit home  
To be forever blest.

Ne'er neglect to say your prayers—  
When you waken in the morn,  
And your heart leaps up with gladness  
At another day's return,  
Ere you hasten forth to greet it,  
Oh, be sure to kneel and pray;  
'Twill make you feel the better for't  
And kinder all the day.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.]

MARCH, 1852.

[No. 3.

## A PASTOR TO HIS SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

LET me say a few words to *scholars*. I shall try to speak in a plain and simple way ; for, though some of you may be as old as your teachers, and as well informed, yet others are younger and less advanced.

In England, once upon a time a drover was driving a flock of lambs to market. He was going to London. Such an event was common in that country at one time. I presume it is so still. It occurs, too, in Pennsylvania, especially in the neighborhood of our largest cities. On his way to market the drover had to cross a deep and wide stream. Across it, a bridge without a roof had been built, with a stone wall running along on either side, about two or three feet high. The wall was covered with a sloping roof. The bridge was very much like some of those you see when you travel along our good turnpikes. The man proceeded to drive his lambs across without any disturbance until he came near the middle of the bridge. But just then a little dog was seen at the other end, coming towards the flock. You all know how much sheep are afraid of dogs. At once all the lambs were frightened ; now they rushed together as if to seek protection in the crowd, then they run hither and thither, trying to escape ; but before them was the dog, behind the drover, and on either side a wall. For a moment they were quiet and stood gazing ; then as the dog came a little nearer they ran apart again ; one leaped upon the wall ; its feet slipped and down it fell into the stream. The flock seeing that one had made its escape, another lamb followed, and shared the same fate. Others followed rapidly ; one after another was plunged into the deep water, and the whole flock was drowned.

Please follow me a little longer, as I direct your attention to several lessons of instruction that we may derive from this simple narrative.

1. *Eternal things are real, although you cannot see them.*



The lambs were on the bridge and saw no stream flowing beneath them; but there it was; its waters were deep and wide; and its waves dashed against the strong arches as truly as if their eyes had seen all. You cannot see heaven nor hell; you cannot see devils and lost souls "tormented day and night, for ever and ever" in a "lake of fire burning with brimstone;" nor can you see the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb." These scenes are excluded from your view. Yet there is a heaven where the saints dwell in glory, and there is a hell where impenitent sinners writhe in agony, as truly as there was a stream under the bridge. Was it not there, although the lambs did not see it? And is heaven not as blessed, nor hell as miserable as the Word of God describes them to be, although you cannot see these places with your naked eyes! Do not deceive yourselves. As truly as there was deep water under the bridge, although the lambs could not see it, so truly do all the joys of the heavenly Jerusalem, and all the horrors of the pit, exist, although you do not and cannot see them. Nor will you ever see them whilst you live in the body. Yet it is true that so long as you have not received Jesus Christ by a true faith, there will be but one step between you and eternal wo. Bear this in mind. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

2. *You will be fully convinced of the reality of eternal things in the hour of death.* When the lambs were moving to and fro on the bridge they were not sensible of any danger of drowning; but as soon as they leaped upon the sloping roof of the wall they saw the dark waters rolling beneath their feet. Now you see no dark chambers of the second death; you hear no weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; but when you come to die—when your mothers and fathers, your sisters and brothers, stand weeping around your bed, and bid you a long, long farewell—when your immortal souls leave their bodies; then you will see and feel either what Lazarus experienced when angels carried him into Abraham's bosom; or what Dives did, when in hell he opened his eyes, being in torment. Then you will know as you never did before, that the Word of God sets forth nothing but the most solemn truth.

The little lambs did not know that they would be drowned, if they would leap on the wall. But you know that you will be lost if you live without faith in the Lord Jesus and die in your sins. God has taught you so in his Word. Had they seen the water, and had there been a way of escape, they would doubtless have fled for safety. Now you know that you are in sin;



and exposed to death, that Christ died on the cross to save you; and that he has received you into covenant with himself by the rite of baptism; will you not flee the wrath to come, and sit in faith at Jesus' feet as Mary sat, to hear the words of life before it is forever too late? The brute will flee from danger when he sees it; and will not you, who have reason and will, who know that the Lord Jesus is at the right hand of God, and prays that you may be saved. Could you now stand on the edge of Time and look on the bright joys of heaven, or look into the pit of hell and see its wo; could you see these eternal things as God paints them in his Word, how would you feel? Would you not go to Christ at once? Ah, if you do not repent you must feel what the rich man felt. You will know that the wo of hell is as great as you would know if its gates stood open before your eyes just now. Why then will you not act a wise part? If you wait till you can see the flames of hell, it will be too late to save your poor souls. The lambs did not see their danger until they were in the act of falling into the stream. Nor can you see the "lake of fire," or "the holy Jerusalem," till you are about to go down to the one, or rise up to the other. Let me urge you to think and act as if you saw these things with the naked eye. Jesus Christ is ready to save you. Repent and believe in him. Trust in Christ with all the heart, and your souls will be happy in death. If you do not you will fall into the "Lake" as surely as the lambs fell into the deep stream.

3. *No one returns after death to speak to you of the future world, and you are therefore in danger of living with these things out of all your thoughts.* When one lamb after another leaped on the wall and sunk to rise no more, those that were on the bridge only saw that some had escaped from the little dog. That was all. Seeing no more than this they rushed headlong into the same ruin. You can only see a wicked man die; but you cannot follow the flight of his spirit afterwards. He may even be calm in his death, though his soul is not at peace with God. You can see his open grave and hear the dull sound when the ground is thrown on the boards that cover the coffin. But what else! Can you see horror seizing his sinful soul? Can you hear the wail of the lost? When a wicked man dies you can follow him till his cold corpse is laid in the tomb; but you can follow him no further. As his soul goes to God who gave it, your eyes are not on him. Nor can you get any proof that he is lost from what your eyes see or your ears hear. Hence some of you are careless and worldly; you pass the Saviour by and wag your heads like the Jews did when he hung on the



cross; though many whom you know, fall before the scythe of time, and in their sins go down to the pit to feel the wrath of the "Lamb of God." All the while some souls around you are dropping into hell and you are at ease. None will come back to tell you of the other world. You must believe what the Lord Jesus says: "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Ah! how sad a truth this is. On every side souls drop into hell. These may seem to be harsh and rough words, but they are true. The world loves sin and will not believe on Christ. Hence they die under the curse of a broken law. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Think on these truths. You are in great danger. Any day or hour you may lie down and die. If Christ does not live in your heart by faith, where he is you can never come. Let me beg of you to hear what your Teachers say. They seek to teach you the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Listen to their kind instructions. Yield your hearts to him who loved you and gave himself for you. Seek the forgiveness of your sins through the atoning blood of our Lord. And when this life shall have come to an end, you and your kind Teachers may all dwell together in the bliss of Heaven.

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## GRIEVANCES OF THE LETTER R.

It is believed that the letters of the alphabet have lately held a convention; if they did not it is believed that they should have done so. If such convention was really held, it is believed that its object was to consider the grievances of one of said letters, and that after the organization of the meeting, the letter *R* rose and stated the object of the convention, as follows:

"It may not be known to you, fellow letters of the time-honored alphabet, that I have of late been shamefully slighted, and that attempts are even made in certain quarters to banish my use from the great republic of letters. This is nothing short of persecution. I have always had an honorable place in all languages, and have hitherto been held in equal honor with the rest of my brethren in the English tongue. True, I have a rough, rugged, roaring sound, but this is just as necessary to make up the completeness of alphabetical harmony, as the rude, rugged rocks are to make up the beauty of rich, rural regions. Besides it must be conceded that the firm hold I take upon the lungs in my pronunciation must contribute vastly to health, as



it has a tendency to give strength and expansion to them. I demand therefore of this convention, that they redress my wrongs, and have me reinstated to my original honor."

"We do not understand the nature of your grievances, friend R," said the chairman. "Please give us examples of disrespect paid to you."

"My honor has been bestowed upon an imaginary letter whose sound is something between broad A and W. For instance, instead of cars, we now hear *caws*, or *ca's*. Oh, horror! Instead of boards, we hear *bod's*. For flowers, we have *flow'was*. For words, we have *wo'ds*. Even Lord, is turned into *Lawd*! I could give you any *numbah* of instances, but it is only *necessswy* yet to add, that in *gen'wal* all those *wo'ds* that *ah honahed* with R, have that *lettah d'oped*."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it was unanimously resolved by the convention—that is, if said convention was held—that the letter R should be restored to his place by all sensible people.

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## LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

FURNISHED BY REV. E. HEINER.

FEW persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning, to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, as LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated, like her brothers, in the Latin, Greek and French languages. In 1712, she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, and her husband being appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Pope, Gay, and the other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty, and the charms



of her conversation were then unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed Ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister, the Countess of Mar; Lady Rich, Mr. Pope, &c., delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions, Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope seems to have entertained for Lady Mary a passion warmer than friendship. He wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to her, and she treated them with silent contempt or ridicule. On one occasion he is said to have made a tender *declaration*, which threw the lady into an immense fit of laughter, and made the sensitive Poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary again left England to reside abroad. Her husband (who seems to have been little more than a decent appendage to his accomplished wife) remained at home. She visited Rome, Naples, &c., and settled at Louverre, in the Venitian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives. Mr. Montagu died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England. She arrived in October, 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. The letters from Constantinople and France, have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the pres-



ent age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in English Literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical didactic essays, enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit, like the correspondence of Pope.

[*To E. W. Montagu, Esq.—in prospect of Marriage.*]

\* \* \* One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed in both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Were I the most intelligent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London on your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. When you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for,



being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy ; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconsistency, or even infidelity has extinguished ; but there is no returning from a degout given by satiety. \* \* \* \*

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another ; 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London ; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think, (perhaps, you have some fondness for me,) though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond ; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably to the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view ! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupte*) a smooth tranquility. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have at length grown weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness ; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town ; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. \* \* \* \*



## THE YOUNG BRIDE.

BY MISS M. H. RANG.

SHE IS GONE—she is gone—the sad bridal is o'er,  
And the face of our loved one shall glad us no more.  
She has left the dear haunts of her childhood forever ;  
A new tie is formed and all others must sever.  
She has gone in the home of a stranger to dwell,  
We have loved her *too* fondly—will he love as well ?  
Can he ever repay her for all she has left,  
The hearts she has sorrowed—the ties she has reft ?  
Their place in her heart, can he ever supply,  
And the charms of the past in her mem'ry defy ?  
New friends will surround her, and kindness will come  
To her sorrowing heart like a vision of home ;  
But they never can love her so dearly as we—  
Like the friends of her childhood they never can be.  
Yet she will be happy, for one will be there  
Who will watch o'er her path with the tenderest care ;  
She will not regret it, though sadly awhile  
She will mourn for her mother's sweet counsel and smile—  
Although for a time her fond fancy will roam,  
And her heart will be pining for voices from home.  
Yet these visions will fade, and no longer alone,  
She will share the affections once wholly our own.  
With new faces, new kindred, new friends, she will find  
A love as enduring—a feeling as kind ;  
And in her new home she will cease to regret  
The joys of the past; she MAY not forget !  
They will linger around her, and then 'twill be sweet  
To think on the time, when again we shall meet.  
My sister—my loved one—I dare not repine—  
Yet thy heart's dearest joys bring but sorrow to mine.  
Farewell ! Oh farewell ! may all blessings from Heaven  
Both now and hereafter be unto thee given ;  
And mayest thou be happy ; no tear of regret  
For the joys whose remembrance will cling round thee yet.  
Be happy, dear sister, while we must still mourn  
That one link has been severed—one heart has been torn  
From the dear household circle so firmly united—  
That circle, I fear, by the stroke has been blighted.  
No more in its precincts thy footsteps will fall—  
We have lost thee, dearest, the best of us ALL !



## TO EMMIE.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

SAY Emmie, did you ever watch the morning calm and bright  
That kindled up the orient sky in golden gleams of light;  
And did you see the waking earth throw its glad hands on high,  
While life and music shouted forth from earth and sea and sky?  
O Emmie, 'tis a festal sight—but not so glad with love,  
As when the eternal morning dawns on sainted souls above.

Didst ever note how bright it is, when midday summer's light  
Makes shadows into substance creep, and all on earth is bright—  
Almost *too* bright—the feeble eye shrinks 'neath the blessed darts  
E'en flowers veil their beauties o'er, and fold them to their hearts.  
But Emmie, think! oh what must be yon bright and heavenly place  
Amid whose light the strongest seraph bends down and veils his face.

And Emmie, did you ever read a summer evening sky?  
How calm 'mid day's departing light a thousand beauties lie!  
Bright clouds repose in seas of light, like hearts unstained by sin,  
And softly through eve's golden gates the light is gathered in;  
O Emmie, so, in life's sweet eve, our souls shall sink to rest  
And pass into yon blissful heaven, to live among the blest.

## A LIBRARY.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

"A LIBRARY! Yes, I've seen Libraries. Ministers, and Physicians, and Lawyers have Libraries. And then I've seen here and there, in other places, rows of books like Libraries."

But did you never think that *you* ought to have one? We believe that every young man, and every young lady, ought to have a library. Yes, that is our opinion. It need not be so large as those of professional men, and it need not be made up of the same kind of books. Let it contain as many as you can afford to buy, and let the number increase as fast as you can read them, and make their contents your own. Whenever you hear of a useful book, try to buy it—read it well, and place it by the side of the rest in your small Library. Thus you will find that it will grow year by year; and what is still better, your mind will grow in knowledge.

How much better it would be for many young persons, if they would take the *money* which is often uselessly spent and buy with it a good book; and how much better if the *time* which is foolishly thrown away were employed in reading that book. Which of our readers will take our advice, and commence gathering a library? Which one will now begin more earnestly than ever to cultivate a habit of reading? We promise that one a happy future.



## MORALITY NOT CHRISTIANITY.

By this caption, I mean, that the simply moral man is not a christian; though, in every case, the true and sincere christian is a strictly moral man. There is a wide difference here,—a difference too little borne in mind, so that frequently in actual life, christianity, with all its distinctive characteristics, is confounded with morality. This difference, wide as it is, extends as well to practice as to principle, to motive as well as to action. The spirit of the world is stamped upon the moral man, the spirit of heaven upon the christian. The daily deportment of the moralist even represents him as being governed wholly by politic views and selfish motives. Self with him is “all and in all,” the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of every action. His thoughts, in no case, rise above this grand embodiment of all his aims and efforts, presenting in this respect a wide contrast with the spirit of the sincere, heaven-born christian. In the child of God, self is completely lost in another and a higher Being; and his individual will, to a great extent, becomes merged into a will broader and more comprehensive than his own. Governed not by policy, but constrained by principle, he is daily endeavoring to conform, not to the false maxims of men, and the spirit of this sinful, selfish world, but to the Will of his God. And it is because the moral man is so supremely selfish, that we find him actually resisting at many points the Divine Will. The young man who came to Christ is a case just in point. He had done more than moral men generally do, having endeavored to live, as far as in his power, in strict outward conformity, to the letter of the divine law; and though he had kept the commandments from his youth up, yet the want of a single christian virtue—a character deficient in but one particular, was quite sufficient to call forth the disapproval of Christ. The “one thing thou lackest” was sufficient to exclude him from heaven, though touching the commandments he was blameless, and doubtless a very model of morality.

There is one practical evil, which this confounding of morality and christianity gives rise to, against which, both young and old, cannot be sufficiently guarded. It is this: Many men imagine, because they live a moral life, are upright in their conduct and honest in all their dealings, that the gates of heaven will be thrown as wide open to them as to all such, who with a contrite spirit and a believing heart accept of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only and sufficient Saviour of men. Acting from such a principle, ruinous to christianity, and ruinous to himself, the moralist, pluming himself upon the fact, that he has been



guilty of no flagrant outbursts of wickedness, and arrogantly presuming, that God, in His infinite goodness, will, at last graciously pardon whatever things He has seen amiss in his life and conduct, lives and acts, at every point, in broad and direct opposition to the whole tenor of the Bible. Mistaken man! Presumptuous mortal!

Something more is required of a christian than outward conformity to the conventional rules of highly cultivated and refined society. This may be commendable and praiseworthy, so far as it goes; but christianity demands that the general tenor of the life should be in strict accordance with the commands of a King, who is higher and better than the world. God's commands reach farther, and are far more comprehensive. They go down to the deepest motives of conduct, lay hold upon the inward spirit, and exert the most potent influence in shaping the course of man. In that man, who is obedient to God's commands, God's higher law is at work, gradually shaping the outward life, heretofore, the fearful exhibition of wickedness, after the model so beautifully portrayed by the inspired penmen in the divine word. But no such transforming power can be ascribed to the conventionalisms of any society, however highly refined.

A man may be outwardly upright and moral, may nicely conform to the regulations of that social circle in which he moves, and be pleasing even to the most fastidious in his deportment, and yet, all this may but cloak a wicked, devilish spirit. A beautiful exterior oftentimes conceals from our eyes much inward corruption. Outward adornings frequently deceive us, leading us to believe that all is good and fair within, whilst the heart may be a sink of iniquity—like the apples of Sodom, having a beautiful and tempting exterior, but touch them and they turn to ashes, and are bitter to the taste. Not everything is christian that bears an outward similarity, however striking, to christianity. It is one thing to have the appearance of a christian, and quite another and a different to be in possession of the reality. There may be the shadow without the substance; there may be the external display without the inward spirit; there may be even the form of godliness, whilst its life and power are denied.

A moral life is not a christian life, for morality is not christianity. Living in accordance with the maxims of the world, or the conventionalisms of society, or even up to the letter of the Divine Law, is not a keeping of God's commands in the spirit of the Bible. This may be done by a worldling at heart.



To him, it is no trouble or sacrifice to conform to the principles of selfishness. They make no demands that will likely be resisted—make no requirements that will run counter to our self-will. Self is the centre; and its demands, to the simply moral man, become highest law, binding authority, in submission to which it is his highest pleasure to live. But different from this is the religion of the Bible. It makes God the centre, and His word the rule of life.

But is there, in fact, any virtue in that man's morality, who is moral, not because God's word speaks out in thunder tones against all immorality and wickedness, but because to be grossly immoral would exclude him from the privileges of refined society? Is there any excellence at all in that man's temperate habits, who refrains from intoxication merely to retain a position in the social circle to which he has no just claim? Is there any dependance to be placed in that man's honesty, who is honest only because honesty is the best policy! Place a man influenced by such a motive simply, in a suitable situation, and when occasion offers, he will prove false to his trust, violate the old maxim, and stain his character with dishonesty. A man is only moral, and temperate, and honest from a right motive, when he feels, that to be immoral, and intemperate, and dishonest, is in direct opposition to God's commandments, and does violence also to the higher law of his nature, implanted in him by the Author of his being, who is at the same time the Author of the Bible. In the end then, all true morality must spring from God's word.

To be a gentleman after the manner of the world, or a moralist after the stamp of a Pharisee, is not wholly to be a christian after the standard established by God. "If ye love *me*, keep *my* commandments."—John, 14: 15. Gentlemanly deportment or Pharisaical strictness, is no decisive proof of being a christian. There may be this, and yet a christian spirit wanting. We affirm then, without hesitation, that, that is a false principle, which makes conformity to the conventional rules of society the measure of respectability, and gives to the man (as it is too often done now-a-days) who is obedient to the higher law—God's word—a lower position. The christian is the highest form of man, because he is endeavoring to live daily more and more in conformity to the commandments of One, who is higher, and nobler, and better than the world.

But this external religion may be of some benefit to the world. Some men it may restrain, may curb the passions and hold in check their sinful propensities; and others, from a fear of this world's frown, it may keep from mischief. This, however, is by



no means the all important part. To have the heart right in the sight of God, live daily a life of self-denial, obedient to the commandments of God, and in accordance with the evidences given of a true christian, in Matthew 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters, and Romans 12th, and many other passages scattered thick as Autumn leaves over the whole landscape of Divine truth—*this truth*, the only sure norm of life, and the only safe directory for our conduct—is of *far more* value. To be renewed by the Holy Ghost, to be made “a new creature in Christ Jesus,” to have that transformation of character, spoken of everywhere in God’s word as so necessary, and everywhere described, too, in the most striking language, to take place, is *far more* important in the sight of that holy God, who looks upon the heart, and to whose omniscient eye, thoughts and desires are as clear and manifest as the conduct of open day.

There is probably not a more dangerous principle at work at the present time, in society, than the one which has been treated of—men making, in actual life, christianity and morality synonymous; dangerous and destructive to both. Dangerous, because it leads the unwary and unreflecting astray. Destructive, because, like all infidelity, it aims at sapping the very life and essence of christianity itself, and breaking down at one fell-sweep all its distinctive features. This may not be its ostensible aim; but its very speciousness renders it more dangerous and destructive in society. A principle so false and ruinous as this, needs some public expose. Let the young reader of the “Guardian” be on his *guard* against all such rotten infidelity. Many an effort is made, in this way, by the agents of darkness and the devil to catch the unwary youth. But do you ever remember, that the simply moral man, in very fact, virtually declares the uselessness of all the well directed efforts of heaven and of Christ Jesus for man’s salvation, and most daringly and most wickedly substitutes *his* work for the *great atonement*, and *himself* for the great *Atoner*, Jesus Christ, the crucified One. Mistake not then simple morality for christianity. It may be good so far as it goes, but it will not stand in the Judgment of the Great day. Such a mistake would be a fatal one—a mistake touching your eternal interests—the future welfare of your undying soul. Better far trust to the sure word of God—the revelation of heaven-born truths—the pole-star to eternal life. Better far, go, like one of old, in all your sins, to the foot of the cross, and without casting so much as your eyes to heaven, pray with the same fervency of the Publican: “Lord be merciful to me a sinner.”

S. H. G.



## YOUTHFUL STRUGGLES.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;  
Checked by the scoff of pride, by Envy's frown,  
By Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.—BEATTIE.

Go INTO any rural neighborhood, or into any village, and you will find some young man who is distinguished from all the rest by his desire after knowledge. He has more books than the rest, takes more periodicals than the rest, knows better than they do what is going on in the world, and is in a general way more intelligent. But he is not satisfied with the attainments he has made. He is always inquiring, always reading and seeking for more. While others are satisfied with the common topics and pastimes of the day, he is ever seeking for a deeper and fresher fountain of pleasure—that pleasure which is adapted to the higher life of the mind.

The path of such an one is pleasant, but not easy. He contends with difficulties at every step. The general feeling around him does not appreciate his aims, and he receives neither sympathy nor encouragement. So much time spent in reading,—this is thought to be the high road to ruin!—and it is already prophesied in all directions that the boy will “come to nothing.” This, however, does not dismay him. He feels the light dawning within him, and this brings him its own reward. He knows that the mind is the superior part of his nature, and he is determined to cultivate it as much, and as fast, as he can. We honor the lad in our heart; and he has our warmest sympathies.

He is not satisfied with the resources for mental improvement which he can command in his own immediate circle. He has passed beyond the grade of the common school; but sees still before him “hills peep over hills.” His progress hitherto has only fairly opened the field to him, and he only begins to know what really remains to be learned. Now he longs for some richer advantages. He sees, in distant vision, a College; and he has some young acquaintances who have shared its advantages, and who have told him what a table it spreads for those who are hungry after knowledge. But it is too far above him—he cannot hope to reach it. He has no funds at his com-



mand, and his friends who are able to assist him, do not think as he does in regard to the blessings of a good education. He must either abandon the present, or strike out upon some other course. What does he do!

He is not in want for devices. Hear what he does. He aims now first at qualifying himself to teach a common school. Thus he saves some dollars during a winter's teaching, and in the summer he seeks some Academy where boarding and tuition are cheap. This is a rich advantage gained. Here he makes progress in one summer, at which he is himself surprised. But in the fall his money is spent; and he goes again, somewhat sadly, but still bravely, to teaching. The next summer is again spent at the Academy. Manfully done! Do not give up the ship.

At length he is able to take some select school of a higher order than common schools, here he gets better wages. This becomes to him the stepping stone to College. After some time you see him wending his way towards this seat of learning. Long had it hovered around his anxious vision in the light of hope; now he is about to share the blessed realization! He lays hold of his studies with a strong hand; and the light breaks in upon him more and more. But sad to tell, after a while his funds are again exhausted. He leaves the halls of College with a sigh, and seeks again a situation as a teacher—teaches awhile, replenishes his funds and returns to his studies. At length, after a long struggle, he graduates. Honor to him! He has shown himself stronger than he who taketh a city.

Has not this been the brief history of hundreds, who are now the most useful men in all the professions? Verily it is. And are there not many who are, at this moment, struggling in some stage of this earnest process? Verily there are. It may be that some young reader of the Guardian sees here the image of his own conflicts. Yea, only a few days ago, we received a letter from one of our young subscribers who is treading this path. To all such we say, trust in God and be of good cheer! Your success is sure. Your difficulties will all yield before the "firm purpose and the high resolve." Remember that the battle always precedes the victory, and if the trial be hard the triumph will be so much the more honorable. Again we say, be of good cheer.

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Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime—  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps in the sands of Time.



## THE ROSE OF SHARON.

BY REV. H. W. SUPER, A. M.

CHRISTIANITY is truly universal and adapted to every condition of the human mind. It is of as diverse operations from the same spirit as there are sides to man's character. It meets the soul amid the billows and dark night of sin, whilst the lowering and black clouds of gloom and melancholy roll their thick and heavy masses over the souls, and the quick flashes of lightning, and muttering peals from Sinai reverberate the terrors of the law; and again it meets the soul when the blue and mellow sky of redemption's summer pours the orange radiancy of the dawn upon the variegated landscape of the soul in its fruit-bearing season. It visits the palace with its diamonds and crowns and spangled array of cashmere and velvet, and turns the hearts of the royal inmates. It visits the cottage, the dispensing angel of every blessing to the grateful and believing cottager. It fears not to tread on the highest realms of Philosophy. It condescends to walk in the humblest valleys of the poor. It sanctifies and refines the barbarian. The countenance of beauty lit up by the soul of religion is resplendently and doubly beautiful.

Who that has read the Song of Solomon has not been struck with the play that has been given to this side of the religious character? If any look upon religion as gloomy, they have certainly never received their view from the Song of Solomon.

The strong desires of the heart here burst forth for the highest object of adoration and love. The most lovely and enticing figures and expressions are brought forward and give vent to this longing and to find it satisfied. The most enrapturing expressions are made use of, to warm up the heart to devotion. The beautiful in religion is here represented in all the glowing images of an eastern imagination, kindled into a blaze from the altars of inspiration. The passionate expressions of early love give some faint idea of the divine. The bursting warmth and devotion of verging man and womanhood, help to emblazon in full light the fervency of love to Christ. The beauties of nature are arranged in winning landscapes to feast the imagination and reason. The choicest flowers of the field are culled in variegated colors and beauty to represent the Divine. Frankincense and citron blossoms excite by fragrant odors the affections towards God.

Particularly is this the case with that expression which represents the Divine Personage as the Rose.



Of all the flowers that send their fragrance to the Mediterranean sea from the plains of Sharon, none could equal the matchless beauty of the rose. It stood first among its beautiful sisters of the field. As they vied with each other in the delicacy of each form, the well proportioned roundness of each corolla, the bright tinge of each petal, hanging their heads in blushing modesty to the earth, or raising their tender and fragile faces to the light the rose alone stood unrivalled as queen majestic and grand of all the flowers of the field.

The qualities which gave it this distinction are the round and swelling fulness of its form, the harmony and proportion of its arrangement, the beauty of its color and its fragrance. All these qualities combined in a single flower, elevate it to a position of the most attractive character.

And who can be intended by this description? Who can answer to the qualities of the flower, the beauty of the form? Evidently no one but "He who is the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely."

Christ is the Rose. In Him the beautiful comes to perfection. He is beautiful, because lovely; lovely, because he is love. "God is love." We cannot admire the evil genius of discord and hate. We cannot love the ugly and deformed. We can only love that which to us seems beautiful, and whatever seems beautiful we are constrained from inward impulse to love. The relation of love and beauty is so intimate, that like two colors of the rainbow, the moment you invoke, by the prism, the spirit of one from the body of white light, the other also appears with it. Like twin sisters they are locked in an everlasting and inseparable embrace. Where one is found the other is ever by its side. This love is every where proclaimed. It is proclaimed from the rolling orbs that pass through space in harmony, and also from the little mite that skips in sunshine. The hosts of heavenly messengers proclaim it as they dispense happiness and light as the ministers of the Most High. It is this love which fashioned our frames. It is written on all the works of creation, and is proclaimed with deep chorus from the wonders of Redemption.

And now, shall not this love, unchangeable and inexpressible as it is, draw by its loveliness? Shall it not lead us to admire and adore its excellency and warm up every faltering act of devotion? Shall it not charm our faith when we see its completion in that overwhelming act of love by which He gave himself up to Redemption, changing human nature from darkness to light, from sin to righteousness, from the deformity of evil to



the beauty of holiness? Shall not this love, like the fragrance of the rose, draw by its sweetness every approaching visitor to itself? Shall it not, like the color of the rose, draw every eye to the contemplation of its beauty? Shall it not, like the form of the rose, draw our admiration to the harmony and proportion of love in every emanation from God?

What is beautiful, must be true. On the contrary, the true must be beautiful. We cannot love the false and deceitful. There must be some qualities to win our admiration. We cannot endure falsehood in the object of affection. The true alone can appear attractive. In the case of human attachments, the stronger the truth the stronger the bond of union. In proportion as any thing is true, it must rise more and more above every thing debasing, and draw more powerfully to itself. If we extend this proportion, how infinitely attractive then must He be who is the absolute Truth—the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Does not Christ then stand out to us the highest and most glorious object in the universe? Does not his majesty and glory shine as resplendent in the moral universe as the sun the centre and light of the world? There hang all thy hopes and aspirations, O! Christian. There fix all thy love and admiration. He is the One altogether lovely. He is *pure*, and the pure is beautiful. He is called the “Lily of the Valley,” without spot or stain, the pure white. In Him was found no guile. Without imperfection or sin He appears as the immaculate and only truly adorable object. Purity is essential to beauty, but in Christ such a strain of ineffable purity runs through his will, his words, his deeds, his love, that in comparison every thing else sinks in eclipse before the splendor of his light. He dwells in the crystal courts of infinite purity—He is surrounded by spirits of purity—His splendor needs “no candle, neither light of the Sun.”

Now compare this with the false religions of the earth. They had no beauty—the systems of Paganism were the religions of awe and terror—the expressions of the guilty unappeased conscience. The Boodhist could see nothing lovely in his idols—he only invented them through the terror which agitated his breast. He could only look up to his gods as a disobedient child to an angry parent. His main object was to make an atonement and to ward off the blows of divine vengeance. His Divinities accordingly were hard task masters. He offered his first boon as a sacrifice to appease them. He lashed himself to the burning pile. He goaded the flesh and lacerated the body. He performed every labor and yet could make no satisfactory ex-



piation. All the eastern systems of religion were but the expression of the terror stricken conscience. They were pervaded with gloom. In giving it outward expression, their idols and images assumed horrid shapes and contortions, half man and half beast, ugly reptiles and horrid looking figures. On every side fears and frowns were their portion. There was nothing beautiful, nothing lovely.

The Roman was more of a warrior, and his gods assumed a different character; but yet they were gods of terror.

The Jupiter of the Roman, the highest divinity he worshipped, was the god of the thunderbolt. The image by which he was represented was that of an angry monarch upon his throne, darting his lightning shafts upon the heads of his creatures. They must fly from the anger that threatened to destroy them. He could only offer his oblations and try to reconcile his deities by sacrifices. There was no beauty.

The Greek tried hard to make his Divinities represent only the beautiful. From the buoyancy of his character, he was disposed to look at the bright side of every thing. But his Divinities were still only inexorable men. They were resentful, passionate and cruel;—they were subject to vices and crimes. The attributes and characteristics that were likely to draw them to the gods were marred by vices. Their gods were no objects of reverence to them when they could see nothing in them morally superior to themselves. The only respect in which they were superior, was that in which they held the bridle over them and awed them into obedience. They could see nothing truly beautiful there.

Even the pious Israelite was only the forerunner, and not the possessor of the true and beautiful, as displayed in the Messiah. Sinai hung over him, threatening him with its weight. The significant words, "Thou shalt," kept ringing in his ears. The pious Israelite longed, no doubt, for that time when the terrors of the law might be hushed, in the sweet accents of Him who said, "Peace—my peace I give unto you:" but he possessed only the shadow and not the substance.

Where then can the truly beautiful be found except in the Rose of Sharon? He is the perfection of every thing truly beautiful in humanity.

Reader, have you ever walked in the arbors of Sharon and reclined your weary head beneath its bowers? Have your eyes there rested on the Rose with longing delight till you have made him your own? You have, perhaps, seen the rose presented from one earthly lover to another. It becomes, in that case,



the expression of love and the bond of attachment. The pledge seals both hearts in indissoluble union. God has likewise given his Son, the Rose of Sharon, as a pledge of His love to man. Do you accept Him?

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## THE TENDENCY OF LIGHT READING.

BY D. J. NEFF, A. B.

A young man's character may, in general, be as accurately inferred from the books he reads as from the company he keeps. If he keeps bad company, he will have a taste for bad books—and so the reverse.

Every one's character is modeled and shaped, to a great extent, by the influences with which he is surrounded. These influences, whether good or bad, act with a powerful effect upon the pliant and susceptible nature of youth, and leave an impress which no subsequent changes can fully efface. And the human mind is so prone to evil influences, than to erase the impression of good. Nothing, then, can be of more importance to youth than to avoid all kinds of evil influences, and to husband well the few scattered seeds of inherent virtue, which yet remain ere they be forever choked and smothered by the rank growths of a corrupt nature and an evil world.

Of all the dangerous elements which surround and threaten the youth of our day, we do not hesitate to say that the corruptions and impurities that daily and hourly emanate from the *Press*, are the most dangerous. Of all the legalized forms and the patronized workshops of evil, we know of none more blighting in their effects—none, against whose temptations and allurements the soul should be more strongly fortified. It cannot be denied that the great mass of the literature of our country—that which is most read, most liberally patronized and most popular, is most emphatically corrupt literature. It is corrupt in its very nature, and corrupt in its tendencies—it proceeds from a corrupt source, and panders to a corrupt taste. It has been styled light literature. It is light indeed as regards its intrinsic value, but heavy in its consequences. It is light like a pestilential vapor, which is so attenuated as scarcely to be perceived or felt by the outward senses, yet it is contagion to whatever it touches, and no limit can be assigned to its destructive agency. Who can fathom the untold effects that must result from the circulation even of an immoral pamphlet? And yet this is the character of thousands of long-standing influence and established reputation.



The great body of our literature consists of trifling magazines, novels, tales, and newspaper stories ; and all this mass of profitless trash, comes before the public, with the recommendations and puffs of popular periodicals, and sanctioned by the most respected authorities. That which gives them their greatest power and influence is their cheapness, and their show of respectability. They are so cheap as to come within reach of all ; and their fashionableness and pretended respectability invest them with a peculiar attraction to the minds of the young. All the arts of fraud and falsehood are laid under contribution to give them character and respectability. They generally sail under false colors and make false pretences. They are clothed in the most enticing dress ; they appeal directly to the sympathies and enlist the youthful passions. In fact, these useless and wicked publications are almost enforced upon the reading public ; and it has become exceedingly difficult in our day, particularly in the circles of *polite* and *refined* society, to avoid them. We meet them not only in every book store, but in all the corners of the streets, and through the exertions of hireling agents they are brought to every door. So that the novelist in the distant metropolis of New York, or some other sink of iniquity, need only pull the wires, and his productions will be thrown like fire-brands into every family circle.

Now what is the tendency of this corrupt literature which is flooding our country, and incessantly pouring its mighty tribute into the bosom of society. Unquestionably it is wielding a powerful influence either for the weal or wo of man ; and if its effects are not beneficial, they must be injurious. Among all discerning men there seems to be but one opinion as to its consequences, and that is that it is in the highest degree pernicious. No one is so foolish as to aver to the contrary, in the face of the thronging evils that follow in its track. Daily do we see its effects upon those around us, who are brought under its withering influence. See that promising young man, who has just now, for the first time, laid his hands upon a novel. At first he hesitates ; he feels some misgivings, from the reflection, ever and anon irresistibly urging itself upon him, that he is doing wrong. But his curiosity finally overcomes his better judgment ; he yields to the temptation, and soon his soul is in that novel, and his whole attention absorbed in the perusal of its contents. He is now completely captivated and ensnared by the foils of the novelist. He lays down the book it is true with the reflection that he has been wasting three hours of his precious time in the perusal of a pack of varnished lies, yet he has tasted the forbid-



den fruit ; he has created an appetite which he had not before ; and when he sees another novel the temptation will be stronger than before. He has a recollection of a pleasurable sensation which it produced,—a kind of agreeable suspense—a rapture which thrilled through his soul, and wishing to throw himself again under the influence of their pleasing excitement, he will read the first novel that comes in his way. His appetite for light reading now continually increases ; he reads all the novels within his reach ; and every moment he has to spare is occupied in this his favorite and all-absorbing pursuit. His mind is distracted with a thousand whims and vagaries, and floats on a tumultuous sea, like a crazed and helmless bark tossed wildly by the rough wind and waves. See him now as he hurries away from the noise and bustle of the busy world, locks himself in his retired chamber, and is soon lost, lost to every thing but the fancy workings of the book before him. While others are wrapped in their midnight slumbers, he is dreaming over the pages of his favorite book, and even though worn and exhausted by his thriftless toil, “nature’s sweet restorer balmy sleep,” is ever an unwelcome messenger to him. He now begins to neglect his business. Those healthful avocations, alike essential to his comfort and contentment, and which are every man’s solace, amid the ills of life, are supplanted by an occupation which makes him miserable now, and will plant thorns upon the pillow of age. Unless reclaimed by a miracle of grace, he soon becomes a poor, worthless and miserable wretch, unfit for any occupation, but that of the gambler, the robber or the drunkard.

Such is the inevitable tendency of all such writings. What are they with all their bright-wrought sketches, and their strained flights of fancy, but sickly sentimental stories and abominable love tales, or fictitious narratives of absurd and extravagant adventures, in which the greatest devil is generally the greatest hero and the one set up for youthful imitation.

Such is the character of the current literature of the day. We see its traces in the murders, suicides and innumerable other crimes, that are entailed upon every community, and in the crushed and buried hopes of many a ruined youth. The unwary youth is borne away with the tide of corruption before he perceives his danger.

Be careful, then, my young friend, in the selection of your books. Beware of the vile trash which presents to you such a beautiful surface, only to conceal the deadliest venom. They contain no information, and the only pleasure they are capable of administering, is a temporary excitement and suspense which



is many times outweighed by the deplorable consequences which follow in its wake.

Your books are your bosom companions. With these you converse in your hours of meditation and in your retired chamber. Let not these private counsellors be corrupt, or they may involve you and all your future prospects in a common ruin. Read histories and religious books. Here is something substantial; from these you may gain information and wisdom that will school your soul for the realities of life, and stand by you in the dark hour of death.

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## BELIEVING IN SIGNS.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

It is not an uncommon thing at all, to hear people say that they *believe in signs*. We hear expressions of this kind almost every day. And these come from persons, too, whose age and experience in the world, entitle them to a great deal of consideration and respect. Many of these have lived long and have seen much. They have witnessed, too, many things which have been regarded by them as undoubted evidences of the truth of their theory of signs. I know enough of worthy men and women, who prize their almanacs as much as some value a piece of gold; and no part of the almanac is so interesting to them as the column which sets forth the signs. They keep their eye closely fixed on these, and not a step will they take, in their journeys or labors, or indeed any of the pursuits of life, without first looking *out for the moon*; or inquiring in what *sign* we are; whether it is that of the "Fish," or the "Lion," or the "Scales," or something else. If they attempt to plant any kind of seeds, it must be in the right sign, or their plants will either grow too long or too short. The vegetable strength will not be duly proportioned. If young people intend to marry or to move, they must be very careful that they pay due respect to the almanac and consult the signs. They must take these steps not only on the right days of the week, such as Tuesday or Thursday, but also in the right phase of the moon or in the favorable sign. If this is not the case, and they meet with reverses in life, or any "bad luck" attends them, this they get, of course, by not watching the signs.

Now, with all due respect to those who hold these notions in



regard to the moon ruling the earth, and the signs affecting the growth of plants, or the conduct and destinies of men, we must say that we have no faith at all in any such notions. We think that the whole theory is based on wrong grounds; and is very well calculated to mislead the mind, and beget and nourish superstition.

Dr. OLBERS, a very distinguished Astronomer, was led, by careful examination for fifty years, to the following conclusions, in regard to the influence of the moon: "I believe," he says, "that I have demonstrated, that the influence of the moon upon the weather is so small, that it is *totally lost* amid the great variety of other forces and causes which change the state of our atmosphere; and its pretended influence on men, animals or plants, is all of it due to illusion and prejudice." If this be true, what has the moon got to do with planting of peas or cutting broom-sticks?

And as it respects the influence of the dark-of-the-moon, and the full-of-the-moon, and the twelve signs upon the marrying and moving of young people, and the good or bad luck of men generally, we think, we *must* think, that this is a little too much of a tax upon our freedom and our faith. *Man is not a creature of the moon.* He need not necessarily walk *backwards* because he is so unfortunate as to have been born in the sign of the Crab! Being married in the dark of the moon does not compel man and wife to live like devils, and fight like cats and dogs! Neither does moving at this same period of time, necessarily imply the perpetual *bad luck* and *ill fate* of those who thus disobey the almanac. Man has a mind through which he can determine his conduct. He has a will through which he can act. And though we would not here imply that man is absolutely free; because, as long as he is a sinner, he is a slave; still we think that his mind sets him above the control of the moon and the stars!

We, however, still believe in signs. We think that there are such things as *signs*, determining men's conduct and also their destiny. Though we oppose the theory of the almanac signs, yet we believe that there are signs connected with the life of men which go very far in telling what kind of men they are, and what they will become. In order to set these forth, let us consider them more particularly.

1st. If, for instance, we see a man diligent in his business—industrious in his habits—taking good care of his minutes and his pennies; and not permitting his property to be squandered or unnecessarily go to waste—we come to the conclusion that



that man, in a general way, will *prosper*. He will accumulate ; and if it is permitted, he may become rich. And this will be the case, not because he has been born in the right sign, or because he studies the almanac and consults the moon ; but because he is diligent in business and saving in his gains. And we are not in want of authority in our judgment in this case. We have the Bible on the one hand, and experience on the other. The scriptures teach us—"that the hand of the diligent maketh rich." And when we enquire into the histories of those men in all communities, who have accumulated fortunes ; we find that these have resulted from patient industry and economy.

I may here add, that, in a general way, the opposite of the above picture is equally true. Indifference to business, and laziness, carry wretchedness and ruin in their train. And we have a proverb to the effect, that "wilful waste makes woful want."

2nd. Men show a sign again in the manner in which they *cultivate or neglect their minds*.

How often do we hear it remarked of some man who has shone brightly in the world's history as a learned and a useful man, that when he was going, he was distinguished for his studious habits and dispositions. While other boys were at their plays or running the streets in mischief, this youth was at home at his books, laying the foundation of a future character, distinguished for its learning and honor and influence. As this same remark is made in regard to persons living *now*, I may safely, I think, make the assertion here, that there is not one man living who is known for his intelligence and influence in the world, but what was also remarkable for early attention to the cultivation of the mind, and the securement of information.

This then, is certain in my mind, that youth who wish to improve their minds, and store up a fund of good and useful knowledge, if they will be diligent in the use of the means afforded them for this purpose, they can accomplish much in this way. If not they will remain dumb all their days. Set it down then as a fact, that if you see a boy inclined to reading and observation and study, and you give him a chance, that boy will make a *man*, and it matters not in what moon his birthday is recorded, whereas no set of supposed favorable signs and moons and stars will make a man out of a lazy dolt.

3d. We see "signs" also which strongly indicate, and I might almost say, *determine* the *moral* conduct of men. Those, for instance, who carefully resist temptation and strive against evil, will not likely be led away by evil influences. In the very struggle here contemplated, will be found their salvation. They will



gather more strength in proportion as they resist immoral enticements and influences.

Let, on the other hand, a youth mingle freely with the vicious and immoral—let him make as his bosom companions, those whose lips are profane—whose lives are unholy—and whose principles are corrupt and ungodly, and my word for it, he is ruined. He is undone for ever. For can a man enter a lion's den and not be devoured? Can you take coals of fire into your bosom and not be burned? Just as reasonably may you expect to mingle with all the dirty and unholy men and places of this earth, and yet escape their corrupting and destructive power. Mark the movements of men in this respect, and you will have a "sign." The youth that cannot pass a tavern without hitching his horse at its *sign* post, and darting into its bar for a *dram*, what will he make in the end? Why, in nine cases out of ten, a *drunkard*!

The boy that is permitted to have his own way, and do as he please—to make his own laws—to run out after night into mischief, and thus defy all parental restraints; what will he make?—a *scoundrel*! more likely than anything else, whose end perhaps will be the gallows!

These are "signs" confirmed not in the almanac, but in the sad history of many parents of broken hearts, and many youth of ruined characters and lost souls! Pray, sirs, watch *these* "signs."

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## THE HEAVENLY PLACE.

BY REV. H. H.

OH! what a Heaven of light and love,  
Awaits our sainted souls above!  
Where all the good are blest.  
All hail our blessed Saviour's name,  
Who from those heavenly mansions came,  
To bring us to that rest.

I'll gladly be the faintest star,  
That dawns its love-light from afar  
Into that holy place;  
If but my Saviour's radiant eyes  
Smile out into those distant skies,  
With light, and love, and grace.



## NEVER HOLD MALICE.

Oh! never "hold malice," it poisons our life,  
 With the gall-drop of hate and the night shade of strife;  
 Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,  
 But let anger like sunlight go down with the day,  
 Our spirits in clashing may bear the hot spark,  
 But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark;  
 'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,  
 Where our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

Oh! never "hold malice," it cannot be good,  
 For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood  
 Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,  
 Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure the blow.  
 The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—  
 Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,  
 When it liveth in secret to wound when it can.

Oh! never "hold malice," dislike if you will,  
 But remember Humanity linketh us still;  
 We are all of us human, and all of us erring,  
 And mercy within us should ever be stirring.  
 Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,  
 With petitions for pardon or pleading for love;  
 Shall we dare while we pant for revenge on another,  
 To ask from a God, yet deny to a brother?

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 STORY FROM THE MISHNA OF THE RABBINS.

DURING the absence of the Rabbi Mier from his house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened by the law. His wife bore them to her chamber, laid them upon the bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. When Rabbi Mier returned, his first inquiry was for his sons. His wife reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they may too drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she replied, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."



“Ask it then, my love,” replied he.

“A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back to him?”

“This is a question,” said Rabbi Mier, “which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! would'st thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?”

“No,” she replied, “but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith.” She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from their dead bodies.

“Ah! my sons, my sons!” loudly lamented their father, “my sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding. I was your father—but ye were teachers in the law.”

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length, she took the husband by the hand and said, “Rabbi, did'st thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!”

“Blessed be the name of the Lord!” echoed the holy man; “and blessed be his glorious name forever.”

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## ON THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

WHEN we consider the days of our infancy, which we have outreached for some twenty, thirty, or sixty years ago, how short a time does it appear unto us. How many years of our life have passed away like a dream! How many days and months of our precious time have been wafted into the boundless ocean of eternity, and yet it seems to us as though it had been but a *day*! Yes, time is short and its flight rapid. Hence we find that even the many years which the pious Patriarch Jacob was permitted to live, appeared unto him but a very short time. They vanished like a dream, and were soon lost in oblivion.

In perusing the holy Scriptures, we find that the life of man is compared to a multitude of things which quickly pass away. The sacred writers compare it to a post, a weaver's shuttle, a vapor, a shadow, and the flowers of the field. Man's life fades quickly, and his days are as a flying shade. Man is like vanity, and his days are as a shadow that passeth away. When we come to die we will have to confess in the language of the Poet,



“Quickly my days have passed away,  
How soon alas the're gone.”

Our time is sparingly parcelled out by moments, but the succession of these is rapid and uninterrupted like the rushing of mighty waters. Nothing can impede or retard the rushing of this stream. Whether we are awake or asleep, whether occupied or idle, whether we attend to the fact or not, we are borne along by a silent but irresistible force, to the mansions of the dead.

Time, which passeth away with such an amazing rapidity, blasts many a joyful expectation and bright hope, and buries them in everlasting forgetfulness.

“Life's gayest scenes decline in haste  
Just like the setting sun.”

But notwithstanding the rapidity with which time passes away, how many are there, who live on regardless of the day of their death, and spend their golden moments in wickedness and sin. Oh that you might be persuaded to make your peace with God, while it is called to-day, that when your end is nigh, your salvation may also be nigh at hand.

H. D.

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## A MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

“Our mother!—  
She taught us how to live and how to die!”

OFTEN when I sit meditating, or even when among the happy concourse of cherished friends and companions, the truth flashes upon my mind, that I lost my dearest earthly friend. But what a consoling reflection to have so dear a friend in heaven. A mother in heaven! What a precious thought. It would be the height of cruelty to wish her back in this world of sin and care.

What a blessed privilege it was, that I could be with her during the last few weeks of her earthly pilgrimage. Though the remembrance of her pious deeds often made me weep, still it is pleasant to shed tears over what we love to remember. Philip, think you not we had a kind mother? Aye, a pious mother. Remember you not those golden days of boyish innocence, when she used to tell us of the Good Being, whose will we should obey. When she taught us to lisp Our Father, and that pretty verse,—  
“Christi blut, und Gerechtigkeit, Das ist mein Schmuck und



Ehrenkleid, Damit will ich for Gott bestehn, Wen ich zum Himmel werd eingehen."

What a precious treasure. This I can never forget, and its remembrance will always call to mind the heart and lips that first taught them to us. Those youthful impressions will never leave us. Those lessons of piety will always ring in our ears, like a voice from the tomb they will admonish us to make our peace with God.

But now she has gone—where—Oh where? O, what a blessed thought that she has gone where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Not lost, bear in mind. Think you not she still thinks of us, and anxiously inquires after us from the celestial Messengers? Surely, though dead, her interest in us has not abated. She still loves us, and watches our conduct with intense solicitude. If we only could always keep this thought in our minds, that she still takes the same care and interest in our behalf, would not this thought stimulate us to renewed action and zeal in favor of holiness. Truly, if there be any thing that should impel us to become the faithful followers of Jesus, it is the consideration that our friends in heaven desire it with so much solicitude. Many would gladly send a Lazarus to their friends on earth to warn them of their danger. We think too seldom of our departed friends, and often imagine them to be at an infinite distance from us, whereas they may often be quite near, for aught we know. The more we think and ponder over the spirit world, the more heavenly-minded we become. If our thoughts are always on earth, our spirits will also cling to the earth, to the perishing abode of time. Our thoughts should be in heaven where our treasures are. Thither may our longing homesick souls aspire,

"Where we shall bathe our weary souls,  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll,  
Across our peaceful breasts."

B.

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O! THE TONGUE.—Slanderers of whichever sex, are a pest in any society. They are a character made up of a combination of vices, the most prominent of which are, lying, back-biting, idleness, envy, hatred, revenge. No single one, but all together these vices are found in their composition, which make them as miserable as they strive to make others. Idleness is burdensome, envy increases to madness, and through lying, revenge is sought.



## ON A YOUNG LADY,

WHO DIED A FEW WEEKS AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WEEP not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,  
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,  
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
 Or earth hath profan'd what was born for the skies.  
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,  
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,  
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,  
 To water that Eden, where first was its source!

Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,  
 In life's early morning hath hid from our eyes,  
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.  
 Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,  
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;  
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,  
 And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow:

Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying  
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown.  
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,  
 Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!  
 Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew  
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,  
 And now, like a star, beyond evening's cold dew,  
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

MR. WM. MURRAY has laid on our table the following works:

SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY, by Dr. Pye Smith; and NEWMAN'S ESSAY ON THE  
 DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE; also several controversial Tracts,  
 —by Rev. Albert Barnes.

These books we know to be worth reading, and promise to treat ourselves  
 to that privilege at our first leisure. We have before said, what we here ear-  
 nestly repeat, that Mr. Murray keeps only good books—which is rare praise in  
 these times, when so many books of low degree are vanity, and so many of high  
 degree are a lie. We say to those within reach, go to friend Murray, in *general*  
 for good books, and in *particular* for Sunday School Books, which he sells at  
 catalogue prices.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.]

APRIL, 1852.

[No. 4.]

## THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

DID you ever study the history of a single seed? What a world of mysterious power lies in its bosom! Lay it into the soft warm bosom of the earth, and then wait for wonders! Gradually its hidden life begins to travail and struggle earnestly toward a manifestation. Its bosom begins to swell—the fibres of its warm and glowing heart reach forth and lay hold of the surrounding earth—the germ begins to creep upward to seek the light, and soon we behold the plant, the flower, the fruit. Suppose even its position in the earth to be of the most unfavorable kind—suppose it covered with clods and stones, the germ creeps hither and thither, till it finds an avenue by which it may emerge from its dark captivity and smile in the sun. Instances have been known where the buried germ has bored its way through the sole of a shoe or the felt of a hat! Such is the plastic energy of a thing that lives.

“A Raven once an acorn took  
From Bashau's tallest tree;  
He laid it down beside a brook,  
And lived an Oak to see!”

Did you ever study the history of a single mind? And is there nothing of this energy discoverable in it? Yes, verily. There is a life of mind, as well as a life of vegetation. It is of a higher order than the life of the seed, and embosoms an energy capable of far more wonderful manifestations.

This life, this energy of mind, we will call *Genius*—which is, in sphere of mind, what the plastic power is in the sphere of vegetation. All men, therefore, have genius who have the life of mind. This life of mind is at first hidden and feeble, like the life of the seed; it needs to put forth its native energies—it needs to travail toward a birth—it needs to put forth its feelers, lay hold upon surrounding help, struggle towards light and freedom, and then we shall soon see it, not only blooming in hopeful beauty, but laden with richest intellect-



ual fruit. Like the plant, it must surmount the obstacles which would press down its aspiring life, and show itself stronger than the hindrances which stand in the way of its evolution.

This process of strugglings we will call the *trials*, and this victory over opposing hindrances, we will call the *triumphs* of Genius. We know that although the germ of the seed has great native force to surmount obstacles, yet they are sometimes too severe for it, so that its life is either entirely smothered, or comes forth in monstrous distortion, so that it remains a crippled and fruitless thing for life. So it is with the life of mind. It needs attention—it needs a genial soil—it needs a kind hand to aid it in fastening its feeling tendrils higher, so as thereby to aid itself in rising to light and freedom. These helps are abundantly furnished at the present day in the form of Books, Schools, Academies, Colleges and Universities. Let not any one, in the pride of his own mental energy, undervalue these excellent means for reaching a high state of intellectual culture. It was no disparagement of the Saviour's rising power that angels were employed to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ; so it is no dishonor to the strongest genius to acknowledge with gratitude those means which aid in opening the way. In what we shall say, therefore, in praise of the triumphs which the native force of mind can itself accomplish, we would not in the least be thought to undervalue the worth of regular teaching and study. What we desire is, to show, that while this should by all means be done, the other should not be left undone. We desire to show, that all those difficulties which lie in the way of the pursuit of knowledge will yield before a steady purpose—that the road to literary excellence, honor and usefulness, lies open to the most humble and obscure—and that diligence and perseverance will be crowned at length with the most triumphant results.

It is a remarkable fact, that most of our greatest and most useful men, both in church and state, rose to their honorable position, amid many difficulties, from the deepest obscurity. Those who are the heroes of the age, like the greatest rivers, have their birth in those noiseless retirements of humble life to which no history can trace them.

What say the precedents which we find under the immediate care of divine providence, on this subject. Moses, the greatest lawgiver, was found among the bull-rushes, on the banks of a river. The greatest king was found among the "bleating of sheep," and was the smallest of all the sons of Jesse. The Disciples were fishermen ; and their master was born in a sta-



ble and cradled in a manger ; and the obscure Bethlehem, which has the honor of being the place of his nativity, is "little among the thousands of Judah."

Profane history is full of examples of a similar kind ; and as example speaks louder than precept, we will endeavor to illustrate, from the records of history, our subject of the trials and triumphs of Genius.

By way of bringing the idea clearly before our minds, we will commence with a modern, and an American example.

"A few years ago, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary first-sight appearance, but whose fine, intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention, as the boy inquired,

"Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work-house, because they will not teach me to read."

The reverend gentleman took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge.

It became necessary, after awhile, that the boy should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language, and in other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"*Go to France !*" said the master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation. "Go to France, and for what?"

"Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," said the youth, "and I will explain."

His reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at tea time the apprentice presented himself with manuscripts in English and in French, and explained his singular intention of going to France.



“In the time of Napoleon,” said he, “a prize was offered by the French government, for the simplest rule of measuring a plain surface of whatever outline. That prize has never been awarded, and that method or rule I have discovered.”

He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, who was then our minister at the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Phillippe, the King, and in the presence of the King, nobles and plenipotentiaries, the American youth—the cabinet-making apprentice,—the poor boy who wanted to learn to read—demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the Court. He received the prize which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the King.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, Russia, where he took up a similar prize offered by some Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery, by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at St. James, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit. He complied with this invitation. He repaired to St. Petersburg, and—is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias! His name is GEORGE WILSON.

Will that do as a specimen of the triumphs of genius? Will this do to show how a poor, honest, industrious boy, who wants to learn to read, may stand before Kings!

This is but one instance among many of a similar kind. It is easy to see that in this case it was not so much superior natural endowment of talent, as it was concentration of purpose, and persevering industry. The youth was awake, and looked up with a view to rise—and he gained his end. There are thousands for whom nature has done just as much, who will never be heard from, because they have not the patience and application necessary to draw out the native force of their own minds. The best soil produces nothing unless it is cultivated. The richest mines are useless until they are opened; so, native talent is hid till it is opened by a resolute self-application. Many an one has gone down to his grave “unwept, unhonored and unsung,” who, if his talents had been evolved,



“—— the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.”

There are many who are content to remain in ignorance, and are kept from attempting anything noble, under the foolish notion that the triumphs of Genius are only secured by such as are specially favored by nature—they think they have not the native talent which is required. “Richard Burke being found in a revery shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, “I have been wondering how Edmund has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work.” The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Do not trust to genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work! work!” It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich. The highest authority has said: “Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before Kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”

Let us turn over a few pages of the world's history and see what may be seen of the trials and triumphs of Genius. So rich is the subject, so plenty are the materials, that we can do scarcely more than mention the names of the victors.

Æsop, the author of the celebrated Fables, was born a slave. Publius Syrus and Terrence, both great men at last, were originally slaves. Epictitus, a celebrated ancient Stoic Philosopher, spent many years of his early life as a slave. He was so poor, even while he was engaged with the greatest ardor in cultivating his mind, that he lived in a house without a door, with no furniture except a table, a small bedstead and a miserable coverlet. In modern times the celebrated Rev. Lott Cary, at first Pastor of a large colored congregation in Richmond, and afterwards a distinguished missionary to Africa, was for a long time a slave, employed in a tobacco warehouse. Still later, another missionary to Africa, was for a long time a slave. He made himself master of the Latin and Greek grammars while working at the blacksmith fire. He wrote the Alphabet upon the hearth-stone with a coal, and thus familiarized himself gradually with the forms of the letters, asking their names as opportunity offered. The grammar he fixed, leaf by leaf, into the inside of his hat, which he held before him with one hand, while he drew the bellows with the



other, and thus committed its contents to memory. He is now in Liberia, a minister of the everlasting gospel, and known far and wide as the "learned slave."

These instances are in point. They show how difficulties may be surmounted by the force of mind. When were circumstances more unfavorable? when was any one called to struggle with more formidable difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge? and where do we behold more remarkable triumphs of genius? This proves that the path of literary excellence and honor lies open to all, however low and humble their birth and station may be. These examples show that the most formidable obstructions will yield before manly perseverance and industry. There is no one who hears me, I feel sure, that ought not, in view of these examples, to be ashamed to speak of difficulties, and plead them as an excuse for remaining in ignorance. Where the will exists, there is also the way.

Some plead poverty as an excuse for not attempting any thing great and noble in the way of literary acquirements. Permit me to give a few specimens of the growth of genius.

"In the low huts of them that toil and groan."

The great Erasmus, who did more than any other man towards the revival of classic literature, about the commencement of the Reformation, was so poor that he had to stint himself in clothes to get the necessary books. "As soon as I get money," he exclaimed, "I will first buy Greek books, and then clothes." He became the greatest classical scholar of his time. The German naturalist, Schaeffer, lived on a half-pence a day in order to keep himself at the University; a little bread, and a few vegetables boiled in water, were his daily food; and although the winter was severely cold, he had no fire in his room. Yet he endured all this that he might continue to pursue his studies. The celebrated Librarian, Magliabechi, was once a seller of pot-herbs; and by his own private habits of study he rose to become "the most learned man of his age."

The parents of Professor Gotlieb Heyne, were extremely poor. His father was a weaver. During the first thirty-two years of his life he was not only in obscurity, but in a constant struggle with the most distressing poverty. He was obliged to borrow all his books, and to copy them for his own use. Yet he attained at length to imperishable honors. He was, for half a century, one of the most learned and renowned Professors in the University of Gottingen, and died venerated and beloved of all. The celebrated Dr. John Prideaux, was so



poor, that he sustained himself at Exeter College, by becoming an assistant in the kitchen ; and yet he rose to be Bishop of Worcester, and author of a work of history which is a text-book in almost all Theological Seminaries. The famous Ben Johnson worked for some time as a bricklayer and mason ; but when he had the "trowel in one hand, he had a book in his pocket." He was heard of after awhile,—and is heard of still. Henry Kirk White, one of the sweetest of the English Poets, when a boy carried the butcher basket for his father ; and when he was fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to learn the stocking weaving. Poverty stared at him from all sides, but he ventured on and won. Both Henry Bullinger and Martin Luther, celebrated Reformers, got their bread, while pursuing their studies, by singing in the evening in the street under the windows of the rich. The celebrated Divine, Thomas Scott, was the son of a poor man, and was compelled when young, to do all "the most laborious and dirty work of a grazier." He became learned and eminent entirely by his own exertion and perseverance in a course of self-education. Alexander Murray first learned the alphabet from the back of an *old wool card* upon which his father wrote it for him with the black end of a stick snatched from the fire. Afterwards he was sent to the hills to keep sheep—and afterwards still, he became "one of the most learned men that ever lived." Linnæus, the founder of the science of Botany, was once apprenticed to a shoemaker. His name and his fame will now be as lasting as the beauty and perfume of the flowers !

"I learned Grammar," says William Cobbet, "when I was a private soldier on sixpence a day. The edge of my guard-bed was my seat to study in ; my knapsack was my book-case, and a bit of board lying on my lap, was my writing table. I had no money to purchase candles or oil ; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego a portion of food, though in a state of starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own ; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that too in hours of freedom from control. And I say if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, can there be in the whole world, a youth who can find excuse for non-performance ?"

Where, we may ask, is there a young man to be found, who need now labor under such disadvantages ? The road to know-



ledge is now a road strewed with roses, compared with what it was to Cobbet. So much greater the sin and shame of ignorance.

But what more shall I say, for time would fail me to speak of Burns, the ploughboy, of Shakespeare, Sir William Jones, Dr. Johnson, Wm. Davy, Dr. Franklin, and a hundred more, who rose from obscurity and poverty, reached their glorious aim through the most discouraging obstacles, and at last, high and serene

“Upon the loftiest top  
Of fame’s dread mountain sat!”

One more instance of genius triumphing over poverty. A boy came to one of the Professors of a College, and offered to black boots and shoes for his tuition. At first even this birth was refused him; but he looked so beautifully in earnest when turning in disappointment away, that the situation was after all granted him. He commenced his career in science by blacking boots, but as old Humphrey says, he did not end there. He has been the president of a College in Penna., is the author of a work in two volumes, which may be seen in almost any bookstore, and is now the pastor of a large church in one of the Atlantic cities. Does any one sneeringly say, he stooped low—we answer he did not. No one but he whose only polish is mustaches and pomatum, and who is foolishly spending the money his grandfather earned as a day-laborer, would say so. He who considers this stooping, will never be a great man. The mightiest oak once crept, an humble thing, out from between the clods. The path to honor, like that to immortality, begins in the dust. It is a truth high and eternal as the heavens, and broad as all history; “He that humblest himself shall be exalted; and he that exalts himself shall be abased.”

Poverty, however, does not present the only difficulty in the pursuit of science, nor yet the most formidable one. There are other obstacles, and far greater ones, which have been met and surmounted in the triumphs of genius.

The celebrated Spanish painter, Navarette, through illness, when only two years of age, became both deaf and dumb. Think of a lad who can neither speak nor hear, crowding himself into the ranks of those who are on the way to eminence and honor? His biographer says, he became the greatest artist of his age. Nicholas Saunderson became blind when he was one year old. Yet he mastered both the Latin and Greek languages, and became such a proficient in them, that he could understand them when books in those languages were read to



him as well as the English. This was in the fifteenth century, when the present facilities for teaching the blind were all unknown. He next commenced the Mathematics, and mastered all the ancient masters in that science. He left all his masters behind him in Astronomy. All this he did before the 24th year of his age. In the 25th year of his age he became a professor of natural science in the University of Cambridge. He lectured on Optics! He is author of a work on Algebra. He had conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and a few years afterwards, the degree of Doctor of Laws! He, at the close of his life, delivered a Latin Oration of great eloquence before the University, in presence of the King, and died in the 57th year of his age, full of honors. The celebrated Mathematician, Euler, wrote his "Elements of Algebra," and his "New Theory of the Moon's Motions," while he was blind. Dr. Henry Moyers lost his sight when he was three years old, yet he became eminent in music, the ancient languages, and in all the departments of natural and mathematical science; and was eminent as a lecturer. M. Huber of Geneva, became blind in his seventeenth year, and yet he became the author of one of the most original and ingenious works on the habits and natural history of insects, ever written. John Metcalf lost his eyesight so early as to be unable to recollect anything about light, yet he became first a guide in intricate roads, during the night, or when covered with snow. Afterwards he became a surveyor and projector of highways in mountainous districts in England. So eminent did he become as an engineer, that he was employed to new-locate roads, where difficult places were to be avoided, and better routes selected. Milton, it is known, wrote his immortal *Paradise Lost* when he was blind. Homer, according to tradition, wrote his wonderful poems in blindness—poems which date at least 1000 years before Christ, and which will be the astonishment of the learned to the end of time. Well done for

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle."

We close the exhibition of these examples, not because there are no more, but because we fear of wearying your patience. With such obstacles before them, many would think of nothing else but begging, or going to the Poor House; yet these heroes stepped over them and passed on! What a lesson for us. What a lesson for those who have never met one single obstacle but their own indolence; and who are content to remain most contentedly ignorant just because knowledge is not received by inheritance.



## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

### NO. 3.

“THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.”

BY REV. S. H. REID.

NEVER, in my life, will I forget my first visit to a State Prison. It was during my early youth, when scenes like these, are very impressive, and fix themselves deeply upon the memory. It was, too, at a season of the year, when the inside of a dark and gloomy prison would contrast the most sadly and wofully with the outward world, and make one feel the value of liberty, and the pleasures of free society and animated nature.

The month of May—that sweetest month in all the year—had already commenced. The sun was pouring out his floods of light and warmth on the surrounding streets and gardens and walks of the city, in which this Prison was situated; and thus calling, as it were, upon nature to throw off her cheerless garb, contracted during the cold and freezing months of winter, and put on her fresh and beautiful summer dress. And nature seemed to be gladly listening to this call, and yielding a compliance; for everywhere she might be seen opening the green bud, or unfolding the fresh leaf, or spreading out the beautiful flower; and filling the air with sweet odors and the heart with cheerfulness and delight.

It was just such a bright May morning, that myself and companion resolved to visit the Penitentiary. Having procured the necessary permit, entitling us to an entrance, we slowly made our way towards its dark walls and gloomy gates. And here, stating our wishes and our right to enter, we soon heard those gloomy gates grate on their hinges, and left those dark walls behind us! We were now *in Prison!* And, O my reader! what a contrast in my *feelings* as well as in my state! I felt as if I were in another world; and that world, by no means the most agreeable and to be desired. Behind me I left the bright, free, busy scenes, of happy man and cheerful nature; and before me were spread out the high walls, and the dark cells, and the lonely workshops, and the iron bars, and the chains and whips of a house of punishment and bondage. There, too, I saw constantly, the men-of-the-lash, pacing up and down these gloomy gang-ways—the very sound of whose tread, sent a shiver through my soul—with such stern brows and grim, fierce, savage looks, the very sight of which was punishment enough for me. And there too, were the poor, wo-stricken, heartless



prisoners, some of whom looked the very picture of dismay and shame and despair ; while others seemed to say, by the fire of their eyes, and the pressure of their lips, that if they had the power, soon would they annihilate keepers, prison spectators and all ! My recollection of this first visit is not sufficiently distinct, to enter into any minute description of the unfortunate men, but this fact I well remember, and that is, that there were men of all ages, and all sizes. I saw some who were quite young, and who had early strayed into the transgressors' way, and were now early feeling the transgressors' doom. And there were strong, healthy, middle-aged men, in the midst of their years ; excluded no doubt from their friends and perhaps those who were dependant upon them. And there, too, I saw—and O what a sad heart !—the *poor old man*, bowed down with years and gray hairs, paying the penalty of the law which his age and experience ought to have taught him to respect and obey, but whose passions drove him to violate. Some of these were doomed to a longer service and some to a shorter. Some to the utmost limit of the law, and others to some shorter period, and even now, while I am penning a recollection of my visit to these men, some of them may still be bowing under their yoke or lying in their gloomy cells !

There was one object, however, which arrested my attention and my sympathies during this visit more than all the rest. And this was a poor old woman who sat at the entrance gate, but who had come there after we passed into the Prison. She was not a prisoner, but I doubt very much whether the most wretched and distressed prisoner in that dark abode, was equally distressed and wretched with this poor old woman. She had come there that morning to take leave of a son, and if I mistake not, her *only son*. This youth, in connection with three others, had, the day previous, entered this place, under a sentence for years (I think some fifteen) for murder. Some months previous to this, they, in a drunken carousal, had taken the life of a fellow being. They were arrested, put upon their trial in due time, sentenced to hard labor in the State Prison, and on this morning they had taken the first steps in their disgraceful and sad doom.

The old woman to whom I have referred, was mother to the eldest of these four young men, and as I have already stated, she had come that morning to see, perhaps, indeed, for the last time, her unfortunate and disgraced child. And Oh ! can I ever forget the appearance of that poor old mother, and can I ever forget the expressions of her poor broken heart !



"Oh, my son ! my son !" she exclaimed, "how can I endure this sore trial. How can I live longer in this world, lonely and cheerless, while you are shut up from my sight, and cut off from my assistance. Oh ! would to God you had been taken away in your infancy, then I might have escaped this last but sorest trial of my life !"

We drew nigh to the old lady, wishing to become more familiar with her history and her griefs, and now I say, from her decided limbs and her wrinkled brow, that she was far advanced in life, and I judged from her neat but thread-bare dress that she was decent but poor.

I would not now refrain from invading the scene of her griefs, and inquiring more particularly into her history. Frankly and freely did she tell me her artless but sad tale, while the burning tears rolled in quick succession down her furrowed cheeks. She told us that she was a widow, and that she had been early left with this boy, to struggle for her own and his livelihood ; and then stretching forth her trembling and sinewy hands, said she, "with these hands have I often washed for other people day and night, that I might decently raise my child, hoping that when I would grow old, and he became a young man, he might then take me in my helpless old age, under his care and provide for my wants. But now, alas ! I am not only deprived of his care, but I am cut off from the society of my only child, and he has disgraced himself forever. Oh ! this is too much for my poor heart to bear !" and then burying her wrinkled brow in her lap, she gave utterance to a renewed flood of tears !

Never did our eyes behold such a scene as this. There was the dark and gloomy Prison standing behind us with all its wretched inmates, and before us was the dreadful entrance gate, and now between was this poor old mother, whose heart was ready to burst with sorrow and wo ! What sad, awful circumstances ! I did pity this subject of grief to my heart, and could have done all in my power to have relieved her, but what could be done ? The law had been broken and the penalty must be endured, and so it was. There was one truth, however, which flashed upon my mind, and that is the truth which my motto discloses—

"The way of Transgressors is hard !"

It was so in the history of this young man who had killed his brother. It was so by way of a result, in the experience of his broken-hearted old mother.

We now left this scene of sin and sorrow, in passing through the gate. We escaped again into the free open air and happy



society. Days and weeks, however, passed before I could shake off the sad effects of this visit from my mind, as even now, though years have passed away since this visit was made, still I think of it with peculiar sadness.

I would say now in conclusion to my youthful readers, that if every one have the opportunity, go and visit a Prison—go and see where wicked men are, even in this life, punished, and you will learn much; and especially will you see how hard the way of sinners is.

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## ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

'Twas sultry noon. No living thing scarce stirr'd  
 Within the forest's depths. The birds of air  
 Had folded up their shining wings among  
 The thickets' shade, and e'en the savage beasts  
 Had sought their lairs to 'scape the scorching rays.  
 The faint and balmy zephyrs scarcely mov'd  
 The bright green forest leaves, and Nature seem'd  
 O'ercome with summer's burning heat. Anon  
 The beetle's drowsy hum, or cricket's chirp,  
 Or cooing of some lonesome dove, would swell  
 An instant on the silent forest air—  
 Then all again be still.

The prophet slept.

He'd journey'd far, and overcome with thirst  
 And heat, and weary, too, withal, had sat  
 Him down beneath the cooling shade, and pray'd  
 That he might die—that God would call him home.  
 But as he sat, sweet, balmy sleep stole o'er  
 His aged form; a quiet feeling of repose  
 Came to his weary soul;—the prophet slept.  
 He was an old and gray-haired man, yet strong  
 Was he for one so aged, for there was dust  
 Upon his well-worn sandals, and the pearly drops  
 That slowly trickled down his furrow'd brow,  
 Told he had travell'd many weary miles.  
 He'd fled for life. The ministers of wrath  
 Had threaten'd him with death, but he arose  
 And sought the silent forest's depth, and they  
 Were foiled, for God was with the prophet still.  
 Yet he despair'd, and long'd for death, and said—  
 "It is enough. \* \* \* I am not better than  
 My fathers."



But oh! sleep, refreshing sleep,  
 Now seal'd the prophet's eyes; and as he slept,  
 Sweet cooling zephyrs stole from out the thick  
 And whisp'ring forest leaves, and with their soft  
 And downy touch uplifted from his brow  
 The damp and snowy locks, and gently kiss'd  
 His burning cheek. And dreams, sweet pleasant dreams,  
 Passed o'er his soul; for oh! bright visions came  
 And hover'd o'er his weary form, and cool'd  
 His throbbing brow; and at a gentle touch,  
 He woke, and lo! a seraphim, as fair  
 And beautiful as e'er a mortal gaze  
 Entranc'd, beside the prophet stood.

Could this  
 Be but a dream that came to him in that  
 Lone desert wild? Ah, no! he felt the Lord  
 Was with him still, for as he gaz'd the bright  
 And beauteous vision that spake in words thrill'd  
 His very soul—"Arise, and eat."

He look'd.  
 "Behold, there was a cake upon the coals--  
 A cruise of water by his side; and he  
 Did eat and drink, and laid him down again."

He slept. O peaceful sleep! with ministers  
 Like these to guard his ag'd, unpillow'd head,  
 And waft into his soul sweet, pleasant dreams.  
 The forest was no longer drear and lone  
 To him, for there were visitants to guard  
 And save him even there.

And yet again  
 The angel woke the prophet from his bright  
 And fairy dreams, and said,—“Arise and eat,  
 Because the journey is too great for thee.”

And he arose, and ate and drank again,  
 And journeying forty days and forty nights,  
 Came unto Horeb hill, the mount of God.

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And oh! the blessed thought comes to our hearts,  
 That there are visions hov'ring round *our* paths  
 As fair and pure, and beautiful as that  
 Which met the prophet's gaze—that there are bright  
 And guardian angels bending o'er our couch



When we are wrapp'd in pleasant midnight dreams,  
That speak to us of holier, happier hours,  
Before our hearts knew aught of this world's sin,  
Or many cares ; and whisper in *a still*  
*Small voice*, there is a home beyond this drear  
And lonely world, where sorrow never comes.  
Ah, yes, we often feel that they are nigh,  
With tearful eyes, and pleading tones, to win  
Us from our sinful ways and guide us to  
Yon bright and heav'nly clime above ; and oh !  
We know that when upon the couch of death,  
They will be hov'ring 'round us still, to waft  
Our spirits home in triumph to the skies !

HARRISBURG, Pa.

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## MANOAH AND HIS WIFE.

BY REV. E. HEINER.

THIS pious couple lived in the times of the Judges, or about 1150 years before the coming of Christ. They were the parents of Sampson, whom God raised up to deliver his people from their enemies. Many parts of their history are highly entertaining and very instructive.

Previous to the times of Moses and the Prophets, God often manifested himself to the Patriarchs, by appearing to them in human form or by visions of the night. But in course of time, these supernatural appearances became less and less frequent. Occasionally, however, God was still pleased to reveal himself to his people, and make known his will to them, in the form of a man. In this way he revealed himself to Manoah and his wife. The first revelation was made to the wife only. The person appearing to her is called "the angel of the Lord." He foretels the birth of Sampson her son, and gives her directions how to treat both herself and child. Manoah expresses a wish to enjoy a similar revelation, and prays that the angel may re-appear. In this prayer he is heard, and the angel now appears to *him* and his wife, and repeats his former directions concerning the mother and the child. The wife was forbidden to make any use of the fruit of the vine, or to eat anything which was deemed unclean by the law of Moses. And the child, whose birth the angel foretold, was not to have the hair of his head shorn off, and was to be a Nazarite unto God, abstaining from wine and all strong drink.



It was during this second and last interview with the heavenly messenger, that "Manoah said unto the angel of the Lord, I pray thee, let us detain thee until we shall have ready a kid for thee." And the angel of the Lord said unto Manoah, though thou detain me, I will not eat of thy bread; and if thou wilt offer a burnt-offering, thou must offer it unto the Lord. For Manoah knew he was an angel of the Lord. And Manoah said unto the angel, what is thy name, that when thy sayings come to pass we may do thee honor. And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Why askest thou my name, seeing it is a secret? So Manoah took a kid with a meet-offering, and offered it unto the Lord upon a rock, and the angel did wonderfully; and Manoah and his wife looked on. For it came to pass that when the flame went up towards heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar. And Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground. But the angel of the Lord did no more appear to Manoah and his wife. Then Manoah knew that he was an angel of the Lord. And Manoah said unto his wife we shall surely die, because we have seen God. But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands; neither would he have showed us all these things; nor would he at this time have told us such things as these."—JUDGES, XIII, 15-23.

Such was the excellent reasoning of Manoah's wife, touching the dealings of the Lord with her and her husband. The angel of the Lord who appeared to this pious couple, and foretold the birth and character, their son could have been no other than the Son of God in human form. This seems obvious from the name assumed—"Secret" or "Wonderful," the very name and character given to Christ in the 53rd chap. of Isaiah. In the same form and character of an angel, he had previously appeared to Jacob, to Moses, and to others.

In this interesting and affecting history of God's dealings with these two pious persons, we have a touching exhibition of weak faith and desponding thoughts in a husband, and of strong faith and lively assurance in a wife.

Let us first notice the weak faith and despairing conduct of the husband. "And Manoah said unto his wife, *we shall surely die, because we have seen God.*" It was the sight of the angel of the Covenant that excited gloomy fears in the breast of Manoah, and that impressed his mind with the belief that he was about to die. He seems to have been more or less "bound by



the fetters of a superstition which has prevailed in all ages, that supernatural appearances were premonitories of death." A dream even about some one who had passed away to the spirit-land, has made some persons feel very uncomfortable for a time. In moments of sadness and gloom they have given way to desponding fears, and have exclaimed with Manoah, "We shall surely die." Some persons are much disturbed even at the appearance of a flying meteor, or wandering star in the heavens, and are ready to conclude that something very serious is about to befall them. Of course these are only superstitious notions; but still, they seldom fail to produce fear, and to clothe the future in gloom and sadness. It is not, however, after all, a matter of very great surprise, that *sinful* beings should be agitated and alarmed at any appearance that is supernatural. Man in his fallen, guilty state, cannot see such sights and live. Without any fear or dread he once held sweet converse with angels, and even with God himself, beneath the bowers of Paradise. But those blessed seasons of uninterrupted and delightful communion with heaven have gone by to return to earth no more. Such manifestations of the divine presence as were enjoyed by our first parents in Eden, would be too much for the sinner to behold. He would be lost and overwhelmed amid such displays of God's glory. When Jehovah appeared to Moses in the mount and talked with him, he hid his glory in a thick veil, so that the prophet might not be utterly destroyed. Since the fall, all holy fellowship with heaven has been dissolved and now man is clothed with the garment of shame and fear. Men are afraid because they are sinners. Fear is the attendant of sin. A proper view of the divine character, and of man's guilt and helplessness, is well calculated to make men afraid. When on the one hand, we think of the infinite purity, and justice and truth of God, and remember how he has already stepped forth to punish the transgressor; and on the other, contemplate man's vileness, and guilt, and deservedness of punishment, we have great reason to tremble under a sense of our danger, and to exclaim with Manoah, "We shall surely die." Some such views as these, Manoah must have had of himself as a sinner, after he had "seen God." Never, before, perhaps, had he such just and overpowering conceptions of the divine holiness, justice, truth and glory, and of his own sinfulness, wretchedness and helplessness. He saw, as he never saw before, the greatness and glory of the divine majesty, and the feebleness and nothingness of the sinner. Faith, however, was wanting, or at least it was weak, or his agitated and anxious spirit would



not have been so completely overwhelmed. He should not have given way to such gloomy fears, and to such desponding thoughts. He ought to have remembered that God who had *heard his prayer, and accepted his sacrifice*, would graciously pardon his sins, cleanse him from his pollution, and save him from the condemnation he deserved. If faith is not kept in lively exercise, there will be doubts, and fears, and sometimes even hopeless despair. Under a just sense of God's holiness, and of man's sinfulness, it is necessary to the christian's comfort, that he should take refuge in the righteousness of Christ by faith.

Faith treads on the world and on hell ;  
It vanquishes death and despair ;  
And what is still stranger to tell,  
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

It says to the mountains "depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul ;  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes their sore consciences whole.

But now let us turn our attention to *a bright display of lively faith and cheering hope in a wife*. "And his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering, and a meat-offering at our hands, neither would he have shewed us all these things, nor would he, as at this time, have told us such things as these." Blessed woman ! How bright thy hopes and strong thy faith !

In view of what this godly couple saw and heard, the husband concluded that they should both die ; but the wife inferred that they should both live. From the same premises and facts, they draw different and opposite conclusions. See how believingly and piously the wife reasons ! "If the Lord were pleased to kill us," she says, "he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands." She concludes favorably from the acceptance of their sacrifice, which was probably evidenced by fire coming out of the rock and consuming their offering. This to her was a token for good. She understood from this that God had graciously accepted their sacrifice, and would prolong their days. From what the wife saw and heard, she expected good and not evil at the hands of the Lord. And it has been so in all the generations which are past. It was so with Abel, with Noah, with Abraham, with Elisha, and with all the Old Testament saints, who with true faith and sincere hearts, offered sacrifices to God. They were encouraged to



hope and trust in the Lord from the acceptance of their offerings. And now the christian may also thus reason from God's acceptance of the great and wonderful sacrifice of his Son. All previous offerings derived their virtue from this astonishing and infinitely glorious sacrifice ; and it is upon this offering, and this offering only, that the believer rests all his hopes of pardon and eternal life. God being reconciled to him through the death of his Son, will save, not destroy, him. He will graciously visit him with the blessings of his great salvation in this world, and finally, after death, with the high and endless satisfactions of the world above.

But there were other grounds of encouragement and hope to Manoah's wife. God had been pleased to *reveal himself* in a most tender and gracious manner to both her and her husband, and had made a promise to them, touching the gift of a son, who was to be deliverer of Israel from the hands of their enemies. "If the Lord were pleased to kill us," she says to her fearful and trembling husband, "he would not have showed us all these things ; nor would he, as at this time, have told us such things as these." The revelations which God made to Manoah and his wife were of the most interesting and important character, as they so directly affected their own personal welfare, and indeed the good of their nation at large. The wife, full of hope, and confidently believing in the truth of the communications of the Angel of the Lord, was disposed to regard all that had passed as an evident token of great power. Her conclusions are all of the most encouraging nature. And now the christian, with a brighter hope, and a stronger faith, may thus reason and conclude. God has most fully and clearly revealed his kind intentions concerning us, in the New Testament Scriptures ; and this revelation, from first to last, is evidently one of great mercy and cheering hope. The Gospel was given to us that we might have abundant consolation, and that we might continually rejoice in the pardoning mercy and love of God. Relying on the divine promises of salvation from sin and death and hell, the believer has an "assured confidence" that God will not only not destroy him, but will admit him at last, to his immediate presence and endless enjoyment in heaven. How very desirable, then, the possession of a lively, vigorous faith ! How important to the christian's peace and comfort, and to the happy realization of all his heavenly aspirations !

There is one thing more in this touching history, that ought not to be overlooked. *The wife becomes the support of the husband in the time of trial. Frail woman comes to the help of*



*man.* We should have expected strong faith in Manoah. He was the stronger vessel. He should have thrown around his wife the mantle of protection, when he thought danger was nigh. He should have encouraged her to hope and trust in God. He should have calmed the first emotion of fear that might have arisen in his wife's bosom. His duty it was to have supported his beloved companion, with the encouragements of faith and hope. But strange to say, on this trying occasion, Manoah became the weaker vessel, morally; and his believing, courageous wife has to reason away his fears, and comfort his troubled, agitated spirit. The wife holds up the hands, and encourages the heart of the husband.

But it is not the only instance of woman's superior faith and courage. We see an exhibition of the same heroic spirit in the holy woman who followed Christ to the cross. When, through fear, the disciples forsook him and fled, a little band of believing, confiding women, pressed as near to him as they could get. They seemed resolved to encourage their blessed Lord by their presence, and to show their abiding attachment to him although the *men* had shamefully deserted him. And who among the followers of Jesus were first at the sepulchre? The disciples—Peter, Thomas, James and the rest? Oh, no, no. These had all fled, and one of them had denied him even with an oath. But the women—the holy, believing, loving Marys—first visited the tomb. Before daylight they came to see the sepulchre, and whilst the keepers shook with fear, and became as dead men, in the presence of the angel who had descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and sat upon it, they—the trusting women, the confiding Marys—with courageous hearts listened joyfully to the heavenly messenger, as he announced to them the resurrection of their Lord; and he that was crucified and had risen from the dead, was pleased to honor these trusting and faithful *women*, by meeting them first after his resurrection, and communicating to them the joyful tidings. Women—holy, confiding women—were “last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre.” What faith and love the Marys must have had to brave all these dangers!

Innumerable and striking are the instances in which pious women have displayed greater fortitude than christian men. They have suffered more, and more patiently; and have displayed greater calmness, confidence and hope, in the hour of danger and time of trial. They have endured the most terrible sufferings without repining; and have encountered the greatest dangers, even death itself without alarm. Though naturally weak-



er, and frailer, and more timid than men, they have nevertheless given, in very many instances, the most undoubted evidence of true christian heroism. The "last enemy" they have met with a smile, and as they went down into the cold, deep waters of Jordan, they have joyfully confided in the Saviour, and have sung out in heavenly triumph, "O Death where is thy sting; O Grave, where is thy victory." How great must be the power of that faith that can accomplish all this! How important its possession to our peace and comfort in life and in death, and to our final and eternal salvation in heaven!

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## SAD EFFECTS OF PROCRASTINATION.

BY REV. H. DANIEL.

WE have been repeatedly warned by the ministers of the gospel, by the solemn dispensations of Divine Providence, and the awful judgments of God not to delay in rendering ourselves capable of enjoying the communion of our heavenly father. Notwithstanding many are neglecting the "one thing needful," not considering the awful consequences resulting from the course they are pursuing. By postponing our immortal interests, we stand in great danger of having to leave the world

"Before the needful work is done."

Some of the boasters of To-morrow may indeed, through the Providence of God, be permitted to see another day. This, however, will only induce many to defer still longer that preparation without which they cannot "depart in peace," until they finally drop into the tomb, their sins and iniquities sinking their spirits lower than the grave. To-day they boast of to-morrow, and the next day they boast of to-morrow again, till at length they find no to-morrow to boast of.

So it was with Felix. As Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, he trembled, but not yielding to his convictions, he remained impenitent. He thought that at some future period he would probably have a more convenient season to listen to the warning voice of God. But that period never arrived. The most suitable opportunity was not considered worthy of being embraced, and so it passed—it passed—never to return!

The thief, which was crucified on the left hand of Jesus, doubtless thought once to repent and become a child of God.



But it is certain in the first place that he was not trained up as a pious parent would train up its child. For this is the language of inspiration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." So he did not repent and become converted in the morning of his life. And he probably ever afterward thought like too many in our day, "to-morrow is time enough." He became so hardened in crime, that in the very day of his death, he railed upon Jesus saying, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us," instead of lifting up his heart in prayer with the penitent thief and saying, "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." Could he have prayed thus he would have done so, and then would Christ, (not delaying to answer his prayer) also have said unto him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This is the reason why many who wish to die happy are loathe to die.

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## FORBIDDEN MARRIAGES.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

THE sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they choose.--GEN. VI, II.

Two classes of persons are here spoken of—the sons of God, and the daughters of men.

The sons of God were the off-spring of the faithful,—of the pious families. The daughters of men, were the descendants of those who had broken out of the Covenant of God.

It may be seen, from the early history of our race, that the descendants of our first parents, very soon became separated—some remaining faithful to God, and some departing from Him. Aware of the evil results which flow from a mixed society, God required those who still professed to adhere to Him and His service, to keep separate from those who had renounced allegiance to Him. In this, however, as in many other things, they did not obey Him. Like their mother Eve, they trusted to their own eyes rather than to the councils of the Lord, and followed their own inclinations rather than His most holy will. They did not only fellowship with the uncovenanted generations, but they did it in a way most intimate and solemn—in a way calculated most effectually to work their own corruption, and to frustrate God's kind and gracious designs in reference to



them. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they choose."

God was offended at this course of conduct, and declared that he would take his Spirit from them, and shorten their days. Besides this, these rebels against the divine order, became a wicked and degenerate race, grieving the Lord to his heart, and causing him to repent that he had made them. The still more remote consequences of this disobedience was to ripen the iniquitous earth for the curse which God brought upon it by the flood.

Let us say a few words on forbidden and wicked marriages, and see how this evil is exhibited in the example of the sons of God.

These marriages were sinful, because they were entered into between pious persons and those that were not pious.

Is this a sin? We should rather suppose that it was not from the little respect that is paid to it at the present day. Such marriages are consummated by hundreds in families professedly christian. Parents look on with perfect complacency. There is neither advice given nor remonstrance made. Even ministers of the gospel show the example—I have at least three cases of this character fresh in mind!—recollect also of two instances of clergymens' daughters who were permitted to enter into this holy fellowship for life with "sons of men," who made not the least pretensions to piety. Such examples have of course their influence upon the common sentiment, and have gone far to bring about the state of things, in which piety is the last requisite engaged for, in any contemplated matrimonial union.

According, then, to the common sentiment which prevails on this subject such unions are all right, as a matter of course. But we must be permitted to test this common sentiment by the law and the testimony. It may be that this "great Diana, which all the world worshipping," is, after all, an idol, abhorrent to God, and degrading to man.

That God is displeased with such marriages is plain from the threat of punishment which he immediately pronounces upon those who involved themselves in this unholy mixture. The threat is, that as man has now degraded himself, so as to place himself upon a level with "flesh." He will take his Spirit from him, and shorten his days. "His days shall be an hundred and twenty years"—that is, in an hundred and twenty years he will cut off his posterity by the flood.

Abraham was aware of the will of God in this respect, and consequently took the most solemn step towards getting a wife



for his son Isaac out of one of the pious patriarchal families. He called his eldest servant to him, and said to him: "I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell: but thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac."—And the servant swore to him concerning this matter.—GEN. 24.

Isaac afterwards manifests a sacred concern in regard to his own son Jacob in this respect. He was no doubt induced to this by his own happy experience, which illustrated to him the wisdom of the divine will: "And Isaac called Jacob and blessed him, and charged him, and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan." Rebekah, the wife of Isaac, manifested if possible a still greater concern, in regard to the marriage of her son Jacob. It seems that some inducements had been held out to him in favor of an alliance by marriage with "the daughters of Heth." She was so much affected with horror at the very idea that she declared she would rather die than be compelled to witness such an alliance. "And Rebekah said to Isaac, I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me."—GEN. 27, 46. It is afterwards said "that Jacob obeyed his father and his mother."

What we have now seen was the practice of the patriarchs, was beyond doubt, in accordance with God's expressed will. Afterwards this prohibition was positively embodied in law. When God was about to lead the children of Israel into the land of promise he gave them a law, through Moses, which is in these words: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son, for they shall turn away thy sons from following me." After Joshua had led them into the land, and had established them there, shortly before he was taken away from them by death, he gave them a warning on this subject: "If ye do in any wise go back, and cleave to the remnant of these nations, even those that remain among you, and shalt make marriages with them, and go in unto them, and they to you; know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of those nations before your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land."

The New Testament doctrine on this subject is the same. It would indeed be strange if the better dispensation had brought



the world and the church nearer together, and abolished the distinction between saints and sinners ! The great apostle lays only one restriction upon marriage, and it is the one under consideration. "She is at liberty to marry whom she will ; ONLY IN THE LORD." 1 *Cor.* 7, 39. So sacred and holy is this relation regarded in the New Testament that it is made the symbol and figure of the union between Christ and his church ! *Eph.* 5. In regard to the associations which it is proper, in general, for christians to form, the apostle expresses himself with a holy eloquence. "Be ye not unequally yoked"—it is not a union it is a *yoking*, and that an *unequal* one, oh how unequal ! —Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers : for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness ? and what communion hath light with darkness ? and what concord hath Christ with Belial ? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel ; and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols ? for ye are the temple of the living God ; as God hath said I will dwell in them, and walk in them ; and I will be their God and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing ; and I will receive you ; and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 *Cor.* 6, 14-18.

What has now been offered is sufficient to show that such marriages are flatly against God's will, and that they are forbidden in the plainest, strictest, and most solemn terms. The scriptures are also fearfully rich in exhibitions of the awful consequences which followed these violations of his law. It caused the flood. It alienated and divided the kingdom of Israel in the time of Solomon. 1 *Kings*, 11. It was the cause of the degradation and slavery of the children of Israel who returned from the captivity, and drew down the curse of God upon all that people. *Ezra* 10. *Neh.* 13. But we have no time at present to pursue this subject any farther.

#### A BUTTERFLY AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BUTTERFLY basked on an infant's grave,  
Where a lily had chanced to grow ;  
Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,  
Where she of the bright and the sparkling eye  
Must sleep in the churchyard low ?

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,  
And spoke from its shining track :  
I was a worm till I won my wings,  
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings—  
Would'st thou call the blest one back ?



## MY HEART'S WHISPER.

FROM A POEM ADDRESSED TO ———.

BY LILIAN MAY.

———"But all my days  
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,  
An everlasting hymn within my soul."

LIFE is growing fainter, shorter,  
And I hear one at the door,—  
Yes, I see the grim Death Angel  
Standing on the solemn shore;  
But my heart sinks not within me,  
For a kind and gracious hand  
Will support me thro' the river  
That divides us from that land.

What's the world's cold frown, which often  
Fills our cup of sorrow here?—  
What are all the wearyings restless,  
If our Saviour still is near:—  
"Father! at thy throne, this midnight,  
Unto Thee, my pray'rs ascend,  
I would crave, thro' life, thy blessing,  
Till its journey here shall end.

Teach my wayward spirit, Father,  
Ne'er to murmur at thy will,—  
Ne'er to mind the world, how selfish—  
Nor repine its every ill;  
May we trust in thy arm ever—  
Steadfast in thy faith e'er prove,  
And remem'bring 'tis far better  
Thee to serve, oh God of Love?"

What care we for poor earth's baubles?  
Soon they all must pass away;  
What for all life's gilded trappings?  
It, in truth, is but a day;  
May our thoughts to Him e'er wander,  
As our way we tread below,  
Ne'er forgetting that all mercy  
From our Father's hand doth flow.

When upon us comes the tempest,  
Fearless may we meet our doom;  
Keeping watch toward the beacon  
Which shall guide us safely home:  
All our hopes we'll rest in Jesus—  
He will all our fears remove;  
O! the day will soon be dawning  
When we both will meet above.



## THE OLD CHURCH.

BY JEAN PIERRE.

THE following touching stanzas will find their way to the hearts of many. The occasion of them was the following: The Congregation of which the Senior Editor of the Guardian is Pastor, on Sabbath, March 21st, held the *last service* in their Church in Lancaster city, previous to taking it down to make way for a new one. This venerable temple was erected in 1753, and of course has bound many hearts to it in undying associations, having been built by the hands of their ancestors, "an offering of the pious dead." The Author of these lines attended these solemn farewell services in the old temple, and having himself associations "of past and present memory" connected with it, he has given flow to his heart in this beautiful poem. It is, in our opinion, true poetry; and it will wake an echo in every heart that cherishes the memory of a mother and of an old Church—and those who do not feel its pathos, never worshipped in an old Church, and should never have had a mother!—ED. GUARDIAN.

TOUCH not another stone, but let  
"The old Church" stand. I love it yet--  
An offering of the pious dead,  
To God, wherein, they broke the bread,  
And ate, in that most holy faith,  
That never dies, but lives in death!

By many a tie endear'd to me,  
Of past and present memory,  
I truly love its ancient halls,  
And e'en its mould'ring, moss-grown walls,  
For often with my mother there,  
I've knelt and join'd in holy prayer.

I love it—though its turrets gray,  
Are crumbling fast into decay;  
Though long ago have ceas'd to knell,  
The solemn tones of the old bell;  
And though for me, my mother there,  
No longer kneels in holy prayer.

I love it, with its old carv'd pew,  
Unchang'd, unalter'd, still to view,  
Its Book of Prayers, its Book of Hymns,  
A thousand thoughts to mem'ry brings,  
Of lov'd ones gone, of happier days,  
Spent in its Courts, in sacred praise.

I love it, for to yon stone fount—  
Where holy angels seem to haunt—  
I first was led in early youth,  
And taught how beautiful is truth,  
By her, whose hands were clasp'd in mine,  
On bended knee, before its shrine.



I love it, for my mother there,  
Taught me to kneel in suppliant prayer  
And still methinks, with seraph's eye,  
Her ransom'd spirit, hov'ring nigh,  
Watches with sweet angelic gaze,  
This scene of early infant praise.

LANCASTER, March 21, 1852.

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### SERIOUS THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PRINCES, it has been said, and young women seldom hear truth. It is a melancholy consideration. Flattery you have often heard, and sometimes, I doubt not, listened to. May he hope for your attention, whose character forbids him to flatter, and whose principles are equally averse to it? Nothing, I am convinced, can be more pernicious to your best interest, than the adulation with which you are so early and so generally entertained. You will not look for it here. But be not afraid, on the other hand, of the bitterness of reproach, or the bluntness of uncivility. If any thing should appear harsh, be assured it proceeds from real regard. We would not willingly offend, we are naturally solicitous to please you; but we dare not promote your pleasure at the expense of your improvement. To tenderness and respect you are entitled: but certainly faithful and candid admonition is not incompatible with the latter; and of the former, if I be not mistaken, it is the truest proof.

The Almighty has thrown you upon the protection of our sex. To yours we are indebted on many accounts. He that abuses you dishonors his mother. Virtuous women are the sweeteners, the charm of human life. "A Virtuous Woman—her price is far above rubies." This is not flattery; it is just praise: and that every one of you may deserve such recommendation, is my earnest prayer. Much, I am sure, depends on you. And this shall be my First Point; to which I will devote the present article, as a proper foundation for what is to follow. That I thus address you in particular, is principally owing to the idea I have formed of your consequence.

He that depreciates your sex is as unkind to society, as he is unjust to you. Yet to do so in your absence is, I am sorry to say, too common with many men; with those very men that soothe you to your faces, and are dupes to your smiles. Is this



either manly or fair? Because there are foolish and vicious women, does it follow that there are hardly any other? Were such an opinion to prevail generally, what would become of human kind? Were so ungracious a system once established, is there not reason to fear, it would soon grow to be too well founded? The world, we know, is mightily influenced by reputation. Applause incites and animates; contempt has the contrary effect. A concern for character is, from their constitution, education and circumstances, particularly strong in women; in all but those who, having lost their native honors, have with them lost their sense of shame; an infamy to which they would have hardly descended, had they not first sunk in their own estimation.

That admired maxim of heathen antiquity, "Reverence thyself," seems to be peculiarly proper for a woman. She that does not reverence herself must not hope to be respected by others. I would therefore remind you of your own value. By encouraging you to entertain a just esteem of yourselves, I would on one hand guard you against every thing degrading, and on the other awaken your ambition to act up to the best standard of your sex: to aspire at every amiable, every noble quality that is adapted to your state, or that can insure the affection and preserve the importance to which you were born. Now this importance is very great, whether we consider you in your present single condition, or as afterwards connected in wedlock.

Considering you in your present single condition, I would begin where your duty in society begins, by putting you in mind how deeply your parents are interested in your behaviour. For the sake of the argument, I suppose your parents to be alive. Those that have had the misfortune to be early deprived of theirs, are commonly left to the care of some friend or guardian, who is understood to supply their place; and to such my remarks on this head will not be altogether inapplicable. But I must likewise suppose that your parents deserve the name, that they are really concerned for your virtue and welfare.—Great God! are there then any of thy creatures so unnatural as to neglect the culture and happiness of the children thou hast given them? Yes, and worse than to neglect it. "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this!" There are beings called parents, and christian parents, who are at pains to introduce their offspring to folly, to vice, to every practice that can plunge them in misery!—What, mothers, too, and mothers "professing godliness!" Is it possible that they can train up their own daughters, to dishonor and destruction? Alas! it is done every day, and passes unregard-



ed. There is not perhaps in the whole science of female vanity, female luxury, or female falsehood, a single article that is not taught, and also exemplified, by those christian mothers, to the poor young creatures whom every dictate of nature, as well as every principle of the gospel, should engage their parents to bring up in modesty, sobriety, and simplicity of manners. What words can paint the guilt of such a conduct?

Are you blest with parents, that even in these evil times, discover a zeal for your improvement and salvation? How thankful should you be for the mighty blessing! Would you show that you are thankful? Do nothing to make them unhappy; do all in your power to give them delight. Ah, did you but know how much it is in your power to give them!—But who can describe the transports of a breast truly parental, on beholding a daughter shoot up like some fair but modest flower, and acquire, day after day, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure, and every heart with admiration; while like that same flower, she appears unconscious of her opening charms, and only rejoices in the sun that cheers, and the hand that shelters her? In this manner shall you, my lovely friends, repay most acceptably a part (you can never repay the whole) of that immense debt you owe for all the pains and fears formerly suffered, and for all the unutterable anxieties daily experienced on your account.

Perhaps you are the only daughter, perhaps the only child of your mother, and she a widow. All her cares, all her sensations point to you. Of the tenderness of a much loved and much lamented husband you are the sole remaining pledge. On you she often fixes her earnest melting eye; with watchful attention she marks the progress of your rising virtues; in every softened feature she fondly traces your father's sense, your father's probity. Something within her whispers, your shall live to be the prop and comfort of her age, as you are now her companion and friend. Blessed Lord! what big emotions swell her laboring soul! But lest by venting them in your company, she silently withdraws to pour them forth in tears of rapture; a rapture only augmented by the sweetly-sad remembrance that mingles with it, while at the same time it is exalted and consecrated doubly by ardent vows to heaven for your preservation and prosperity. Is there a young woman that can think of this with indifference? Is there a young woman that can reverse the description, suppose herself the impious creature that could break a widowed mother's heart, and support the thought?

When a daughter, it may be a favorite daughter, turns out



unruly, foolish, wanton ; when she disobeys her parents, disgraces her education, dishonors her sex, disappoints the hopes she had raised ; when she throws herself away on a man unworthy of her, or if disposed, yet by his or her situation unqualified to make her happy ; what her parents in any of these cases must necessarily suffer, we may conjecture, they alone can feel.

The world, I know not how, overlooks in our sex a thousand irregularities, which it never forgives in yours ; so that the honor and peace of a family are, in this view, much more dependent on the conduct of daughters than of sons ; and one young lady going astray shall subject her relations to such discredit and distress, as the united good conduct of all her brothers and sisters, supposing them numerous, shall scarce ever be able to repair. But I press not any further an argument so exceedingly plain. We can prognosticate nothing virtuous, nothing happy, concerning those wretched creatures of either sex, that do not feel for the satisfaction, ease, or honor of their parents.

Another and a principal source of your importance is the very great and extensive influence which you, in general, have with our sex. There is in female youth an attraction, which every man of the least sensibility must perceive. If assisted by beauty, it becomes in the first impression irresistible. Your power so far we do not affect to conceal. That He who made us meant it thus, is manifest from his having attuned our hearts to such emotions. Would to God you knew how to improve this power to its noblest ends ! We should then rejoice to see it increased : then indeed it would be increased of course. Youth and beauty, set off with sweetness and virtue, capacity and discretion—what have not they accomplished ?

Far be it from me, my fair readers, to damp your spirits, or to wish in the least to abridge your triumphs : on the contrary, by assisting you to direct, we would contribute to exalt and extend them. We are always sorry when we see them misplaced or abused ; and—I was going to add, there is nothing more common. To give them their just direction, is truly a nice point. Power, from whatever source derived, is always in danger of turning the head. It has turned many an old one. What then shall become of a young woman placed on such a precipice ? What can balance or preserve her, but sobriety and caution, a good Providence, and good advice ?

There are few young women who do not appear agreeable in the eyes of some men. And what might not be done by the greater part of your sex to procure solid esteem, and to promote



general reformation among our sex? Are such objects unworthy your pursuit? or will ye say, that those which frequently engage in it are of superior or equal importance?

If men discover that you study to captivate them by an outside only, or by little frivolous arts, there are, it must be confessed, many of them that will rejoice at the discovery; and while they themselves seem taken by the lure, they will endeavor in reality to make you their prey. Some more sentimental spirits, who might be dazzled in the beginning, will be soon disabused; and a few more honorable characters will scorn to take advantage of your folly. Folly most undoubtedly it is, by a wrong application of your force to lose the substance for the shadow.

Now and then a giddy youth may be caught. But what is the shallow admiration of a hundred such, or the smooth address of artful destroyers, to the heartfelt respect of men of worth and discernment, or the well-earned praise of reclaiming were it but one offender?

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### AARON BURR.

ABOUT the year 1795 Colonel Burr was owner of nearly one-fourth of a block fronting Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty streets, and Broadway. He was an eminent lawyer with an extensive practise. I was informed by one of the profession that his practise at one period was worth ten thousand dollars a year.

In the year 1800 Col. Burr was elected to the office of Vice President of the United States. On the 12th of July, 1803, he retired from political life. The fatal termination of the duel with Hamilton, and the verdict of "wilful murder," rendered by the coroner's jury, caused him to absent himself from this part of the country. He travelled through the Southern and Western States, for the purpose of getting up an expedition against Mexico, for which he was tried for high treason. He then fled to England, where his papers were seized, and himself thrown into prison. He was liberated soon after, and returned to New York in 1812. He assumed the practise of law at No. 15 Nassau st. Being lightly esteemed by his fellow citizens, the effort was unsuccessful. Through the bounty of Mathew L. Davis, he lived eighteen months in a solitary hut, with a lonely widow in the wilds of Staten Island. Here on the night of the 14th of September, 1836, died Aaron Burr in the 81st year of his age, with not a friend to close his eyes.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.]

MAY, 1852.

[No. 5.

M A Y .

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

THE loveliest month of the year has come once more. That it is the loveliest all will not agree—some love the calm monotony of Summer, some melancholy Autumn, “nodding o’er the yellow plain,” some even Winter, “surly, sullen and sad ;” but we venture to express our preference in the language of the Poet of the Seasons,

Come, gentle Spring ! etherial mildness ! come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

It is worthy of enquiry, whether those, who love the gloomy and surly seasons of the year, are not in a greater or less degree, under the influence of a morbid melancholy, which, though taken for a religious sense of the vanity of all earthly things, is nevertheless a feeling far removed from true christian sobriety. A dreary cheerlessness, which loves to feed upon gloom and decay, is not one of the fruits of the Spirit. True christian faith, though calm, is nevertheless cheerful. Christian faith is child-like. There is far too much hope in it to admit of its hanging with pleasure upon those images of gloom which can accord only with a cheerless heart. We wish not to say that it is not profitable to contemplate the emblems of our frail state as they are exhibited in the sighings and fadings of nature ; but instead of producing a feeling of accordant gloom it ought to awaken a serene and cheerful hope, since it is through change and decay that the spirit is to reach its higher and happier state.

We find that spring is the favorite season of childhood and youth. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that in those periods of life hope is strong, the disappointments and stains of life not yet have overshadowed the soul’s sweet morning, and the sanguine impulses of the heart are yet in the freshness of their spring-tide. Hence the youthful heart loves that which



blooms and promises a still better future, and it shrinks back with the faithfulness of instinct from that which fades and dies. Because true piety begets in us a class of feelings analagous to those which prevail in the hearts of children, a well-tuned christian spirit loves the hope and promise of Spring.

The only place in scripture where a spring-scene is portrayed it is in the cheerful outflow of a heart melted into holy joy by the gentle revivings of the Saviour's gracious nearness. "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—SONGS OF SOL. 2, 10-13.

Is it not the experience of middle life, and of old age, that spring-time, with its scenes of growth and bloom and music, always carries the memory back to childhood and youth? Not only the sweet scenes which our infancy knew pass fresh and green before us "in memory's mellowed glass," but even the feelings of that halcyon season to some extent return. The woods become green, the flowers bloom, the rivulets leap and laugh along, the south wind breathes around us, and the birds sing, just as they did when they for the first time interested our youthful heart.

Hail, delightful May! Out of the cold and cheerless bosom of winter there arises around us a paradise of life, and joy and love. It may not be so with others, but we confess with tenderest gratitude, that at this season of the year we always think more than at any other time of our beloved dead, and the blissful resurrection which awaits them. The grave loses much of its gloom to our heart when we see the violets smile out of the green sod, and hear the birds sing joyfully in the branches of those willows which hang over the resting-places of the dead. When we see that "there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down that it it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, that through the scent of the water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant"—when we see that the life which the earth buries in winter comes forth to a glorious manifestation at this season of the year, we do feel that "if a man die he shall live again." Or does God care for plants, and not for man? Nay, he cares for man also, and will not suffer those created in his own image to moulder in



the tomb forever. Soon, soon, an eternal Spring will revisit the mouldering urn.

Oh soon it will dawn on the night of the grave!"

Go out into the free and living arena of nature on a bright May morning, and compare the hope-inspiring scene before you with what you saw but a few months ago, when vapors, clouds, storms, frost, ice, and drifting snow reveled over the hidden life of the earth, and tell me whether it does not aid you in pronouncing that glorious article of our faith: I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

The winter past, reviving flowers  
Anew shall paint the plain;  
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,  
And flourish green again.

Shall man depart this earthly scene,  
Ah! never to return?  
No second Spring of life revive  
The ashes of the urn?

Shall life revisit dying worms,  
And spread the insect's wing?  
And O! shall man awake no more  
The Saviour's name to sing?

Cease all ye vain desponding fears;  
When Christ from darkness sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praises rang.

The trump shall sound—the gate of death  
Shall make his children way;  
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring  
And shine in endless day.

## LISTENING TO AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.

IN the last number of the Guardian you have inserted an address of a Pastor to his Sabbath School. I assure you I read it with great pleasure, because it is written in that kind of language in which children should be addressed—I mean language which they can understand and which contains subjects they can carry with them, and which not only speak to the mind but also to the heart. The little pleasing story which he introduced about the drover driving a flock of lambs to market, is exactly to the point, and I venture to say that all the dear children who heard him relate it, have not forgotten it, and never will forget



it. But it is not always that children are addressed in such plain and simple language, and it is not unfrequently the case that they are subjected to listen to "an unknown tongue."

Only he that has listened to an address in an unknown language, when every thing around him was quiet can appreciate the unsupportable weariness of the task.

Sunday School teachers who undertake to address children should endeavor to speak the language of children, and if possible try to introduce a pleasing story, suited to the juvenile mind, like the worthy Pastor did about the lambs, and from which they may be able to draw a moral lesson, which speaks to the mind and to the heart.

I cannot better exhibit my views than in the following address delivered in a Sabbath School, in one of our Western States, which came under my observation, and of which I was so fortunate as to obtain the original, after it had been delivered. No doubt you will concur with me, after you have read it, that it might as well have been spoken in Arabic, and it would probably have been just as well understood by the children.

*My Respected Juvenile Auditors :*

The Deity is an invisible essence. He not only occupies the vast spaces of this mundane sphere, but fills the ethereal blue extended beyond the heavenly concave. Immensity is his antechamber ; and by the omnipotent energies of his mighty arm, he conducts the movements of the heavenly orbs ; and yet your inmost reins are unveiled in his sight, and he comprehends every mental emotion. Nothing is so complicated that he cannot unravel it—nothing so minute he cannot comprehend—nothing so obscure that he cannot ferret out—nothing so insignificant as to be beneath his ken—nothing so hidden as to be beyond the reach of his scrutinizing glance. Infinite justice, too, is an attribute of Divinity ; it is therefore a logical and natural consequence, that every expression of the tongue, every overt action, and every inscrutable emotion of the thinking principle, must sooner or later pass his review. Those which are obnoxious to his immaculate requirements, will have a condemnation awarded them, which shall fully meet the requisitions and threatened penalties of an infinitely holy law, while those who habitually conducted themselves with an eye to his glorification, will be adjudged mete for the welcome plaudit "Come ye sanctified, enter upon the full fruition of the Deity's presence, when you shall associate with seraphic legions, shall join the music of the spheres, and with angel voices shall attune your golden harps to notes of sweeter symphony.



Translation into the language of children of the preceding Lecture :

*My Dear Children :*

God is everywhere, yet you cannot see him, and although he fills heaven and earth, and holds up the sun and stars, yet he takes notice of you. He knows all that you do, or think, or say, in the dark, as well as in the light. And, since he is a just God, who punishes every one who does bad, and loves and rewards all who do good, he will at the day of Judgment, inquire into all you did or thought, or said in the world.

If it was bad, you will be driven away from him, as the Saviour says, "into everlasting punishment." But if what you now do is good ; if what you do is done because the Bible and God tells you to do it, and you love to do as the Bible says, God will call you his children; will say to you, "Come my children, go to heaven with me, live where I am, with holy angels, and with christians," and there you may sing and praise and be happy for millions of years.

The contrast between roundabout bombast, and plain-pointed language, will be obvious. Let Teachers in Sabbath Schools take a friendly hint from one of their fellow laborers in the sometimes arduous but laudable cause of Sabbath Schools.

WARWICK TOWNSHIP, Lan. Co., Pa.

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## NEUTRALITY.

"In the world's broad field of battle  
In the bivouac of life;  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife."

THE appellation of "a man universally beloved," is coveted by many a candidate for fadeless renown, as the highest expression of human greatness. Frequently the decease of such men calls forth the most pompous panegyrics, in which, by means of an abundance of comparatives and superlatives, their unexpressible excellencies are dimly shadowed forth. It is invested with peculiar charms, and addresses itself to one of the noblest principles of the human heart. For he who is insensible to the good opinion and esteem of others, lacks one of the essential ornaments of a man.



As members of society we are incessantly surrounded with the elements of conflict. We are confronted on every side with the war of principles and the clashing of opinions. We are vitally concerned in this conflict ourselves, no matter whether we are conscious of it or not.—A stupid inactivity, resulting from a morbid indifference, is always ignoble. Only those whose hearts are encased with a frigid apathy, pitiless, feelingless, honorless beings, whom inspiration very properly denominates the “lukewarm,” can remain mere idle spectators in the great drama of life.

Dante, the great Italian Poet, places these lukewarm souls into the vestibule, or outer court of Hell. As they had no care nor anxiety respecting the final triumph of good or evil,—of Heaven or Hell—they were rejected as unfit for either.

Although this is but a creature of the poet’s fancy, it nevertheless embodies a very important truth, attested both by reason and revelation. “There is no fellowship between Christ and Belial.” “He that is not *for* me, is against me,” was said by him who is the living embodiment of the truth absolute.

There is no neutrality in morals or religion. We must either act in favor of right or wrong—of good or evil. He who professes to be unconcerned respecting the final issue in the great battle of principles, furnishes a very questionable example of moral agency. But he who seemingly takes a lively interest in questions relating to the welfare of society, and yet affects to be neutral in point of personal activity, verily presents an object entitled to our pity. “I find no fault in this man,” was the frank confession of Pilate, yet his desire to please the rabble constrained him to crucify “the Lord of glory,” contrary to the plain convictions of duty. The world still abounds with Pilates,—men who shrink from duty with neighborly caution, lest they might invade the purses or prejudices of some of their cherished fellow citizens. Doubtless many are afraid to hazard their claim to universal esteem! O man, “thy name is Frailty.”

A frank opponent, though he opposes truth, if he acts from a clear conviction of duty, is always more honorable than one, who, like a pebble in the stream, never moves but when the current moves him along. Such an one will impede the progress of social activity, and be a drone to his race.

In a recent reform movement in this State, a large class of the community admitted the necessity and feasibility of the project, but withheld their support, because “it would give offence to their neighbors.” Now, to say nothing of the merits of the question itself, any one who can dodge a conscious appeal of a



clear and well defined duty in such a style, in defiance of his better convictions, makes duty bend to please men, whom he fears more than God. Truly a perilous inversion! Duty knows no friends. A clear conviction of its dictates demands our unconditional obedience, regardless of friend or foe. A deviation from its known precepts is alike cowardly and base.

A fair and open encounter of difficulties will nerve us for succeeding conflicts. We are living in a world where truth often has to battle against fearful odds, where Satan and his marshal'd host often fill us with portentous gloom. But this furnishes no excuse for the evasion of duty. Though the powers of earth and hell confront us in fearful array, we must remain loyal to the cause of truth, or incur the guilt of perfidy and reproach.

Reader, do you sometimes quail before the injunctions of stern, inflexible duty? Be not dismayed. Always seek counsel at its oracle, then launch forth upon the broad sea of battle, equipped with the "steady purpose and the firm resolve," unfurl your banner, that the world may see under whose colors you fight, brace every nerve for action,—noble, godlike action, and your epitaph, written in characters of unfading light, will be that of "a man who did his duty." B.

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## THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE morning sun,  
In splendor bright,  
Gilt Salem's towers  
With living light;  
And streaked the far ethereal blue  
With tints of gold and purple hue:  
Earth bloomed in loveliness and grace,  
And robed in smiles was Nature's face;  
But soon the fading sun grows pale,  
Quenched are his beams o'er tower and vale.

The quaking earth  
Is sunder rent—  
The rocky hills—  
The battlement;—  
The bursting tombs  
Disclose their dead;  
The saints forsake  
Their earthly bed;  
And midnight gloom  
Veils earth and skies,  
For, "Lo! the God  
Of Nature dies!"



## LUNAR AND I.

BY OLD UNCLE GREY.

## CANTO I.—ABOUT LUNAR.

YOUNG Lunar was my friend in youth,  
A good kind friend was he ;  
He lived for years, and learned his trade,  
Just 'cross the street from me.  
He wrought at shoes—and so did I.

When Lunar with his trade was done,  
He bought himself a shop ;  
Intending in that town to live,  
Or, as some say, "to stop"—  
And make and sell some shoes.

He did make shoes and money too—  
For much his shop was sought.  
Thus all went well. One day he said  
To me, "I think I ought  
To see about a wife."

He always said that he would try  
To marry rich ; and then  
Enlarge his shop, and buy somewhere  
A host of shoes to sell again,  
And make the dimes come quick !

Up town there lived a rich old man,  
And he an only daughter had ;  
And Lunar wooed and won her heart—  
And she was not so very bad  
A wife—just not so smart.

But Lunar's shop was now too small  
By far ; and soon the news  
Around was spread, that he would build  
A larger shop, and store for shoes,  
And a large dwelling house.

And it was true—oh what a house  
Was that ! Three stories tall.  
And customers who came to town  
Could see his house high o'er them all  
And grander than the rest.



He built a stable too; the boards  
Of it were painted neatly white—  
And carriage house he also built;  
For Mary thought he might  
Keep a span to ride out.

When their fine house was built, he said  
To Mary, that he really thought  
The furniture, to correspond  
With it, should now be bought,  
In some city by the sea!

This too was done, and o'er their bliss  
Did Lunar and his lady muse.  
In this great house they lived, and he  
Kept clerks to sell his shoes,  
In the large store he built.

'Twas nice to have the neighbors in  
To tea. Or take a morning ride  
With wife. All want for change  
The drawers of the store supplied—  
For change was plenty there.

But sadder grows my song!—the stock  
In store grew less; and when he should  
Have bought a new supply, his funds  
Were gone—besides a debt still stood  
In the city by the sea!

Lunar borrowed now, and went on trust  
For shoes, his business to uphold;  
Also to keep appearance up:  
But ah! ere long the sheriff sold  
His store—likewise his house!

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CANTO II.—ABOUT MYSELF.

I did not marry a rich wife,  
Nor build a house so high as he;  
Nor did I buy rich furniture,  
In any city by the sea,  
For the house I did not build!



I had no carriage and no span,  
 No store so large, and full of shoes,  
 No clerks to sell, while wife and I  
 Rode out, or read the latest news,  
 Or with the "upper ten" took tea!

I got the wife I loved—not rich.  
 Yes rich was she, but not in gold.  
 I kept my shop and was myself  
 The clerk, and made the shoes I sold,  
 With leather apron on my knee.

My shop was mine—so was my house,  
 And I and wife contented were and glad;  
 And often did each other tell  
 Of Lunar and his wife, who had  
 No bread to eat!—no shoes to sell!

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## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

### NO. 4.

#### WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOFUL WANT.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

"DEAR me, Mrs. Simmons, why do you permit your girls to be such drudges as they are! Every week I see them at the wash-tub, and with the scrubbing-broom in their hands, working away like slaves. If you raise them up in this manner, they will never be fit to be seen in society, and all well bred people will shun them. Why dont you keep a girl?" "Well indeed, Mrs. Jones, I scarcely know how to give you a reply. Not surely, from the want of something to say, but from my great surprise at the tenor of your remarks. This is the first time that ever I knew, that I made my daughters *drudges*. I know that I have, thus far trained them up to work, and I am not sorry for it. For, in the first place, domestic duties are largely connected with our situation in life. My husband, you know, is a farmer; and no farmer can get along well unless his household affairs be well regulated; and further more, I am not aware that it is any *disgrace* for people to work, providing they do not do two much. I, myself, was taught to attend to domestic duties, and I am now very thankful that this was the case. And if I am spared, I intend to train all my children up in the same man-



ner. After they settle in life, if they never need give their attention to these things, well and good; and if they must do so, then they will not be ignorant of them. I really think, my friend, that if more of our youth would be trained up to habits of industry and economy, it would be a great deal better for them, we would likely not see so much helpless misery in the world. There would undoubtedly be more real happiness in our homes. The moral habits of our sons would be far better than they generally are! And the health and cheerfulness of our daughters would be greatly improved."

"Well indeed, Mrs. Simmons, I cannot agree with your notions in regard to this matter at all. I never can think it my duty to make my daughters kitchen maids. I think it is our place to bring up our children for *society*, and our daughters would be pretty things to be seen in a parlor, after having been smoking a half a day over the cooking stove, or sweating with the broomstick in their hands. Pshaw; I cannot think of it!"

"I am not in favor, by any means, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Simmons, "of confining our children wholly and entirely to labor; I believe *too* that it is our duty to bring them up for society. But I think that there is no society without labor; I also think that some attention to domestic duties is altogether in accordance with the character and habits of a lady. And I am certain that a young lady, trained up to a knowledge of family duties, will be best calculated to take care of a family's interests. And this is certainly desirable; for the Proverb plainly tells us that, "*wilful waste makes woful want!*"

The two characters to which we have now referred both lived in the same neighborhood, and were members of the same society. They differed, however, in their external circumstances, as well as their peculiar views of life, as is very evident from the turn of the above conversation.

Mrs. Jones was a light-minded, proud woman of the world. Her early situation was not much different from that of Mrs. Simmons. She, too, was raised upon a farm, and consequently inured, more or less, to a farmer's household. The duties of such a household, however, were never very attractive to her mind. The truth is, she was always suspected of being a little lazy: and when she should have been giving her attention to her cares, might have been seen in some secreted corner, gazing at the fashion plates of some Magazine or poring over a greasy novel. Drawing continually upon such sources for her early training, of course her future character would be, more or less,



in accordance with the same, and thus we find it to have been. She was entirely *above* labor, and thought it a disgrace for young ladies to be caught in the kitchen, attending to domestic affairs. Young ladies, in her estimation, had to do with nothing but their education and its accompanying refinements. They should be taught music and provided with an instrument; this would give them grace in the eyes of visitors. They should be early taught to *dance*, for this accomplishment would make them very graceful, securing to them the best of manners. They should be plentifully supplied with the latest novels, so as to be able to converse freely upon their contents; for it would disgrace them in the eyes of polite society, not to be able so to do.

Of course to carry out Mrs. Jones' notion of life *practically*, would require a pretty broad pecuniary foundation upon which to stand. But in this particular she seems to have been very fortunate, at least so the world would say.

Mr. Jones was a man of large possessions. By the death of his Father, he was made heir to a large estate. At a time when most men *began* to seek their fortunes, he could look on all sides of him, and count his farms, his merchandize and his wealth.

Mr. Jones was a man too, of very easy disposition. Always seemed kindly disposed and not hard to be managed. Like his wife, he was strongly tinctured with the false notions of life; and seemed, too, to think that labor was not very reputable; and the farm and the kitchen were no suitable places in which to raise up young gentlemen and ladies. Of course Mr. Jones had worldly policy enough not to throw out these notions in the hearing of every body, but these were his notions, and upon these notions he determined to raise his family.

A man of such a character, and such wealth and such *exalted* notions too of life, was just the man for Mrs. Jones. He was emphatically a nose of wax in her fingers, and she made free use of her power; for she twisted him which ever way she pleased. She lived in a style perfectly in accordance with their great wealth. Her house was filled with purple and fine linen, and they fared sumptuously every day; every comfort within the reach of money she would have. Indeed her desires had no end, and her will knew no denial, and would know none. Her table groaned with the best the country could produce. Her dress, and that of her daughters, was of the richest and most costly character. Amusements abounded. Pass their dwelling when you would, you might hear "music and dancing." And



indeed, rumor said that though members of the church, they were fond of cards, and often snuffed the midnight candle over a game of whist.

Waste, too, kept pace with the wealth of this household. Indeed "economy" was not to be found in Mrs. Jones' Dictionary. She rather thought it disgraceful to be saving; and regarded it as a mark of meanness to *out-wear the fashion!* Hence in every corner might be found the evidences of their prodigality. Here were shoes, just about half-worn, yet thrown aside, because a new style has come to town! There were dresses of the richest silks, rotting in the mould and in the dust, no other charges against them than that they were made on a day that had passed by! And words would fail us to recount the number of bonnets, and head dresses, and the many articles of female attire, cast aside to be dispatched by moths and the tooth of time.

The kitchen and cellar too, gave sad evidence of a want of care and economy. These departments were, of course, given to the girls! And they showed it, for look where you would, and you might see waste by the heap, scattered abroad. It was a law in Mrs. Jones' household that the same dish should never appear on her table the second time. And hence the swill-tub was well filled, and Mr. Jones' Pointers were well fed!

Of course a style of life like this, could not always last. It must come to an end, sooner or later, as has always been the case. This was plainly felt by all the neighbors of this family. But, strange to say, thoughts of this kind never troubled Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Their fortune came easy, and so it must go. They must keep up their *dignity in society*, and to do this must necessarily involve expenses. And shutting their eyes to all reproof, on they plunge, deeper and deeper into the vortex of pleasure and of—ruin!

But let us now turn, for a moment, to Mrs. Simmons. Mrs. Simmons was just the opposite of Mrs. Jones. Though their habits and situations were the same, still, in the traces of their minds and manners, no two persons were more dissimilar. Mrs. Simmons was a plain good sense woman. She never enjoyed any great advantages of education, and still she was not an ignorant woman by any means. Nature had given her a good mind, and by the use of readings, of which she did much, and reflection, she had stored up a great deal of practical information. But most of all was she distinguished for her *good sense*. This characterized all her conduct, it governed her household affairs. It led her to consider her household interests, and to



shape her conduct in accordance with those interests. It directed her in the raising of her children, and in imbuing them with good and noble sentiments. She did not think it right to bring them up simply to labor, and to the accumulation of property. Neither did she think it right to raise them up, ignorant entirely of an industrious and domestic habits; she wished to blend, as much as possible, all the good in their characters, and while she strengthened them *to work*, she also taught them to think, to read and reflect. And the fruits of such training were very perceptible. It was a pleasure to visit at this family; here were neatness health and happiness, good manners with simplicity, refinement with the deepest sincerity. All pomp and fuss and show were strangers here; but go when you would, you always found a well-regulated home, and warm hearts to receive you.

And here were thrift too, and prosperity, the out-layings never over-balanced their resources, at the end of the year debtor and creditor squared accounts, with an encouraging result in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons.

About one year after the interview between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Simmons, which we have noticed above, had taken place, the following conversation occurred.

"Is it true that Mr. Jones is broke?"

"Is it even so," was the brief reply of an old friend, who, I shall know here, as Uncle Philip. "Can it be possible, said I, that this man has gone through with his estate in so short a time When did he close business?"

"On yesterday his creditors made a run upon him, and this was the end of him. It was found that his liabilities were much greater than were at first supposed. Indeed, the man did not know his own situation, and was as much surprised at the result as the rest of folks.

"But is this not a wonderful affair to be brought about so rapidly. There must have been great deficiencies somewhere?"

"That there were, my good sir, and *there* is just the secret of the difficulty. Mr. Jones was a very good natured man, but the pity is, he was too good natured for his own interests. He never had much interest in business, and committed his affairs too much to other hands. Accordingly when he should have been with his clerk, overhauling his Ledger; or out on his farms, inspecting the conduct of his workmen; he might have been seen sitting in his parlor, entertaining visitors; or streaking over the hills with his dogs, hunting game. Then, too, the man's *notions* of life were entirely too high, at least for this



continent. I tell you, sir, if a man wants to do business now-a-days, *he must do it*. He must not be *above* his business, or my word for it, his business will soon get *above* him. I do not say that a man of property must always be drudging and toiling, but I do say that he must *keep an eye to his affairs*, or he will sink the biggest fortune that ever was made.

Mr. Jones' family, too, were well calculated to hasten on the work of his downfall. His wife had the largest kind of notions about living in this world. Work, with her, was horrible. She imagined that it was a disgrace to employ her hands, or the hands of her daughters, in household affairs. She gave every thing of this kind over to the girls, and things shewed it. It was shocking to behold the amount of waste everywhere seen in this family. And I tell you, sir, this will never do. I am an old man, as some folks may think that I have pretty old-fashioned notions about matters and things; but I have never seen extravagant people, but who in the end became poor; and I believe firmly in the old Proverb—"Wilful waste makes woful want!"

I found, from uncle Phillip's remarks, that he and I did not differ very widely in our views, in regard to the false notions of life, which Mr. and Mrs. Jones entertained; and also in regard to the cause of their failure. But this was a sad occurrence for this once flourishing family.

What dreadful things these reverses in life are! What sad and sorrowful circumstances attend them! What bitter tears of repentance and regret follow, but only to deepen the grief! Well would it be for those who are rich, if they would learn the lessons of prudence and economy; and while they avoid on the one hand the extreme of *perniciousness*, guard, with equal dread, that of *prodigality*.

The fate of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons contrasts well with that of the Joneses. We have already noticed their notions of life, and these family traits of character. How well were they satisfied now to move on in the even tenor of their way. And so they did. Prosperity attended their steps. Their sons grew up to be men of worth and respectability. Their daughters were none the less esteemed, because they were acquainted with the operations of the kitchen. Indeed, this fact served to recommend them in the estimation of the wise and the worthy. And it was a very general remark, that Mrs. Simmons' daughters were very popular among the gentlemen of the neighborhood, who were in search of wives!



## THE HEAVENLY MANNA.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

THESE words sound sweetly to the ear of the believer. There is music in them to a soul tuned to the love of Jesus. In the day of our espousals to the Saviour, we received from God a "new heart" and a "right spirit," and now we cannot but delight to dwell upon the rich provisions of his word, and to lift up our thoughts to the world of glory. The longings of our souls are after that better land, and we love to rest in our meditations on the good things which God has prepared for us there. But we need not go out of this world to eat of the celestial manna. We may enjoy a large share of gospel blessedness even here. In the church militant God has prepared for us a "feast of fat things," and we may enjoy the "days of heaven upon earth."

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun *below*;  
*Celestial* fruits, on *earthly* ground,  
From Faith and Hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
*Before* we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

During their journey through the Arabian desert, the Israelites were miraculously fed with bread from heaven. In the wilderness through which they passed from Egypt to Canaan, there were no natural supplies of food, and God was pleased, therefore, to meet their wants by miracle. For forty years he supplied all their wants by his direct and immediate agency. Touching the manna that was rained from heaven during the night, we have this account: "And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground; and when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, What is it? for they wist not what it was. And Moses said, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat." And in another place the historian says, "The manna was as coriander seed, and the color thereof as the color of bdellium. And the people went about and gathered it, and ground it in mills, or beat it in a mortar, and baked it in pans, and made cakes of it; and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. And when the dew



fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it. We also learn from Moses, (Exod. 16: 5,) that on every Friday there fell a double quantity, and though it putrified and was unfit for use when kept on any other day, yet on the Sabbath it suffered no such change.

What this substance was, we do not know; but whatever it might have been, we are certain that it was nothing that was common to the wilderness. The Scripture calls it "manna," and the "bread of heaven;" and as intimating its superior quality, perhaps, it is called in one place, (Ps. 78: 25,) the "food of angels." Calmet and some other writers say, that there is a vegetable substance called manna which falls in Arabia, in Poland, in Calabria, in Mount Libanus and elsewhere. The most general and the most famous is that of Arabia, which is a kind of condensed honey, found in the summer time on the leaves of the trees, on herbs, on the rocks, on the sand of Arabia Petrea. That which is gathered about Mount Sinai has a strong smell, which it receives from the herbs on which it falls. It easily evaporates, insomuch that if thirty pounds of it were kept in an open vessel, scarcely ten would remain at the end of fifteen days. Some writers seem to think that the manna with which the Israelites were fed was like that now found in Arabia, and that the only thing that was miraculous in the occurrence was the regularity of the supply, and its cessation on the Sabbath. The Jews, however, with the best critical writers, for good reasons, are of opinion that it was a totally different substance from the vegetable manna, and was specially provided by the Almighty for his people. It was doubtless *created* for that very extraordinary occasion. And as it is certain the Israelites never saw or heard of it before—for Moses afterwards said to them, "he fed thee with manna which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know,"—so it is also certain that nothing of the kind ever appeared *after* the miraculous supply in the wilderness had ceased. Like him whom it typified, it was the only thing of the kind, the only bread from heaven, which God ever gave to preserve the life of man—just as Christ is the true bread which came down from heaven, and was given for the life of the world.

In the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. John we have recorded a most interesting conversation that took place between Jesus and the Jews on this subject. Said the people, Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from Heaven. Then Jesus said unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from



heaven ; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world. Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us of this bread. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me, shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Between Christ and the ancient manna, there are some very striking features of resemblance, which may be traced with both interest and profit.

The manna in the Arabian wilderness *fell from above* ; it was rained down from the skies.—So is Christ "that living bread which came down from heaven." Before he appeared on earth, he existed in the celestial world. Ere the "morning stars sang together," or "all the sons of God shouted for joy," he not only had being in heaven, but was supremely happy in the contemplation of his infinite perfections, and most glorious works of creation and providence. When our world was spoken into existence, the Almighty fiat proceeded from his lips, and adoring angels fell prostrate at his feet and worshipped him. From all eternity Christ's dwelling-place was heaven, the infinitely glorious abode of his own creation ; and it was from thence that he came, when he appeared on earth in human form.

The ancient manna was sent to a people who were in *very desolate circumstances*. They were alone in the world ; excluded from intercourse with all others, and had a long and tedious journey to accomplish, before they reached the promised land. They stood in very great need, therefore, of the support which God had provided for them. Now all believers are a company of pilgrims, and are marching through the wilderness of this world to the heavenly rest. They, too, are a separate and a distinct people ; shut out from the fellowship of the ungodly, alone are they pursuing their way to Mount Zion above. And how shall they encounter all the privations, dangers, and hardships of their journey, unless they are supported and comforted by him who is "mighty to save?"

The manna in the desert was provided *for all alike*. The chief men of Israel had no more right to it, than the poorest among the tribes. The humblest Hebrew had as good a claim to the "bread which came down from heaven," as Moses himself. In like manner, the believing disciples Jesus on his bed of straw, has as free access to Christ, as the King on his throne. Hard, indeed, is the lot of some of God's people in this world. Their fare is often very scanty, and their accommodations very poor ; but nevertheless they enjoy "as large a share of the bread



of life, and fill as honorable a place at the table of the Lord, as the rich, and noble, and mighty among men." Here they will be as welcome and as kindly treated as the most honorable. God is no respecter of persons. He desires the salvation of all men equally. With him outward circumstances are of no account. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The poorest disciple of Christ is just as welcome to the feast of eternal love as the richest. The one can come just as often and as freely as the other. There is enough for both. From this banquet the meanest follower of Jesus shall never be excluded. Here is a portion that cannot be taken from him. No change of fortune—no adverse circumstances can wrest from him the blessedness he enjoys. In the midst of poverty he is richer and happier than the wealthiest monarch without it. It has been said, that "it seems like profanation to call an heir of glory poor." And so it does. For how can he be called poor who is in favor with God—who has the Lord of life and glory for his friend—a "friend who sticketh closer than a brother,"—who has the Holy Ghost dwelling in him by faith—who feasts on "angels' food" in the wilderness of this world, and enjoys their high and blessed ministrations—who is an expectant of "palms of victory," and "crowns of glory," and endless satisfactions, and God-like raptures, in the world to come! Indeed, it *does* seem something like profanation to call an heir of glory poor, however humble his outward circumstances in life may be.

The manna of old was given freely. Of his own good pleasure God rained it down from heaven, for the use of his chosen people. And so it is with gospel blessings. They are bestowed upon poor sinners "without money and without price." If it were otherwise, our condition would be hopeless. We have nothing wherewith to purchase; and unless we receive freely, we are undone. And yet thousands are trying to be saved by their own works. They think they must *do* something to merit pardon. They say they must make themselves better before they come to Christ, and enter into full communion with his church. And under the plea that they are not fit for christian fellowship, they try to satisfy themselves they ought not to confess Christ before men. Certain it is, however, that

They will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

If we are ever saved, we must be willing to be saved freely, merely of grace, for the sake of Christ's merits. In coming to



God for salvation, we must come as beggars. We can receive it in no other way.

And then the manna came *plentifully*. There was enough to supply more than a million of people. In like manner the blessings of the gospel are sufficient for a lost world. There is infinite merit in the death of Christ. All may come to him and be saved. If any fall short of heaven, it will be their own fault. As the Israelite in the desert would have had no one to blame but himself, if he had starved when the manna was heaped up at his door, so the sinner must take upon himself the blame, and the shame too, if his soul famishes for want of that living bread which God has so abundantly provided for him in the gospel of his Son.

Notwithstanding the plentiful supply of manna to the Hebrews in the wilderness, *none could partake of it without an effort to collect it*. Each one was obliged to gather as much as he needed for his own use. So God may scatter the bread of life all around us, and even pile it up at our doors, and yet unless we reach out the hand of faith to receive it, we cannot be benefitted. Christ may die, and God may call, and the Spirit may invite, and ministers may preach, and christians may pray, and yet if men will not hear and obey the Gospel, they cannot be saved. They must arise from their lethargy, and earnestly call on God for help, or they are undone. If they sit still, they must perish.

It was necessary that the manna of old should be gathered *every day*. That only was fit for use which was gathered on the morning of the day which it fell. And the same necessity is laid upon us to apply every day for gospel manna. No matter how much we receive to day, we will have none to-morrow without a fresh application. The christian cannot live on past supplies. Nothing will answer but the *present* enjoyment of God. If faith and prayer decline, the soul will soon sink into a famishing condition. There must be a constant use of all the appointed means for spiritual health, if we would keep and increase light in our souls, and grace in our hearts. *Continued* applications must be made for the bread of heaven. Our cry *evermore* should be, Lord feed me with living manna, and nourish my soul for the enjoyment of eternal life.

The Hebrews gathered manna, and "ground it in mills, or beat it in a mortar, and baked it." In this way they prepared the food for use which God gave them from heaven. And this bruising and baking of the manna, reminds us of him who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities."



His sacred body was cruelly broken on the cross. In order to become the bread of life, it was necessary for him to "bear our sins in his own body on the tree." Thus he was prepared to become that living bread, upon which feeds his beloved church. And as the manna satisfied the hunger of the Israelites, so is Christ an all-sufficient portion for his people. Nothing else can fully satisfy the desires of an immortal soul, burdened by sin, and sensible of its perishing condition without a Saviour. Worldly riches, fame, pleasure, cannot do it. But let a man, under a proper sense of sin and ruin, once get a view of CHRIST, by faith, and he eagerly cries, give me this, and I ask no more.

Could I but say *this gift is mine,*  
I'd tread the *world* beneath my feet;  
No more at pain or want repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

There is nothing can satisfy and ravish the soul like Christ, the heavenly manna. His "flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed." There is nothing in the wide world that can delight the soul like truths and objects which he reveals. He is "the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely." "I sat down under his shadow, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Dear reader, how does Christ appear to you? Do you admire him? Do you love to address him in prayer? Have you made him your portion? Are you daily feasting upon the rich provisions of his word? Then are all the promises of the gospel yours. Then rejoice continually in Him who said, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

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## ALICE.

BY EDITH CLARE.

HER cheek grew white as the snow-drop  
That hung on her window its wreaths;  
And shadows, like the shadows that gather  
About autumn's solemn eves,

Lay heavily on her eye-lid,  
And weighed down those fringes of jet,  
Till they dropped upon her pallid cheeks,  
All tremulous and wet.



From her lips the crimson faded,  
 Nor could they bright smiles borrow;  
 For her heart had stamped about them  
 Deep lines of its own deep sorrow.

And her sweet voice lost forever,  
 Its silvery ringing tone;  
 O! what mournfulness it gathered,  
 From the smothered sigh and moan.

But when darker grew the shadows,  
 About her tearful eyes,  
 Her features kindly, calmly bright,  
 As the light of moonlit skies;

For, as one by one life's silver chords,  
 By her earthly grief were riven,  
 Her spirit with its half-spread wings,  
 Drew nearer unto heaven.

One eve, as waves of crimson light,  
 Lay 'gainst the purpling sky,  
 Life's last link broke—and her spirit passed  
 Away with the glow of the sky.

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## MAHOMET.

HIS symbol was the crescent. He chose aright.  
 It circles earth—and shines with borrowed light.

THE life perhaps of no individual presents us with such a medley of strange phenomena, as does the subject of this narrative. View him in whatever light we may, whether as a daring imposter, or guided by sincerity, or laboring under a species of monomania, he was truly a wonderful man. The iron rule of this strange faith spread to a great extent over the east—over those countries which had first received the gospel, but whose life and power had become numb in the cold formalities and speculations of the Greek Church. Mahomet, or Mohammed, as he is sometimes called, was born in Mecca, a city in Arabia, in the year 569 A. D. He was of heathen descent, and of a noble family—beautiful in person and attractive in manners, and possessed of more than ordinary powers of mind. He had a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination and an inventive genius. Though destitute of even a liberal



education, (for he could not even read or write) he had acquired a great amount of knowledge by observation and travelling, and was versed in the different religious systems of his age. Unostentatious in his whole proceedings—grave and dignified in his deportment—rigid in the observance of his time and his religious duties, he was enabled to perform much labor; by these, in connection with the powers of eloquence, with which nature had endowed him, he extended his influence far and wide.

At the age of six years he lost his mother, and her grave was always a place of pious resort, and the most tender recollections, to her son, to the latest period of his life. He was then taken to the house of his grandfather, and at his death he was placed under the protection of his eldest son, Abu Zabebe, who ever afterwards acted towards him the part of a tender parent.

There are many traditions and fanciful stories related by Moslem writers, as attendants upon his birth and early life. These are more curious than truthful, and a mere allusion to one or two, will give the reader an idea of their nature. It is related that when he was three years old, two angels appeared in shining apparel before him, gently laid Mahomet on the ground, and Gabriel, one of the angels, opened his breast, but without inflicting any pain. Then he took out his heart, and cleansed it from all impurities, wringing from it those black and bitter drops of original sin, inherited from our forefather Adam, and which remain in the hearts of the best of his descendants, inciting them to crime. When the angel had thoroughly purified it, he filled it with faith, knowledge and prophetic light, and replaced it in the bosom of the child.

When Mahomet was born, as the story goes, a celestial light illumined the surrounding country, and the new born child raising his eyes to heaven exclaimed, "God is great, there is no God but God, and I am his prophet. The moon stooped to do him homage, and nature gave signs of agitation. Many such extravagant fables are related by Moslem writers concerning their prophet. These of course only have a foundation in their imaginations. Mahomet spent the greater part of his youth in travelling, and in the mercantile business. He did not commence to propagate his religion till he was forty years of age. By his extensive observation he had become acquainted with the different religions of his country and age. Arabia, his native country, was divided into three classes, Heathens, Jews, and Christians, all of which claimed to be the descendants of Abraham. The heathens traced their origin back through Ishmael, the son of Hager, who fled to this country. Many Jews and



Christians, it appears had fled to this land, and had become incorporated with the native tribes, and composed a part of their nationality. The religion of Mahomet is a mixture of those different kinds of religions which were then extant in Arabia. He combined many heathen rites with Jewish and Christian elements, in his system of religion. The central doctrine of this faith is, "*God is one*;" and in this respect a reform in opposition to the reigning spirit of idolatry, as it then existed in Arabia.

His marriage with the rich widow Cadijah, elevated him to the honors of wealth and royalty, and gave him a better opportunity to follow out the bent of his mind, which was, to reform the religion of his country, which had become so corrupt. His mind became deeply affected with the idolatry that surrounded him. Much of his time was spent in meditation, and he used to flee from the bustle of society, to a cavern on Mount Hara, not very far from Mecca, and whole days and nights were there spent in meditation and prayer. In this way he spent the whole month of Ramadhaw, the holy month of the Arabs. Such intense study, prayer and reflection must produce some effect, and he soon became subject to dreams and trances, and would often lay insensible in these ecstasies. He first commenced to propagate his religion in his own family and among his friends; and met with great opposition and persecution. He labored many years with but very few followers, and was generally looked upon as a fanatic. For the first thirteen years he used moral suasion alone, and in emulation of the Saviour and his Apostles, bore with patience and resignation the insults of his enemies. But his human nature at length grew weary of that sublime forbearance which he had hitherto inculcated, and he resorted to the sword. His success at first stimulated him on, till at last whole nations had to bow to his religion. His soldiers were encouraged by the reward of a sensual paradise, such as would likely meet the approbation of sensual men, should they conquer, and on the other hand the terrors of hell should they be overcome.

The Mahomedan rule of faith was the Koran—a book looked upon by them, in a similar light, to that in which we look upon the Bible. This, Mahomet pretended to have received from heaven. He also pretends to have enjoyed a visit to the upper world, passing through even the seventh heaven, being conducted by the angel Gabriel. The account of this journey is curious and fanciful.

After this prophet had labored, preached and done all in his



power to establish his faith in his native city, attended with but little success, and with his fortune impaired, friendless and despised, he was compelled to flee in order to save his life. His flight to Medina in 622, from which date the Mahommedans reckon time, Moslem writers assert was attended with miracles; some of them as fanciful as the specimens we have given above. At Medina he at first appeared to have no idea of carrying on his faith by means of the sword, but only sought refuge there, and desired to preach his doctrine undisturbed. But he did not long remain in this peaceful attitude. The success with which he had already met with the sword urged him on to new conquests. After this flight, he carried on his expeditions for about ten years. During this period, most of Arabia, and many countries of Europe, had become subject to his religion. Even in the last moments of his life, he had in contemplation a scheme to take Syria. But in the midst of his plans he died in a lingering sickness. He said that God gave him his choice, either to live for ever on earth, or die and live in his presence, and that he chose the latter. His faith in his divine mission seems not to have been shaken in his dying hour, and his last public exhortation to his followers was, "I do but go before, you will soon follow me. Death awaits us all; let no one then seek to turn it aside from me. My life has been for your grace; so will be my death." Finding the hour of his dissolution fast approaching, he gave orders that all his slaves should be set free, and all his money distributed among the poor, and then raising his eyes to heaven exclaimed, "God be with me in the death struggle—Oh Allah! (Oh God) be it so!"—and the spirit fled—where, God only knows. We sit not in judgment upon him. The Judge of all the earth will do right. His religion, which at that time was so widely spread, still continued to make new conquests, till it had nigh overspread the whole of the then populated world. But, fortunately for the world, it has been counteracted by a better religion, propagated by a holier prophet, Jesus Christ himself; and before this real light from heaven the crescent has waned, and is fast losing even the faint glow of its borrowed light.

G.

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### THE STARS OF HEAVEN.

A MILLION torches lighted by God's hand,  
Wander, unwearied, through the deep blue skies!  
They own his power, accomplish his command;  
All gay with life—all eloquent with bliss.



## MIDDLESRING CHURCH.\*

BY PROF. WM. M. NEVIN.

WELCOME to me once more this green churchyard,  
To which, this bright May morn, have come my feet :  
Ah, from the village near, still hitherward  
Out drawn I am that good old church to greet,  
And these sad graves, to pay them homage meet ;  
What times I come back to this neighborhood,  
Long whiles between, where erst my boyhood sweet  
Was sped ; here o'er its joys despoiled to brood.  
But though it bringeth dole the while, it doth me good.

As now, long gone, oft sauntering have I come  
Adown that stream on Sabbath mornings bland—  
In town at school, but longing much for home—  
Beneath that poplar near the church to stand,  
Watching each carriage come and folks disband :  
Till, see ! our own wends to its trysting place !  
Then did I bound to grasp each welcome hand ;  
To catch the beaming looks of each young face,  
A father's anxious smile, a mother's soft embrace !

They come not now, who gave that spot its zest.  
Parent and brothers, sisters, all are gone  
To newer homes far settled in the west ;  
No more to walk, on holy days, this lawn.  
Yet one here rests. O most revered one !  
Dear parent mine ! Say, is thy spirit near ?  
To whose green mound here have I first been drawn.  
Mark'st thou my sorrowing step and briny tear ?  
To think I loved thee not the more when thou wast here !

\* This Poem was written in the Spring of 1847. MIDDLESRING is the name of the country Church, in which the Author worshipped in youth. It is just such a sacred spot as lives in the memory of almost every one who has been raised in the country—"the altar where our fathers knelt—the graveyard where they lie." Those old, gray, antique and venerable sanctuaries of which this is a good type, are fast passing from the land. The Author heard that it was in the mind of the people to doom this one to a like fate,

"And build a lowlier, neater Church instead."

The old Church is gone, but its image is here preserved in a Poem which speaks the language of the heart. At our request the Author has revised it for the Guardian ; and those who have known and loved it, since its first publication, will be glad to meet their old friend again, much improved. We need not praise this touching Poem ; it will make its own friends. One of the best critics in this country has pronounced it equal to any Poem in the English classics.—ED. GUARDIAN.



That old stone church ! Hid in these oaks apart,  
I hoped Improvement ne'er would it invade ;  
But only Time, with his slow, hallowing art,  
Would touch it, year by year, with softer shade,  
And crack its walls no more ; but, interlaid,  
Mend them with moss. Its ancient sombre cast  
Dearer to me is than all art displayed  
In modern churches, which, by their contrast,  
Make this to stand forlorn, held in the solemn past.

Ah, now they tell me they will raze it low  
And build a lowlier, neater church instead ;  
And well, no doubt, it is it should be so,  
But me not joy it brings, but drearihead.  
For still my thoughts, like fondest ivy spread,  
In memory green, do clasp that old church pile !  
And round a softer, holier light is shed,  
Than that through stained glass on checkered aisle—  
Oh, must it then be torn, on me no more to smile !

Within its sacred walls, in days all blest,  
Ere yet I knew the boon, was I conveyed,  
Where, for my sake, were solemn vows professed,  
And fervent prayers to heaven were trusting said,  
And lymph was sprent, and holy hands were laid,  
And on me was imposed a christian's name.  
And when through youth's gay, wildering paths I strayed,  
What wholesome truths, what heavenly counsels came,  
The birth-right there enfeoffed, oh may I never shame !

Its pews of obdurate pine, straight-backed and tall—  
Its gallery, mounted high three sides around—  
Its pulpit, goblet formed, half up the wall,  
The sounding-board above, with acorn crowned,  
And Rouse's psalms that erst therein did sound  
To old fugue tunes, to some the thoughts might raise  
Of folks antique that certes there were found.  
Ah, no. I wote in those enchanting days,  
There beauty beamed, there swelled the richest notes of praise.

What though no dainty choir the gallery graced,  
And trolled their tunes in soft, harmonious flow ;  
One pious clerk, tall formed and sober faced,  
With book enclutched, stood at his desk below,  
And with his pitch all people's voice did go ;  
If not full blent, certes in soul sincere.  
Up from their hearts their praises they did throw,  
Nor cared they e'en, of some deaf dame, to hear,  
At close, the voice in suit, lone quavering in the rear.



Out from that pulpit's height, deep browed and grave,  
The man of God ensconced, half bust was shown ;  
Weighty and wise he did not thump nor rave,  
Nor lead his folks, upwrought, to smile nor moan.  
By him, slow cast, the seeds of truth were sown ;  
Which, lighting on good soil, took lasting hold.  
Not springing eftsoons, then to wilt ere grown,  
But, in long time, their fruits increased were told :  
Some thirty, sixty some, and some an hundred fold.

Ah, then, in our pew, my cousin Bess ,  
Happy I was down seated by thy side,  
With youngsters more, in middle stowed, the less,  
Where, sex from sex, we did our kin divide.  
High boarded up no face without we spied,  
Save of his Reverence high, or some ybent  
Out o'er the balustrade of gallery wide.  
Thus were our minds from vanities safe pent,  
And kept the text, I wote, and each commandement.

And when, through summers, thou hadst tall up grown,  
Above that pew did peer thy witching grace,  
Like some red rose out o'er its wall, full blown,  
Is seen abroad, unweeting of its case.  
And thy full voice, within that holy place,  
Was heard all others through, richest, I ween ;  
And not a daintier foot nor lovelier face,  
When all out came the service times between,  
Nor on this shaded knoll nor by yon spring was seen.

Nurtured thou wast hard by yon mountain's height,  
Which now the distance does in azure steep ;  
Whose base with laurels, moss and fern is dight,  
Where through its gap the gladsome waters leap.  
The scene there doth its verdure ever keep ;  
And with its joy was thy young spirit stirred ;  
And thy dark eye mirrored its beauty deep ;  
And in its glens thy mellow voice was heard,  
Sweeter than dash of stream or song of mountain bird.

Ah, can it be that slumbering thou art laid,  
Hard by this high, in yon low burial plot,  
In quiet bed trimmed by the sexton's spade,  
With grass o'ergrown, and violets thither brought  
By hands bereaved ! Yes, sorrow deep was wrought,  
And still for thee is felt a lasting gloom ;  
For just when thy rich heart and sprightliest thought  
Were shedding us, like rose, their prime perfume,  
Then snapped, thou sudden fell'st, into that early tomb !



In this high burial ground, in that below,  
No massive structure stands of sculptured stone;  
No column's shaft, oft broke, that it might show  
Youth's vigor downwards all untimely thrown.  
But humble slabs and headstones many strown  
Simply the names and years and worth avow  
Of those here laid. 'Tis well. They covet none.  
In life they were plain men of honest brow,  
They sought no honors then, nor do they seek them now.

Here were they gathered every good Lord's day,  
From town, from hamlet, and from country wide,  
In pleasant groups, but meek and staid alway;  
They showed not often levity nor pride.  
Yet sooth in some gay maids some pranks were spied,  
Misled by dress, and spirits over light,  
Out by yon firs, with beaux convened aside,  
They laughed and joked; yes, some did shrill outright!  
And that it was God's day they had forgotten quite.

But these were few: and for that breach, I wote,  
At home their mothers did them well aread.  
Others all o'er this place in solemn thought,  
Stood lone, or spoke with sanctimonious heed.  
Yet this to take full many had no need,  
For they were grave in grain. Who would might scan,  
Still were they upright found in word and deed.  
They knew, but most they felt, the gospel plan,  
And loved their God supreme, and next their fellow man.

Blest sight it was to mark that godly flock,  
At intermission, grouped throughout this wood.  
Each log, each bench, each family upping-block,  
Some grandame held amidst her gathered brood.  
Here cakes were shared and fruits and counsel good.  
Devoutly spoken 't was of crops and rain;  
Hard by the church the broad-brimmed elders stood,  
While o'er that slope did flow a constant train  
Of bevies, springward bound, or coming back again.

Ah, luckless wight, whom gallantry did press,  
Fast by that spring, to stoop him often low,  
And serve with cup up dipt, and bland address,  
The gathered fair, whose multitude did grow!  
One whom he most affects and did bestow  
Her first the cup, hath drunk and off does walk.  
Her then to follow fain he must forego.  
With some far happier swain he marks her talk,  
While he must stoop, and grin, and water all the flock.



Here, too, like me, some lonesome wight of yore  
Did stand apart, and these memorials scan,  
And blighted hopes and buried loves deplore,  
And feel in sooth how frail a thing is man.  
Hither the widow came, weeping and wan,  
To muse on him of late her joy and pride.  
Ah, now no more she mourns the solemn ban  
Which did her then from her loved spouse divide—  
Now does she sleep herself all sweetly by his side.

These ask no ponderous tombs; yet sooth to tell,  
Above doth lie the turf too bleak and bare;  
For they did love their homes and country well,  
And still of these, fresh garlands they should share.  
Here should the rose its ruddiest clusters wear,  
The willow droop, the cedar winters brave;  
But, ah! few hands are left for this to care.  
So mote the brier spring, and o'er each grave  
Spread out its vernal blossoms. This they seem to crave.

How loth am I to leave this locust tree,  
O'erlooking objects ere I visit each!  
Beneath its leafing boughs, oh, could it be  
A father's blessed care would o'er me reach!  
Ah, no; how still! No kindly answering speech  
Can by mine ear, list as it will, be caught.  
To me mine own dull voice alone doth preach;  
Yet, well I wote, around this solemn spot  
Some holy influence breathes with which my soul is fraught.

So by this locust bowing down the knee,  
As would he wish here laid, now do I pray:  
Kind Saviour, with thy spirit strengthen me,  
And play-feres strown. Help us to walk the way  
Our fathers led, and never from it stray.  
And when thou com'st at length to take thine own,  
Grant that with them we gathered be that day,  
All saved and blest, forever round thy throne,  
With them to live, and love, and worship thee alone.

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## SPRING.

WHEN Spring-tide bursts upon old Winter's shore,  
Joy oozes out from every frozen pore;  
Now Nature, with a thousand voices sings—  
JEHOVAH-JESUS is the King of kings.



## THE IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY RELIGION.

It is a very general remark, at the present time, that there is a growing spirit of insubordination in the family, and of course, in the State; and it is ascribed to laxity and neglect in the *Mothers* as much as in the *Fathers*. Now, without entering into other specifications here, may it not be that a chief reason for the increase of family insubordination is to be found in the DECREASE IN FAMILY RELIGION? By this we mean Religion in the household; in other words, the inculcation and observance of the duties of religion in American families, in their organized capacity as separate religious communities. Family religion, in this sense, implies the acknowledgment of God in the family circle, by the assembling of all its members around the domestic altar, morning and evening, and by united prayer and praise to the God of the families of the flesh; by the invocation of God's blessing and the giving of thanks at every social repast; by the strict observance of the Sabbath; and by the religious instruction and training of children and servants, and the constant recognition of God's providence and care. This constitutes, and these are the duties of family religion—duties which no Christian head of a family, whether father or mother, can be excused from performing. They are duties which all who take upon themselves the responsibilities of the family should feel it a privilege to observe.

The duty of family prayer, especially by the one or the other of the household, as the leading exercise of the family religion, should be performed with seriousness, order and punctuality. John Angell James very properly asks if the dwellings of the righteous ought not to be filled with the very element of piety, the atmosphere of true religion. "Yet, how few are the habitations, even of professors, upon entering which the stranger would be compelled to say, Surely this is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven! It may be that family prayer is gone through with, such as it is, though with little seriousness and no unction. But even this, in many cases, is wholly omitted, and scarcely anything remains to indicate that God has found a dwelling in that house. There may be no actual dissipation, no drunkenness, no card-playing, but, oh! how little of true devotion is there! How few families are there so conducted as to make it a matter of surprise that any of the children of such households should turn out otherwise than pious! How many that lead us greatly to wonder that any of the chil-



dren should turn out otherwise than irreligious ! On the other hand, how subduing and how melting are the fervent supplications of a godly and consistent father, when his voice, tremulous with emotion, is giving utterance to the desires of his heart to the God of heaven for the children bending around him ! Is there, out of heaven, a sight more deeply interesting than a family, gathered at morning or evening prayer, where the worship is what it ought to be ?”

It is hardly to be supposed that any pious heads, or pious members, of American households, are in doubt whether family worship be a duty. We are rather to take it for granted, as a duty universally acknowledged among christians, nature itself serving to suggest and teach it, and the word of God abundantly confirming and enforcing it, both by precept and example. God himself being the author and constitutor of the family relation, it is but a dictate of reason that He should be owned and acknowledged as such, “who setteth the children of men in families like a flock, who hath strengthened the bars of thy gates and hath blessed thy children within thee.” Of whom it is said, “Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward.”

It is this great family-God, whose solemn charges, by his servant Moses, are as binding upon christian families now as of old upon the children of Israel—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might : and these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart : and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.

This is God’s command, and He will hold every parent responsible for the religious instruction of his or her children. In such an education for God, which is the duty of the parent and the right of the child, the habit of family worship constitutes an essential part. Nothing can make up for the want of this. Neither the best of preaching and instruction in the sanctuary or Sabbath-school, nor the finest education abroad, in the boarding schools or seminaries, will at all answer for the daily discipline of family religion. A religious home education, under the daily influence of family worship, and the devout acknowledgment of God at the frugal board, and the godly example and instruction of a pious parentage, are more influential upon the future character and destiny of the child than all other agencies put together.—*Rev. Henry T. Cheever.*



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.]

JUNE, 1852.

[No. 6.]

## TEN MILES WITH THE DRIVER.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

“I say the tale as it was said to me.”

How much history there is that has never been written, and that never will be. History, too, more instructive than many of those dull pages, which only tell us that in ancient times many soldiers were killed, and who killed them. The leaf which we here rescue from oblivion, would, in all probability, never have been written had it not been our privilege lately to ride ten miles with the driver of a stage coach.

We have always made it a point, in travelling in the stage, if the weather did at all permit, to ride part of the way outside. This we do, if the reader will know the reason, not merely to view the scenery all around, but to have a talk with the driver. Believe me or not, I have always found them interesting and instructive. Accordingly, as soon we arrived at the first watering place, I asked his permission to ride with him.

We commenced our conversation about the weather, about stage-routes, and about staging in olden times, before railroads had spoiled all its romance. We commenced here; but, as old Humphrey says, we did not end here, as the sequel will show.

“Are you an old driver?”

This was my first question, by way of coming to a point which I had fixed at some distance ahead of that question, and which I hoped to reach in due course from this introduction. The old man—for I saw plainly that he was old—looked round at me with a kind of cautious enquiry, as much as to say, How am I to take that question? Concluding, I thought, that there was nothing mischievous in my eye, he said—

“Thirty-eight years.”

“Is it possible!” And I began to feel a silent reverence for so venerable a relic of that class of persons, which modern improvements are so fast crowding out of the track, and around whose early life there clusters so much of romantic incident.



For who has not heard his grandsire, or some gray-headed travelling companion, speak and "a tale deliver," of the "hair-breadth escapes" of early staging? This feeling was not diminished, as the reader will easily suppose, by the next remark:

"I drove the *first stage* up the Juniata, as far as Huntingdon."

"Is it possible? Thirty-eight years ago; and you have been at it ever since? You have some experience in the business, and have seen some ups and downs."

"Yes—but a real dog's life it is."

"Not very pleasant to be out night and day, summer and winter, rain and shine; and especially in early times when roads were much worse than now."

"Yes, it is a rough business every way."

After a little more conversation of the same kind, all of which I labored to turn towards my point, he looked so good-natured, that I thought I might venture a little nearer—thus:

"It must be pretty difficult for one to keep entirely clear of bad habits, following a business like this so long. I have found, for instance, that swearing profanely, is a pretty general habit among stage-drivers."

"Yes, and drinking."

"True; but I think in both these respects you must have been on your guard, for I have not heard anything profane from you, and you do not certainly look like a man that drinks spirits to excess."

"No; while I have plenty of sins of other kinds to answer for, I am not given to these, and never have been. The fact is, I owe it to my father that I never fell into these."

Here, thought I, we have struck on a vein, which it will be profitable to follow, and I accordingly added:

"It is a great blessing to have the training of pious parents, and to take their counsels with us out into the world. It is not easy to forget the words of those who are dead and gone, especially if they were our parents."

"Yes, but it is not in that way I owe my escape from these vices to my father. It was not that he warned me against them, but I saw in him an example of what they lead to."

I thought I felt my hair move itself upon my head! What! thought I, a son instructed to keep out of bad habits, not by a father's counsels, but by a father's disgrace!—and the passage came into my mind, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him."

"The fact is, I never intended to follow this business when I began it. I only intended to drive a few months, to keep my-



self in clothes and bread till I could get into other business—and here I am yet. If it had not been for drinking, cock-fighting, horse-racing, and card-playing, I would not now be a stage-driver.”

“Some of these practices are nearly done away now, but I remember very well when they were all very common, especially in some parts of Maryland.”

“I was raised in Maryland, near Hagerstown.”

“Oh! yes, I know very well where it is; I have often been there—was raised in that region of country myself.”

“You might have heard of our family, the name of ——.”

But I was too young to go back quite so far, and so we could get no nearer to each other in regard to having looked upon the same things in times ago.

“My father was one of the greatest horse-racers in that county when I was a young man; but it was his ruin—that and drinking. He had two fine farms and a mill. He had first to sell one farm and then another. Then we lived on the mill. One night he came home late from a constable’s election, where he and some others had played cards and drank whiskey; and being ashamed, I suppose, to come into the house in that state, he went into the mill, emptied a bag into the hopper, started it, and then laid down on the platform before the door and fell asleep. The mill soon ran empty, and he did not get awake till the whole building was wrapped in flames! That broke him up entirely. He then moved out of that neighborhood, to H——; where, upon a merry 22nd of February, he went to the wood-pile to chop a few sticks of wood, and, with an unsteady hand, lodged the axe into his foot, making a fearful gash, from the effects of which he died in a few days! After the mill was burnt, I saw that all was now gone, and that I must look out for myself—and here I am—sixty years old next month, have been all the time at this business, and am as poor as when I began.”

As he thus said, I saw that emotions were heaving beneath his weather-beaten form, and I thought of a passage in Ossian: “I hear a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years gone by. They roll before me with all their deeds!”

We rode on awhile in silence.

“Have you a family?” I enquired.

“I have been married about 12 years only. Have five interesting children, and they have a mother who is a full member of the church, and I assure you they never close their eyes in sleep before they have kneeled by her side in prayer.”

“Are you a member of the church?”



"I am not ; but I know I ought to be. I am old, must soon leave this world ; and this matter has cost me many serious thoughts—indeed, it is all the trouble I have now."

This was a point at which I aimed all along, and I now pressed it with all the earnestness I could. With what effect, eternity will reveal. May God gather this remnant of a family ruined by sin, into the heavenly fold !

We rode again in silence. His mind was evidently still full of our late discourse. We passed a farm house, where an old man, with a poor dilapidated hat, and wretched clothes, was hewing posts by the side of the road. He looked the picture of ruin !

"Do you see that man ?" said the driver ; "fifteen years ago, when I first began to drive on this road, that man owned yon two farms and a very extensive distillery."

"How did he lose it ?"

"Just like my father lost his !"

By this time we were at the place where we exchanged horses. I bade the old man adieu and took an inside seat, where I made my own reflections. The reader must do the same. I believe I was benefitted by riding ten miles with the driver.

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## THE GENTLEMAN.

BY DANIEL G. NEFF, A. B.

Regarding the term gentleman in its modern acceptation, we are at once reminded of broadcloth coats, gold rings, arrogant airs, affected bows, bruised faces and bloodless duels. To become a gentleman, in this sense, requires no real merit, although it demands considerable effort. One must "understand the ropes," like the successful juggler who acquires his skill at the expense of long and laborious training, though his profession reflects no credit on himself ; for it only fits him to become a laughing stock for curious, gaping fools. Whoever wants to be a gentleman must go through a prescribed course of discipline—a regular ordeal of ceremonials, which he must keep up with the times by watching and imitating others, and studying the manners and motions of the most approved models.

In fine, the raw material must undergo a transforming and refining process, before it comes out the complete manufactured article.



One of the first and most obvious essentials of the modern gentleman, is to put on a bold flashy exterior, and carry a high head, in order to let one's self be seen, and at the same time to appear dignified. His conversation must all be on becoming subjects; he must talk about railroad cars, steamboats, city hotels, ball-rooms and theatres. He must discourse eloquently about Jenny Lind, and the seraphic tones of her peerless voice. To talk of common every-day practical business affairs is entirely too unromantic. He must always be well posted in the polite literature of the day, expatiate largely on the fascinating charms of the beautiful novel which has just come out, and be ready at all times to quote a line or two of sentimental love-sick poetry, when occasion calls for spouting. When he meets ladies he must bow and scrape in the most approved style, and in raising his beaver must be extremely careful to show his *gold rings* to the best advantage. To notice a beggar in the street he regards as decidedly vulgar.

Another characteristic of this kind of gentleman, is to make much ado about the nice points of honor, and maintain the honor of the gentleman at all hazards. If he has suffered an insult, he must wipe out the stain on his reputation, either by having his eyes blacked, or obeying the impulses of his romantic and chivalric spirit, by setting himself up as a mark to be shot at and missed. He must ask impertinent questions of every stranger he meets, and attend to everybody's business better than his own. In order the more accurately to scrutinize the dimensions of every man's pocket and purse, and at the same time, evade suspicion, it would be advisable to wear spectacles; for then the cupidity that glistens in his eye will not be detected, and his imprudent curiosity will pass either for a difficulty in discerning objects, or a deep abstractedness of thought, and a commendable disposition to study human nature. But above all, he must be particularly scrupulous in regard to his dress; and here it is impossible to prescribe any permanent rules, for fashions, like fortunes, are perpetually changing. No one knows that the suit he has ordered to be cut out in the latest style may not come out behind the age—the world of fashion having meanwhile undergone an important revolution. So that he must always be as expeditious as possible, lest the times may leave him in the rear. If his coat-tail is either too long or too short, or if the crown of his hat verges too abruptly towards the top, he feels unfit to appear in refined society and must lie dormant until he can appear in a more becoming garb. These are some of the qualifications which suggest themselves



merely at first view, and they will serve as specimens of all the rest. What a medley of gaseous elements enter into the composition of this character—a noisy inflammatory compound of vanity, affection and insolence. Such are the men whose heads are stuffed with false notions of honor, and who, mistaking a few freaks of bragging petulency for valor and chivalry, almost rival the madness of Don Quixotte, when he fought against the wind-mills. Such gentlemen as these may be, and often are, the most consummate villains, and the most despicable outlaws on earth.

Let us turn from this disgusting portraiture, and contemplate the really beautiful and ennobling traits that form the character of the true gentleman. The essential elements in this character, irrespective of all ranks and grades, are good sense, good breeding, self-respect, honesty and kindness of heart. He who possesses these qualities is a gentleman, though he digs and toils for the sustenance of life; and he who is wanting in any of these requisities is no gentleman, though he holds in his grasp the wealth of empires. The true gentleman has sense enough to know his place, and not to be puffed up with vain ideas of his own excellence and superiority to other men. He knows how to act with propriety on all occasions. He knows when to speak, what to speak, and when to keep silence. He never intrudes his opinions where they are not wanted, merely for the sake of making a display of his knowledge, but always exercises a becoming degree of modesty. When he speaks, it is always at the right time, and then he speaks what his heart dictates, and doesn't act the sycophant, and strive to gain favor by the mean trickery of dissimulation and flattery. He knows how, where and when to make use of his ears, eyes and tongue.

Closely allied to good sense is good-breeding; and this comprehends more than a few words and scrapes, and contortions of body and countenance, set off with blathering nonsense and high sounding words about nothing, strung together with studied elegance and exactness. These manœuvres are sometimes dignified with the name of polite, refined and graceful manners. But the truth is they are foppish manners. Artless simplicity is the soul of gracefulness. We hold that a man may be graceful in his manners, even though his foot does not describe an exact semicircle, nor his uplifted hat an exact semi-eclipse, nor his body incline at an angle of exactly eighteen and a half degrees, while he is undergoing the process of bowing. True politeness originates in the feelings of the heart. He who has a gentleman's heart and feelings will exhibit a gentleman's man-



ners—easy, natural, unaffected and graceful ; and he who has not, cannot be truly graceful, though he goes into spasms to make it appear so. When gestures and motions are the natural outflowing of the feelings, then only are they graceful. Good-breeding manifests itself more in deeds than in words and motions. It claims no affinity with the affected manner of speaking, which is acquired by a servile imitation of those who have a brogue of their own coining, a kind of monster-language, compounded of a smack of the English mixed with a twang of the French, German, Scotch, and Irish. The true gentleman, when he speaks to those who use the English language, speaks English, and tries to give it the English pronunciation as near as possible. He never incommodes others to accommodate himself. He never stirs up strifes and seditions, nor exerts himself assiduously to discover and point out the motes in other men's eyes, to the neglect of the beam in his own eye. He uses his influence to maintain peace and harmony in the community ; and when he happens in a company of fault-finders and slanderers, who are forever defaming others and picking out flaws and defects in the characters of their neighbors, he exposes the base malignity of the lying club by falsifying their statements. He will endeavor to extenuate the faults of his neighbors, and set forth their commendable qualities in as strong a light as possible. The strongest evidence of good breeding, as well as friendship is to speak of a man's faults and failings only to himself, and to extol his good qualities only to others. The man of good breeding will always find sufficient business of his own to attend to, to prevent him from meddling in that of others. He is not one of those public nuisances, those sly, sneaking, long-faced individuals, who are always prying into other men's affairs, intruding upon their time and attention, and dabbling in matters that concern them not. When he sees a stranger basely imposed upon by a pack of dastardly villains, he bravely and manfully espouses the cause of the injured party, regardless of the odium that may thereby attach to himself. When any one in company makes a mistake or meets with a slight accident, the gentleman will not take a laugh at his expense, but uses his best endeavors to palliate the error, to make him feel easy, and extricate him from the difficulty with as little pain to his feelings as possible. In such little acts and turns as these the greatest master-strokes of real genuine politeness have been performed. They evidence the highest refinement of feeling, and a true nobility of soul that does honor to the head and heart of the gentleman.



He who has no respect for himself, has very little respect for others. A man's actions have such an influence on those around him, that he who disgraces himself, at the same time reflects dishonor on others. The gentleman, therefore, does not degrade himself by any gross vices, such as profane swearing, drunkenness, &c. He does not condescend to any thing mean and vulgar, but always demeans himself so as to maintain the portly bearing and dignity of a man. There are such things as manly boys and childish men; and while nothing is more worthy of admiration than a boy who conducts himself like a man, nothing is more disgusting than a man who acts like a child. The gentleman, therefore, has so much respect for himself that he is neither mean nor vulgar, childish nor womanish.

No dishonest man is a gentleman. Cheating, lying and stealing are principles, altogether antagonistic to his character. He not only abhors dishonesty in these lower and more despised forms, but also when it assume the garb of respectability, puts on the cloak of religion or throws over its hideous deformities the veil of philanthropy. He throws neither the blighting mildew of flattery, nor the corroding venom of slander over the fair fame of others, nor does he endeavor by dishonest tricks and lies to undermine and tear down their reputations. To steal a man's reputation is the basest of all thefts; for it originates only in motives of pure malice and envy.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something; nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed."

The true gentleman in all his deportment, is a living illustration of that sentiment so full of truth and poetry:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

A warm and tender heart is another characteristic of the gentleman. He rejoices in the joys, and grieves for the woes of others. He sympathises with those who are borne down by the severe trials of life, and is ever ready to extend a helping hand to the struggling sons of adversity. He makes no boasts of his benevolent and philanthropic spirit, endeavoring to show it off to advantage before the world. He wishes his actions to be the test of principles. His philanthropy is not the bastard offspring of impure and selfish motives, like that of the grovelling egotist. It is pure and unadulterated—the spontaneous out-gushings of a feeling heart. It is not beneath *his* dignity to notice the poor, friendless, homeless wanderer, who imploringly



ask alms at his hands ; he not only deigns to hear his moving tale, but tenders him all the relief and assistance in his power. There is no mock gentility, no proud hypocrisy here. It is all open, honest, manly warm-hearted benevolence. His kind feelings beam forth in his eye, and light up his countenance, and every feature and every gesture evince the crowning graces of the perfect gentleman.

It is neither wealth, honor, power nor dress that makes the man. If there is any value at all appertaining to the character of the true man, it must be an intrinsic value, and not dependant on, nor conditioned by, external appendages. The value of the pearl is not enhanced by the mould that environs it. Man, when weighed in the scale of his merit, must rise or sink with his own inherent worth, and not that of his wealth, honor or power. He who has nothing to recommend his merit but his wealth, is truly ignoble. Poverty is no derogation from the dignity of human character:

Is there, for honest poverty  
Who hangs his head and a' that—  
The coward's slave we pass him by,  
A man's a man for a' that.

Some of the greatest men of antiquity were poor, from choice, during their whole lives, and left not enough to defray the expenses of their own funerals. Those master spirits, those noble sages whose wisdom has been the wonder of ages, generally lived in the utmost indigence. But it is neither wealth nor poverty that makes the man. Look at the souls of men, as they body themselves in their actions. Where these are made of the right material we find men ; where they are a mass of dark, foul and selfish motives, we find counterfeit men. He is the true and complete man to whom, when he is dead, the following epitaph may be justly and truly applied :

His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to the world, *This was a man.*

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## PRAYER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God he loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.



## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

There is one spot upon the Earth my spirit yearns to see,  
 Though far o'er rugged hills and weary ways it be;  
 And I would smile upon the road, and all its terrors brave,  
 If I could reach that sacred spot. *It is my Mother's grave!*

There I would lay me down and weep, and dream of joys gone by,  
 Of the pleasures of my early youth, that never cost a sigh;  
 And I would tend the grassy mound, with fond and tender care,  
 And take away the smallest weed, and trim the roses there.

The marble stone which marks the spot, to me so very dear,  
 Would tell me, in its simple date, which was the dying year;  
 While, with a longing heart, I traced her spirit to its home,  
 In the inscription's simple note, would ask,—“*when shall the morning come?*”

I have been in many a pleasant land, I have seen the foaming sea,  
 But never have I met with one, my Mother, like to thee;  
 Yet one sweet thought consoles me in this world of sin,  
 That we shall meet in brighter worlds, and never part again!

## TAKE YOUR CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

We do not mean infants for that is often a source of annoyance to worshippers. We mean children that are, say five years old and upwards. It was customary among the Jews, to take their children to the temple as soon as they were large enough to be led by the hand of the parent. Let Christian parents do the same.

Why? There is much in the services that will impress them. There is much in the sermon that they can understand. It will early plant religious associations into their hearts. Do you doubt it? Then refer to your own recollection and experience. Do you not distinctly remember some impressions made upon your minds in the sanctuary before you were ten years old? Yea, in many, very many instances, the very seeds of future piety are sown thus early. Your care in this respect may be the means of saving the soul of your child.

“The promise is unto you, and to your children.”

Again, we say, take your children to church—fill your pew with your family. It is the most lovely sight we can think of—except a family in Heaven! The house of God “is the gate of Heaven.”

H. H.



## THE SECRET—AND ANOTHER SECRET.

"I NOTICED," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house, erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced, like a sunbeam, on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits."

"No secret, Doctor," he replied: "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word for me; and, when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss—and then, tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to any."

"What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

Very well so far, and worthy of all acceptance, and of all imitation. But this is only the half it; we take the privilege of adding the other half.

On summer evenings, says one of the Editors of the Guardian, I saw a young wife, with two children, sitting at her door, looking very lonely, and even somewhat distressed. Cheerfulness seemed to be a stranger to her. I asked her the secret of this.

"No secret," she replied: "I have one of the most singular of husbands. He used to seem very fond of me and of home, but now he seems to love any other place more. As soon as tea is over he goes to some shop or store; and there he sits till 9 and 10 o'clock, talking any thing and with any body, while I sit here alone with the children."

What an influence, then, hath a man over the heart of woman to distress it, and make it the fountain of lonely and cheerless emotions. Stay at home, then; a kind word, and an evening's company after the toils of the day are over, go far toward making a home happy and peaceful. H. H.



## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

## NO. 5.

## A CONTRAST.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

A CONTRAST is the comparing of opposite things, in order to exhibit the excellence of the one over the other. This world is full of contrasts. We may find them in nature, in society, and in the family. Sometimes they are very glaring—sometimes more concealed. They are generally interesting; and always more or less instructive.

We have a note of such a contrast in our book at the present time. It is remarkable; and perhaps an account of it may be worthy of notice. It is not in nature, nor in society generally, but in the *family*.

In a certain Judicial District of one of our oldest States, there presides a Judge, the history of whose early struggles and present honors and influence is quite remarkable and instructive. In his early youth, he was, like a great many other worthy and distinguished men, *poor*. He commenced to study law on a small scale, and under very discouraging circumstances. Having set his mark high, however, and being determined not to give up, but to persevere, he urged his way onward, and still onward toward the prize at which he aimed. This was nothing less than the reputation of a first-rate lawyer.

Having at last finished Blackstone and the best of stepping-stones to an admittance at Court, he was proposed by a legal friend for admission into the legal fraternity. The examination being past, and well sustained, there was nothing in the way of the young student's wishes, and accordingly he was declared initiated and admitted to practice in the Courts of the district.

But now come the rub and the tug of war. Heretofore his great concern was to master and memorize the main features of the Law; now the biggest concern in his mind was a *Client*, in order, profitably, to put his learning into practice. Many a long hour did he sit and long to see his office door open and usher in a good case and a fat fee, as some reward and encouragement for his toils. At last it came; and having managed this well, another came, and then another, until the reputation of the young attorney spread over the county rapidly, and business, honor and wealth flowed in abundantly.



But a few years had passed in this manner, when the Judgeship of his district became vacant, and it became the Governor's duty to fill the Chair—and who should he appoint? There is Mr. S. and Mr. R., will they not suit? No. Who then? Why their is young W. He is a sterling young man, and though young in comparison with many others, yet there is no doubt that he will fill the Chair admirably, and his appointment will give universal satisfaction, for he is universally admired.

A few days, and the appointment was made, and young W., with dignified manner and graceful step, entered the Judge's seat. *What a contrast!* But a few years before, there was the poor boy, lonely, penniless and friendless, poring over his books. A few steps farther on in life, and there was the poor lawyer, looking out of his window, anxiously waiting for a client; and now, here was the young Judge, seated upon his Bench, greeted from all sides with “your Honor!”

But this is not the whole of the contrast—not by any means. The worst is to come. Judge W. had a brother, who was just as ‘clever’ a fellow as the Judge himself, and the people said, perhaps a little more talented. This brother lived in the same district, and indeed in the very same place in which the Judge himself resided. He had the same opportunities for usefulness before him as his legal brother. They started even, for they were both poor.

But what a difference! While the one was studious, and sober, and active, the other was sportive, indolent and worthless. And now, while men of talent are looking up to the one and saying “your Honor,” the other may be seen clearing the snow off the foot-path before a grog-shop, for a *dram*, or blacking boots for a *flip* to buy a pint! What a contrast!

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## THE RESURRECTION.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?  
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?  
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive  
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?  
 No: Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,  
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.



## ( THE CAUSES OF FORBIDDEN MARRIAGES. )

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

IN a previous No. we proved, from scripture, that those marriages which are consummated between the "Sons of God" and the "Daughters of men"—in other words, marriages between pious and impious persons—are forbidden by Jehovah. We gave a brief commentary on the history of those unholy mixtures which corrupted the holy seed, and led to the Deluge. We purpose now from the same history (GEN. VI.) to exhibit the *causes* which led those "Sons of God" to proceed in opposition to the divine will in contracting these sinful alliances with the "Daughters of men."

The passage before us leads us rather to inquire into the *causes* which led these "Sons of God" in opposition to the divine will. There were several causes.

1. They looked to outward personal beauty in their choice. They "saw the daughters of men *that they were fair.*" Their preference rested on outward beauty.

It is one of the most important characteristics of the natural man, that he looks to outward appearances. He is prone to exalt the outward above the inward, and to choose that which is fleeting above that which is permanent. It is a comprehensive declaration that "man looketh to the outward appearance." This was the sin of Eve; she saw that the tree was "pleasant to the eyes." But the poison of death lurked under the inviting outward appearance of the beautiful fruit. It is a common, and a true proverb, that "all is not gold that glitters." Those that trust to the empty glare of external beauty, often learn the truth of this proverb when it is too late to repent.

Personal beauty, it must be remembered, is by no means the highest form of beauty. The outward glitter of the gold does not constitute its real worth; its value consists rather in its solid inward purity—it must be gold *clear through*, not a mere outward washing. The outward polish will soon wear off, if it is not sustained by an inward basis. So it is with beauty; it is not permanent, unless it has its ground deep in the heart. If intelligence does not beam forth from the eye, and if purity of heart does not throw its holy light upon every feature of the countenance, it is after all but the beauty of a whitened sepulchre, or the gaudy colorings which adorn the crested snake! How often do the worst dispositions lurk under the coverings of outward beauty! On the other hand, how often are intelligence,



amiability, and all the graces found to dwell, where the superficial polish of external beauty are entirely wanting. True loveliness, like the daisy, loves to hide itself; and true worth, like the precious ores and gems, does not lie on the surface.

Moreover, external beauty is of short duration. Gaudy colors are always least enduring, and are evidences of a childish taste. Beauty of face, like the beauties of the rainbow, only lasts while the sun shines upon it. It cannot endure darkness and adversity. Dark days, which bring out the hidden beauty of the heart, make outward beauty to vanish like the golden hues of evening when the sun has yet. Bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, like the hopes and joys of youth, are soon left behind. Scarcely do they extend into the stern realities of middle life; and long before the sere years of age come on beauty has found a tomb. But not so the inward excellences of the spirit. They become more serene and attractive as years increase, and calmly, like the light of an autumn sun, do they cast their mellow light upon life's declining days.

Personal beauty, then, agreeable as it may be to a wandering eye, and desirable as it may be in connection with beauty of heart and mind, ought to be kept in proper subordination to higher considerations; and especially ought this never be allowed to induce any one to violate a direct injunction of Jehovah. Above all, no christian ought to suffer his heart to be led by such false lights into darkness and confusion, from which no after repentance can deliver him. The beauty for which he looks ought to be "the beauty of holiness." It is certainly not for him to regard that which is "fair," at the fearful expense of violating the solemn injunction, "Only in the Lord."

Oh! what a fearful gift is personal beauty, both to its possessor and to those who prefer to walk in its light. It cannot be denied that in these days of vanity, beauty is generally the ruin of those whom it adorns. Few have sufficient humility and modesty to bear the flatteries and coquetries which swarm, like summer flies, around the painted beauties of an hour. Few, we say, can bear even a respectable share of personal beauty, without yielding to the flattest pride, and the most repulsive vanity. Amid the attention which is bestowed upon the outward person, the mind and heart are neglected. Soon impertinence takes the place of modesty; and the vain babblings of an empty mind take the place of "a meek and quiet spirit." The spell with which outward beauty held a host of admirers, is gradually broken—all that are solid and sensible retire; and what was



spoken by the wise man comes to a sad fulfilment—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

If such be the effect of personal beauty upon its possessor, how can it fail to entail disappointment upon those who build all their hopes of domestic happiness upon its airy and unsubstantial pretensions. What is beauty of person without piety, without those meek and patient graces which religion only can confer—without those deep sympathies of soul which not only cast a sacred sunshine upon the troubled scenes of this present life, but which enter so sweetly into the bright prospects of an endless life.

2. Another *cause* of the evil under consideration, was this: They consulted only their own *taste* and their own *wills* in the formation of those alliances. "They took them wives of all which they choose."

This is the difference between a saint and a sinner; the first does as God pleases, the latter does as he himself pleases. While the "sons of God" remained under His divine direction, He guided them by His Spirit in the way of happiness and peace, but when they, by disobedience, cast his authority away, He says, I will take my Spirit from them, for they have become flesh—they have degraded themselves, by stepping down upon a level with the daughters of men—they have merged themselves into the life of flesh and sense, to which my Spirit cannot follow them. This is not the part of a christian.

The christian acknowledges an over-ruling providence, and humbly places himself under its direction. He believes that this over-ruling providence is so particular, that it notices the sparrow, the lilies of the field, and the hairs of our heads. Much more does he believe that it extends in the tenderest care to the formation of such an important relation as that involved in the marriage union. Hence he seeks to make his own will subordinate to the will of God, and places himself in child-like faith under the care of God's directing love.

We have a scripture warrant for expecting that God will provide properly for his children in this respect. "A prudent wife is from the Lord." PROV. XIX: 14. "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, *and obtaineth favor of the Lord.*" Here then, beyond doubt, God tells his children in what to place their dependance in taking this important step. A companion that will embitter life can be gotten anywhere, and in any way—such an one may be selected from among the fair—may be procured just where the individual chooses, but "a prudent one cometh from the Lord." There, then, that companion is to be



sought, where the humble christian seeks every other blessing. (It is sometimes said "that those who are to come together, will come together," and that "matches are made in heaven." The first of these propositions is true when it is directly reversed, thus: "Those who *will* come together *do* come together.")

As to the other, that "matches are made in heaven," we answer that only *one kind* are made there—those that are made according to the will of God. The others have their source where all opposition to God's will comes from. What! will any one say that those matches between the "sons of God" and the "daughters of men," were made in heaven? Will any one say that God brings about unions which he himself has forbidden? Will any one say that He who has said, "*only in the Lord,*" will yet have a hand in bringing together one of his own children and a rebel against his throne? Will he who has declared that light and darkness have no fellowship, be the instrument in effecting an union between an heir of heaven and an heir of hell? Away with such blasphemy against a God of truth and love! Riches, friends, personal beauty, a stubborn will, that useful class of community called match-makers, and the pit, may have something to do with it; but let not God be insulted by identifying his holy agency with daring opposition to his own most holy will!

Let no one, therefore, throw the responsibility of an union upon God which has really its ground in the perverted self-will of man. Let no one blame heaven for the wretchedness of an alliance which has been entered into against his will, and in the formation of which his direction has not been humbly sought.

If dependance upon God is to be acknowledged in any step we take in life, it ought certainly to be done in this. No other act of life is more intimately connected with a happy or an unhappy life. None has consequences so far-reaching for good or for evil. It either blesses with favor, or smites with a curse, every act, and every hour of life.

The bosom of home is the source from which the greatest amount of earthly happiness flows.

The world hath nothing to bestow;  
From ourselves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut our home!

If this fountain be poisoned, how bitter must be the stream. A mistake here is a sad mistake. Other errors may be rectified; this one, never! It is for life! There sits the evil genius of misery in the heart of home; and, under its frown, every bud



of hope and happiness withers and dies in its presence. The world may be bright, and the future may have promises, but their light falls not into the circle of a wretched home.

How can a home be happy where there is no sympathy in the deepest and most earnest wants of the heart?—where there is no spiritual likeness, no congeniality in that which is included within the heart's holiest circle? There may be a likeness of taste in other respects; there may be even an intellectual congeniality; but there is none in the blessed sphere of religious feelings and hopes. They may go with each other in all other respects; but not into the blessed communion of piety—not into the joyful feelings involved in the heir-ship of the life everlasting. At the altar—at the tomb—at the final judgment, they part!—the one is taken and the other left!

If you would feel fully the incongruity of such unions, consider the great, the awful difference between the two. We do not mean their difference as it may appear to the eye of the world—but their difference as it appears to the eye of Him who looketh not to the outward appearance—at their difference as it is exhibited in the sacred scriptures. We need not particularize as to the difference; it is set forth in the divine record in the plainest possible manner. There is the same difference between a saint and a sinner, as there is between God and Satan, between heaven and hell. They are direct opposites in their spiritual nature, in the course and current of their lives, and in their eternal destiny.

How, we ask, in the name of all sense and religion, can there be any propriety in bringing such opposites together in the marriage union, as is done when the “sons of God” are joined to the “daughters of men?” The union is unnatural, uncongenial, unchristian and horrid in the highest degree. God is not in it. His blessing is not upon it. It is an alliance against his will—in defiance of his most holy law; forbidden in scripture, contrary to reason and sound sense; and all experience joins in bearing testimony against it, as both injurious and wicked.

All that now remains to do is to exhort and warn you, my young friends, against these forbidden marriages. Make the plain word of God your guide in this the most solemn step you will ever take in life. Consider well the long train of consequences which depend upon this one act. Take this step in the assurance that it will reach in its consequences to the last hour of your life, and that it may have a momentous connection with your eternal condition beyond the grave. It is not human



counsel, but the counsel of God to which you are listening. You may disregard it now, and rush into this forbidden connection according to the bent of your own will, and the desires of your own eyes, but the time may come when you will sit amid the bitter fruits of your own ways, like melancholy Marius amid the wrecks of Carthage, and remember this advice with tears, when it is too late to repent. The prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.

---

MESSIAH.\*

A SACRED ECLOGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire  
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!  
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:  
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!  
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:  
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
 Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;  
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
 Peace o'er the earth her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.  
 Swift fly thy years, and rise th' expected morn!  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:

\* This is certainly the loveliest of Pope's Poems. It is an imitation of Virgil's Pollio. Who can read it without being animated with new love and joy in our adorable Redeemer? Oh! when shall the earth be subdued to His glorious Kingdom of Peace and Love?—[ED. GUARDIAN.]



See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :  
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies ?  
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :  
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !  
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
Sink down, ye mountains ! and ye valleys, rise !  
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay !  
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !  
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :  
Hear him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :  
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
From every face he wipes off every tear.  
In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promised father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
No ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;  
And starts, amid the thirsty wilds, to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.



Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :  
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.  
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !  
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabea springs !  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See Heaven his sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day !  
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy Courts : the Light himself shall shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away !  
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

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### THE LEVELER.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



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"PASSING AWAY."

FRIEND, we are "passing away." Even now, while I am writing, and you are reading, death may already have taken the outer, perhaps even the inner, wall of the citadel of health and life. Ere another number of the "Guardian" may be laid upon my table, I may not be able to read it—my eyes may be closed in death. My name may, for the last time, claim a place in print—and, then, as having *died*.

Is not this thought calculated to bring home to our minds, in a startling manner, the uncertainty of life and of all earthly things—the great possible nearness of the hour, when we shall draw the last faint life-yielding sigh, witness the last proof of affection from loved ones, and to take the last shadowy glimpse of some dear one hovering over us, while our icy frames no longer feel the scorching tear of grief—of that hour when the rumbling of the soil upon our coffin, the plaintive hymn at the grave, the sadly retreating footsteps of those who manifest the respect and affection due the dead, shall all announce, what but few think of, "to-day was his funeral!" We are "passing away!"

Our own brief and changeful history teaches this truth with mournful force. Look back but a short distance into the vista of years gone-by.

I well remember, and shall never forget, Prof. B——dd, of M———l College, a great mathematician, always at his post, a perfect gentleman, in the very prime of life, greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and who bid fair to live his three-score and ten. *He* is dead. Henry C. B——r, Esq.—one of the most kind-hearted men, fond of music, always cheerful and gay—I but lately turned over some of his letters, elegant, sprightly and characteristic—with spirit generous, high-minded, and full of manly ambition and ardor—*where is he!* He left college, the idol of his friends, the bow of his promise bright. He entered the Bar of the "Iron city," with auguries of brilliant career. Suddenly, his name, instead of appearing in connection with some exploit at the Bar or in the brilliant arena of public life, is registered in the list of deaths! Then, too, is J——H. M——e! Well do I remember his gentlemanly deportment, his elastic, healthful carriage, his youthful comeliness and grace, his manly sense of honor amounting to chivalry. All who knew him loved him. *He* too left college, with honors on his brow, for he delivered the valedictory of his class in 1843. A few weeks after, the sad news came from the west that *he was*



*dead*—died on the very threshold of a professional life. L. E. W——r with whom as a classmate, we conned over many a knotty yet delightful page of the classics, whom I never knew to be angry or ill-humored, had scarce received his professional diploma, ere he was stricken down almost by our side. The pious and devoted *Shade*, who, if ever man could claim that name, was of unblemished character;—the meek and retired *Young*, tutor of Latin; but stay thy tongue, busy memory! How many of the once youthful, hopeful and loved are gone—all have *passed away*.

To-day the trees are green, in their young foliage—many of them are decked in the gorgeous drapery of perfuming flowers. Soon those flowers will be scattered by the light warm breeze and the ruder winds—now the foliage, brown and withered, will strew the autumn woods and dreary fields—now the trees themselves, bending beneath the winter's shrill blast, will shriek the death-wail of the by-gone and ever-shortening year, and then be arrayed in the still shroud of nature's funeral. All is "passing away."

The beaming faces and merry voices of sisters and brothers, the kind providences of father and mother—names ever dear to me—the glad, careless hours of dear home, the humming of school, the sunny days of innocent boyhood, the hopes of ambitious buoyant youth—where are they? Never, never more shall we see them! Should friends, or sisters, or brothers, or parents, or companions in childhood, be still alive, they are no more ours, as once they were; they have vanished from our sides. Sons are far away in the west, or in some other part of the world, among other scenes and strangers—some buried in life's cares, absorbed in its pursuits, wrinkles on the faces we once saw round and blooming. Some have grown cold and some old—some already have gray hairs, or are dead. My own face is sober and grave, my laugh is not so hearty as it once was and less frequent; my eye less beaming and bright. The flying hours of life have also left their traces, but too heavily upon me. Is this not the sad life history of nearly every one? We are "passing away."

But courage, dear friend! All is not lost—*Heaven remains*. Lift up your weary eyes, wanderer to the gates of death! Raise your vision above the dreary scenes of life, above the wreck of hopes, the graves of the dead, the blasted heaths of earth! Far off, but gaining on the rapt view, is a city set upon a hill, whose builder and governor is God. It is the "great city, the Holy Jerusalem, having the glory of God; and her light is like



unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." In it "is no Temple, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. It hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God does lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof." And they which are saved shall walk in the light of it. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for *the former things are passed away.*"

Let us, then, fly to the city of refuge. Christ, the Lamb of God himself, will open its gates, wash our dust-covered feet, and "clothe us" in the new robes of righteousness and life eternal in heaven." He calls us, "Come unto me ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Then shall He put on our heads a "crown incorruptible, and that fadeth not away."

SUNBURY, MAY, 1852.

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## FAMILY PICTURES.

BY REV. H. H.

THE scenes with which we are conversant in childhood and youth leave their images in our minds and hearts forever. We remember every tree near the house, every view from the window, every room with its furniture, *every picture upon the wall.*

Those pictures have made a deep and lasting impression upon our minds, and ~~that~~ impression is either good or bad—either pleasant or not. Just as they were upon the wall so they are in our minds. We ask parents to remember that the images of those pictures upon their wall will in like manner dwell in the hearts of their children to their latest day. See that they convey ideas pleasant and good.

Let us see what we can call up. Ah, it costs no trouble. Here they come!—There is Bonaparte. We used to feel, when gazing at him with childish wonder, like asking, "Father, was not he the means of killing a great many people, and yet they say he was a great man? Why was not the man that was hung last week, a *little great*, because he killed one? Why does killing one man make a murderer, and killing many a great man?" We cannot, to this day, feel pleasant at the recollection of that picture. We always looked at those generals on the wall with



suspicion, for we never believed that there were any such smart-looking horses in existence as those which they rode.

There, too, is that self-same battle scene ! Dead and wounded men lying under the feet of horses and the wheels of cannon wagons. Bayonets piercing the bodies of men, pistols fired into their faces, and swords bring a sweep of death from above ! There are the wounds and the blood. Oh ! that I could get that painful image out of my mind. I wish from the bottom of my heart, that horrid picture had never been hung upon the wall. Whenever I see one of them in a family where children are, I always feel as if I would love to cane it down, and throw it into the fire.

As for those dogs and cats, I often wondered why they were hung on the wall, when there was so good a pen for such creatures under the porch. Those wide-sleeved and red-cheeked ladies, I always laughed in my sleeve at them ; except when I thought their ruddy appearance was an unnatural flush, and might prove the precursor of disease. They looked too stiff, and every one held her mouth shut with such peculiar caution as if it were a matter of life and death—but it was neither the one nor the other. And as for those which had a lady and gentleman on the same picture, I always was of opinion that the instructions which those representations imparted, could and would be learned by the young without the aid of diagrams ! It always seemed small business to me.

There were also some pictures of great and good men on the wall. I always loved to gaze at them, and thought I would love to become like them. Those portraits of grandfather and grandmother I always greatly admired. I felt as if they saw and heard me ; and it seemed to me that I was better when looking at them than at any other time. I also loved those scenes from the life and sufferings of our Saviour. The savor of these is still fresh in my heart ; and they bring with them many pleasant recollections.

An interruption ! Laura at my elbow. “Papa, what are you writing about ?”

“About pictures, my child.”

“Oh, isn’t that a nasty picture which uncle John’s have on their wall, where they are stabbing and shooting each other ? I hate to look at it.”

Well, children are philosophers—rather, they are prophets, not always knowing the full force of what they say, yet very suggestive to others. Here, thought I, is an evidence that it is important that we have the right kind of pictures on the wall.



We are of opinion that family pictures are a tolerable good index of the feelings and spirit of the family. We believe that they are a true transcript of those pictures which live in the heart. While we do not advocate a pharisaic show of religion, we still think that the pictures on the wall of a christian family's parlor, ought to embody some christian idea.

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### A LETTER AND A POEM.

He turned from the spot ; his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home ;—and felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome.—*Byron.*

NEW YORK, *February 1, 1837.*

MY DEAR SIR—You did me the honor to request some lines of mine for music ; and, at the moment, being delighted with your fine voice and exquisite taste in singing, I said I would write you a song. Now, I think with the author of the Hunchback, that a promise given, when it can be kept, admits not of release, “save by consent or forfeiture of those who hold it,” and I have been as good as my word, as you will perceive by the enclosure of “The Woodman.” I hope it will answer your purpose. Let me tell you how I came to choose an old tree for my subject. Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight had recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

“Your object ?” inquired I.

“Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father’s.

“The place is yours then ?” said I.

“No, my poor mother sold it ;” and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. “Dear mother !” resumed my companion, “we passed many happy, happy days, in that old cottage ; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all, all, gone ;” and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. But after a moment’s pause, he added, “Don’t think me foolish ; I don’t know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand



recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. I often listened to the good counsel of my parents there, and I have had *such* gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to half its advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it full as well in very winter time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is!" and he sprang from his saddle and ran toward it. I soon overtook him, wondering at his haste; but what met my sight, made it no wonder. Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage.

"What are you doing?"

"What's that to you," was the reply.

"A little matter, but not much—you're not going to cut that tree down surely?"

"Yes, but I am though," said the woodman.

"What for," inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion.

"What for? why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for; this tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house; prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague."

"Who told you that?"

"Dr. Smith."

"Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?"

"Yes, I am getting old, the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn."

He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever and ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighborhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood?

"Why, when it is down about ten dollars."

"Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Then give me a bond to that effect."

I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place, with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the turnpike, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a



strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you. I hope you will like it, and pardon this long and hurried letter. With sentiments of respect,  
I remain yours very cordially,

GEO. P. MORRIS.

HENRY RUSSELL, ESQ.

## THE OAK.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And wouldst't thou hack it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here too my sisters played.  
My mother kiss'd me here;  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

## WATCHFULNESS.

BY J. L. R.

"I SAY unto all: watch." This is the language of Him who "taught as one having authority." In these few words Jesus enjoined a very important duty—a duty binding upon all; for the expression is—I say unto *all*, watch. The source from which this precept comes—the character of him who gave it—his attributes and moral excellency, all combine to give it weight, and claim for it our most serious attention.

Watchfulness pre-supposes some danger—some evil or enemies threatening to injure us. By vigilance, in proper time, against these, we are to avoid the harm that must otherwise come upon us. And as the precept is general—includes "all"—all men must be exposed to dangerous influences and agencies



of a ruinous kind. This is indeed well established by daily observation and experience. The christian especially, but the man of this world also, in his way, both have their trials, their escapes, their darkness and moonlight, when eyes, wide open, are required for a safe passage. The latter—the man of the world—knows indeed nothing of the enemies of the christian; he has no eyes to see them, no disposition to acknowledge them; no heart to fear them. Whatever vigilance he is required to exercise, has reference to his occupation, mode of, or station in life. He may fail in business, may lose his character, without watchfulness in their behalf. The christian, however—and to him is this command, and its extent shows that all ought to be christians—the follower of Jesus has enemies and dangers to guard against, which are altogether peculiar to his high and holy calling. Foes, unknown to this world, threaten him from all directions. Of this he is aware, if awake at all, and therefore his song :

Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes,  
See where thy foes against thee rise;  
In long array, a num'rous host,  
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

The christian's station is a high and noble one. It is an enviable station; at least to the "prince of this world." His work and delight being to devour, his rage is the more excited, when he sees the believer above his reach, calmly "made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Satan is one of the most dangerous enemies of the christian. He is an old enemy; experienced, artful and very active. He is "going about," always busy out of his own realm, and within its bounds, as soon as there is danger of losing a subject. If a soul would escape this enemy, the greatest vigilance must be observed. In his appearance he assumes as many or more forms than he has names. His attacks are always in accordance with his craftiness. As an "angel of light" he is ready to hold out great prospects and make wonderful promises in order to entice and lead astray. So well is he up to his business, that no mortal has escaped from his clutches entirely unharmed; and those not devoured by him are "scarcely saved." "I say unto all, watch!"

The *world* is an enemy of the christian. By this is not meant the earth, nor all on the earth. Many things of, and beings in the world, are necessary and friendly to him. For though a christian, and as such having a

———title clear,  
To mansions in the sky,

his stay for awhile, is confined to this world. The Saviour



prayed not that his disciples should be taken out of this world, but that they might be kept from the evil that is in the world. This evil in the world, such as evil ways, customs, fashions, practices ; in short, the wicked of this world with their wickedness, all this it is, from which the christian's journey is endangered. His work is in this world ; he has to mingle frequently with the children of this world, whose highest aim is enjoyment in time through their senses ; being all the while, low as their position is, vainly puffed up by their fleshy minds. There is great danger of becoming infected by exposure to this unholy atmosphere. The christian must be on his guard. He must have no fellowship, no intimate communion with an evil generation. His company must be chosen from those who are of like principles and aims with himself, looking and seeking together for a city which has foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

The pleasures of this world, trifling and fading as they are, assume frequently such attractive manners, and hold out so much promise, that only a strict observance of the duty of watchfulness can secure the christian from yielding to them and sustaining the most lasting injury. So closely connected with the objects of the world around him by his senses, he must, if he would be safe, be exceedingly suspicious ; not trusting in appearances and in sound, remembering that both may deceive, and often have deceived.

The greatest danger to the christian arises from the deceitfulness of his own heart. His greatest enemy is therefore within himself. Sad experience has convinced him of the truth, that "the heart is deceitful above all things." This enemy is always with him. In the day and at night, at home and abroad, he is exposed to injury from the law of sin, the old man striving for mastery within him. The "traitor in the heart" would always prophesy of good things, promise fair things and speak in smooth words. It is on this account that it is said, "He that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool." "I say unto all, watch." Watch against the danger of self-deception. Be wide awake. If you only slumber you may lose your soul ; if you sleep, you must be devoured. The door will be shut as against the foolish virgins (MATH. XXV.) Let a holy jealous care possess your soul, lest you be led out of the way of life and your path be lost in the wilds of endless night. "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."



## ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED BROTHER.

BY ANN.

To part with friends we love on earth,  
With all the human heart ;  
When severed by the chill of death,  
'Tis sad indeed to part.

Yes, when the fell destroyer comes,  
Still closer to the heart ;  
And tears from us a much loved one,  
'Tis sad indeed to part.

When fondest fam'ly ties are riven,  
Who has not felt the dart,  
Which keenly shoots, as one by one  
Is called from us to part.

O! brother, brother, thou art gone,  
We keenly feel the dart,  
But acquiesce in God's just will—  
Although 'tis sad to part.

And you, dear mother, well I know—  
How grieved you were to part,  
With that belov'd and darling son,  
The first-born of your heart.

Though separated from you here,  
Though distance rends apart ;  
Yet year by year, brought with it still  
The affections of his heart.

Then cease our grief for him that's gone,  
We too must all depart ;  
Let our short span be spent in prayer,  
For a submissive heart.

The grave does not destroy our hope ;  
No! sad were our condition ;  
If cheered not with the happy thought,  
Of Heavenly recognition.

Then, O! if saved in that bright world,  
We all, as with one heart,  
Will cry, 'twas grace that brought us here,  
We never more will part.



## "MAN KNOWETH NOT HIS TIME."—SOLOMON.

BY H. D.

GOD has appointed our bounds which we cannot pass ; yet we are totally ignorant of the day and hour wherein he will send the messenger of death to transmit our immortal spirits from these earthly territories into the eternal world. The day of our death has been concealed from us for wise purposes. How many die quite unexpectedly. The vain man boasts of to-morrow without knowing whether the wheel of time will not be stopped to-day. But who can say To-morrow is also mine ! Art thou, O, man, an omniscient being ? Can thine eye pierce through the thick mists of futurity and trace out the career of thy life ? Canst thou open the unsealed book of coming events and read the history of to-morrow ? No, short-sighted mortal, thou canst not. Life is short, and the day of death is uncertain. We do not know whether we will be called hence in the morning, meridian, or evening of life.

They who are procrastinating their preparation for death unto a future day, would therefore do well to examine the foundation upon which they are building. It is said, To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Yes, it is high time to awake out of sleep to-day, for to-morrow may be the day of our death. And if the cold hand of death be laid upon us before we have finished the work which God has given us to do, we will die without being preserved from eternal death. Therefore we should not boast of to-morrow, but stand daily prepared for our final departure from the shores of mortality.

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CHILDHOOD.

Pictured in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet  
Our infant days, our infant joys, to greet !  
To roam in fancy o'er each cherished scene,  
The village churchyard and the village green,  
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,  
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn shade,  
The whitewashed cottage, where the woodbine grew,  
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew !  
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,  
To view th' unclouded skies of former days.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.]

JULY, 1852.

[No. 7.

## THE PIETY OF WASHINGTON.

“An angel’s arm can’t snatch him from the grave—  
Legions of angels can’t confine him there.”

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

FEW men have been honored like Washington—few statesmen have deserved such honor. He is honored by universal consent, not only in our land, but in all lands. There is no envy at the mention of his name, even in England. He is referred to there with the same reverence as here.

Where is the man who has ascended so high, whom envy has not assailed? Who has ever assailed the name of Washington? Who has spoken against him? Who has ever attempted to take from him his crown?

It is not so with other characters of a world-wide fame. It is not yet decided whether Bonaparte was a blessing or a curse? Books are still written on the controversy whether Cromwell was a good man or a bad man! From Washington down to our time, all our statesmen have been the favorites of one-half the nation, and an abomination in the eyes of the other half! He belonged to neither party.

It is the consent of all that he had the *bad* of neither, and the *good* of both. He was not the party leader of either side, but the *Father* of all. What is the *reason* and *ground* of this universal admiration for this man? It must have some good ground. It is not to be sought in a spirit of *fearless bravery*. Hundreds have come up to him in this aspect.

His greatness is not owing to a studied aim at a brilliant, meteor-like career—after the fashion of Bonaparte. He was rather a quiet man—sober in his aims. He was distinguished for his modesty. He was averse to all display. Not one act of his life can be pointed out in which he encouraged any enthusiasm in his favor.

His greatness was not owing to great *learning*. His educa-



tion was *ordinary*. It was not any profundity in statesmanship. There were others then, and since, whose knowledge of the science of government was more extensive than his. Neither the *Declaration* nor the *Constitution* came from him.

Where, then, do we seek for the reason of his greatness? Where is the charm which has bound the hearts of all men to him?

The tale is soon told! It is to be sought *in the goodness of his heart, and in the purity of his life!* These cast such a beauteous light over his whole life and character. "*The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.*" —Ps. 112: 6."

As this number of the Guardian will reach its readers about the Fourth of July, it may be well at this time to present a short sketch of the religious character of this great man. The more so as it is becoming fashionable in certain quarters to regard religion as an idea left behind the age. Look at many of our statesmen; how little respect do perhaps most of them pay to religion. How few seem concerned to honor that piety which gathers with such delightful savor around the name of Washington. Infidelity and indifference receives no encouragement from the example of the Father of his Country. Happily we are in possession of any quantity of material from which to establish his religious character.

This is not the case with all public men; as for instance Cromwell, Franklin. Why is this so? Is it because *all* public men say or write something which *sounds* like religion—something complimentary to it. But this loses its weight in the absence of that general habit of piety which must run through *all the acts* of life, and give them consistency and harmony, before it can establish a trustworthy religious character. If a reference to God in a *letter, message, or public speech* is religion, then few men are not religious—such passing compliments to religion are fashionable and common, and are more generally in the spirit of Pope's "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

Such is not the evidence we have of Washington's religious character. With him piety was a *habit* of life. It spreads its hallowed light over all his acts. What he said and did was not a mere passing compliment to religion; it sprang, in a living way, from a heart filled with the same spirit.

A Deist may say fine things about God in a general way,—may allude to his providence, and yet have no inward respect or love for the distinctive features of the christian religion. But



the religion of Washington was not religion in *general*, but it was the *christian religion* in particular. He was a believer in religion as it *centers in Christ*; and as it is unfolded, not in nature merely, but in the New Testament. But I am keeping you too long from the proof.

I. He was a *professor of religion*. By this we do not merely mean that he professed to believe in religion, but that he identified himself with it in a personal way. He was a member of the Church—baptized and confirmed. He belonged to the Episcopal Church, which in his youth was the prevailing Church in Virginia. During his retirement at Mount Vernon, after the French War, he took an active part in the congregation to which he belonged, and was several times elected as one of the Consistory.

He also communed at the table of the Lord. What a blessed fact is this! How does it endear his memory to every christian's heart. He did not commune as a matter of mere form, and without attending to the Apostolic injunction, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of this bread and drink of this cup." This is evident from the fact that, generally, during the period of the Revolution, he did not commune. He no doubt felt that it was difficult in those circumstances to make suitable preparation for so solemn a service.

There is, however, one exception. He did commune *once*. And that was under circumstances which does him great credit. During the time that the American Army lay encamped at Morristown, in New Jersey, the holy sacrament was administered in the Presbyterian Church of that place. In the preceding week Washington visited Dr. Jones, the Pastor of the Church, and addressed him thus: "Doctor, I hear that the Supper of our Lord is to be celebrated in your Church next Sabbath; I am desirous of knowing whether it is in accordance with the rules of your Church, to permit members of other Denominations to partake with you?"

"Certainly," replied Dr. Jones, "our communion, dear General is not a Presbyterian communion, but it is the Lord's Supper and hence we invite all disciples of the Lord to join with us, whatever name they may bear."

To this he answered, "I am rejoiced. This is as it should be; but as I was not certain, I thought it best to inquire, as I have made up my mind to partake in the solemnity. Although I am a member of the Episcopal Church, I have no exclusive party spirit." The next Sabbath this great man was seen sitting meekly at the table of the Lord!



Did you hear it skeptic ? Washington communed at the table of the Lord. Did you hear it, non-professor—Washington professed Christ before men ! Did you hear it bigot—Washington communed with those who were not of his denomination.

II. He was a man of *prayer*. The fact that he was a devout attendant upon the holy supper is a guarantee for this. The well-known and oft-reported incident at Valley Forge, attests this. He was there seen at prayer by a Quaker away from the camp, and upon his knees.

He was accustomed to rise before the sun, and to spend till breakfast in private devotions in his study. For the same purpose he set apart one hour in the evening. Mr. Lewis, his nephew, and private secretary, says "that he had accidentally witnessed his private devotions in his study both morning and evening ; that, on these occasions he had seen him in a kneeling posture, with a Bible open before him, and that he believed such to have been his daily practice."

III. He manifested in his whole life and conduct great respect for all the divine laws and institutions.

He had great respect for the *Sabbath*. During his whole life he attended church in the morning of each Sabbath, except when prevented by sickness. The afternoon he spent in his study, and the evening with his family.

He received *no visits* on the Sabbath ; not even while he was President. His adopted daughter, in a letter says : "Sometimes an old and intimate friend called to see us an hour or two ; but visiting and visitors were prohibited for that day."

In the army he insisted strongly that there should be religious service in the camp every day. He protested against the action of the Legislature of Virginia, because they had not appointed a Chaplain for the army during the French War ; and he rested not until it was done. What do our wise men at Washington say to this ?—our own Legislature ? Even when prayer is introduced it seems like casting pearls before—*men* !

He earnestly forbade and reproved *profane swearing* in the army. The following is one of his orders : "Gen. Washington has learned that the men in his regiment are very wicked and profane. He takes this occasion to declare his great displeasure against such immorality, and assures them that if they do not desist from such practices they will be severely punished. The officers are directed, if they shall hear any one curse or swear, to administer to every such offender twenty-five lashes ! For the second offence the punishment shall be increased."

His religious tendency manifested itself early in his youth.



Among his youthful papers, was found a copy of a beautiful Christmas Hymn, commencing thus :

“Assist me, Muse divine, to sing the morn  
On which the Saviour of mankind was born.”

In his thirteenth year he wrote a sett of rules for the regulation of his conduct. One is this : “Always endeavor to keep alive in your bosom that spark of divine fire, called the conscience.” Another is this : “Whenever you speak of God, and his attributes, do it with reverence.”

In his old age, and in his Farewell Address, he says : “Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firm props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with public felicity.”

Have we made good the point that the Father of his Country was a good man—a christian ? If so, we have shown that in him has come to pass what the Bible declares : “The memory of the just is blessed.”

One more incident. On the sunny banks of the Potomac, nine miles below Washington city is Mount Vernon, and there in the side of a little hill is the tomb of Washington. A small arched excavation, with a brick breast-work, overhung with wild vines and careless shrubbery, and an iron-grated door in front, represents the good man’s resting-place. In front of it, toward the south, lies a deep wooded valley. To the left, along the slope of the hill, is a thicket, where the grape-vine and green-brier, creeping upon the wild shrubbery, make many a shaded summer bower. To the north, and around the hill, is the house in which the good man spent the happy days of his retirement. To the east, and far below, the deep blue Potomac rolls by in tranquil glory. Fit scenes are these to embosom the hallowed spot where the Father of his Country slumbers in death.

From all these scenes the visitor turns, in silent reverence, toward the tomb itself. A marble pannel above the door attracts his attention. It has an inscription ! What is it ? “I AM THE RESURRECTION, AND THE LIFE : HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE : AND WHO-SOEVER LIVETH, AND BELIEVETH IN ME, SHALL NEVER DIE.”

Washington lives ! He lives on earth in the hearts of a



great christian people. He lives on high, in the glorious realms of the life everlasting.

So sleeps the brave who sinks to rest  
By all his Country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck his hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands his knell is rung,  
By forms unseen his dirge is sung;  
His honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps his clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

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## MUSIC.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

THE man that hath not music in his soul,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The notions of his spirit are as dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted."

Who does not love sweet music? What heart cannot be touched by the harmony of sweet sounds? It appears to us that there is no such a heart beating in the human breast; and if there be, then surely the Poet's admonition is a proper one—*Let no such heart be trusted.*

Music is a heavenly product. It never sprung up of its own accord, in the soul of man. Not even before his fall; and much less since. It is spiritual in its origin, and like all other blessings and sources of pure and real enjoyment, it has come from above. It was at the Earth's formation that sweet voices greeted its appearance, and rang over its wide plains. For then it was, that "the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy." We have no reasons to doubt but that our first parents praised God with their lips, and worshipped Him in songs of sacred melody. But the disposition



so to do was, like the origin of their sacrifices—*divine*; and was kindled upon the altar of their hearts, by a spark descending from the heavenly sanctuary.

But this precious legacy, like all God's gifts to man, has felt the effects of sin. It has been turned out of its proper channel. And while some despise and wholly neglect its use, others prostitute it to the amusement simply of their giddy minds, or the gratification of their hearts' lusts. How often has the power of music over the human mind, in every age of the world, been employed to turn away the soul from all that is holy, and to promote the darkest interests of hell! The hand has been employed in beating marches on the battle-field of an unholy ambition; or the lips have been engaged in singing impure songs at a drunken banquet!

Over this we should mourn. But still we may rejoice that, through grace, this heavenly gift may be wrested from the hold of the God of this world, and tuned again to divine praises. We may bring ourselves under its influence in our distress, and it will, measurable at least, alleviate our sorrows. Dull care may be driven from our hearts. In the leisure moments of our lives, we may find in music a pleasant companion, and a healthy and cheerful entertainment. In our families it acts as a charm, cheering the weary laborer, comforting the afflicted, and casting a pleasant freshness over domestic life. And in the Church, how sweet and soul-elevating are the songs of Zion. They raise our souls to heaven. They breathe into the mind a holy devotion, and melt the heart into sacred love and tenderness.

But let us pursue this subject a little more definitely, and consider for the present, MUSIC AS AN INDIVIDUAL ENTERTAINMENT AND ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Man wants recreation. The human mind cannot always be on the stretch of study, nor the human body in the track of toil. Whenever this is the case, either the mind or the body must suffer, and the individual become a wreck to his own folly. It is necessary for us to have our moments of rest and social pastime, in which we can turn aside from the severer and more prostrating duties of life, and gather strength and repose, and thus fit ourselves for a renewal of our labors.

We need, also, a *change* in our experience and engagements in life. Our labors generally have more or less a sameness about them, and they thus become dull and dreary, and the mind longs often for an hour's release. The same is true in regard to the employment of the mind. And though we may love study, and pursue it with delight, still the mind needs its



times of recreation and the spirits their joyous moments of relief, and this holds with special force, in the case of the young. Here the bow cannot always be bent. The youthful body is always growing, and should have exercise, and the youthful mind is stirring and should have amusement and entertainment. And there is one thing certain, that if the guardians of youth do not secure unto them such sources of entertainment and enjoyment as their natures demand, they will seek out instruments of this kind for themselves, even though these be not safe and judicious. Here we think parents and the church are often in a great error. We speak out severely against the fashionable amusements—ball-rooms, theatres, card-parties, and spree of all kinds, and there is no doubt that we do right. These are all doubtful and dangerous places for our youth. But is it not to be feared that we are simply one-sided in this respect; and while we demand, at the hands of our youth, an entire avoidance of such places and entertainments, we there stop. We give them nothing in place of these, but expect them to stay at home and be quiet; and as it were, put an old man's head upon a young man's shoulders. This is all wrong. We should provide our youth with proper and safe sources of entertainment and enjoyment. We should secure them sufficient time, amid their studies and their toils, to use these; and we should encourage them in this use. If this were more generally the case, we would find a less demand upon their part, for the unhealthy excitements of the bottle, the bar-room, and other destructive enticements.

Music, whether vocal or instrumental, is just such an entertainment as will suit the human mind and body, in its times of languor and want of pleasurable exercise. Perhaps no entertainment equals it in this respect. Hence it has been the resort of men in all times as a most agreeable pastime. "Music," says Aristides, "is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction." Another says, "Music produces like effects on the mind, as medicine upon the body." Homer says, "Achilles was taught music in order to moderate his passions." Milton says, "If wise men are not such, music has a great power over the dispositions to make them gentle." Martin Luther was deeply affected by music. One day two of his friends, on visiting him, found him in deep despondency, and prostrate on the floor. They struck up one of the solemn and beautiful tunes which the Reformer loved—his melancholy fled—he rose and joined his friends in the tune, adding—"The Devil hates good music." Luther was also a warm advocate



for making music a leading part in the education of the young, and actually prepared a hymn book, with music for schools.

Music, then, recommends itself to all youth as a most dignified and admirable source of entertainment and accomplishment. It has a wonderful soothing influence upon the mind and heart. Are you weary and worn out with the toils of the day? Then go and sit down behind some instrument of music, and bathe your heart in its sweet sounds, and you will find rest. Are your ears stunned with the buzz of business and the wheels of mammon? Learn to tune your lips in song, and this will be like a charm to drive dull care from your head and heart.

Relaxation you must have; try this, it will be amusement with dignity, and pleasure with profit. Does the Tempter try you?—remember the resort of Luther: “The Devil hates good music.” David played before Saul, and the evil spirit forsook him. Let every youth endeavor to cultivate his or her voice in singing, or their hands in the use of instruments. Let our leisure evenings be devoted to the social concert, or in the retired enjoyments of our own homes. Let us early bring ourselves under the influence of sweet sounds, and sacred songs; and those tough knots in human character, which often disfigure the race, will be strangers to us. Our hearts will be kept soft by the oil of tender melody. We will be cheerful in our duties, and affable and kind in manner one toward another. That snappish, cur-like tone of voice with which one churl answers another, will have no sympathy with us. For the heart being under the control of music, will give expression and direction to the whole man. The eye will be mild and placid. The voice will be tender and affectionate, and the whole disposition serene and cheerful. This is the happy effect of music on the individual character.

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## PARLOR PERIODICALS.

WHEN the Senior Editor of the Guardian, some time since, gave his views on the subject of our “Magazine Literature,” I considered his strictures, though in the main correct, as rather too sweeping and severe. But since reading an article on the same subject in the Democratic Review, a well conducted political journal, published in New York, I have come to the conclusion that the article referred to was not any too severe, but simply uttered the language of soberness and truth. It is a well known fact that in many families where novels have been



discarded, Godey, Graham and Sartain, find free admittance. But it would puzzle any man to show how the latter are less injurious than the former. The fact is these Magazines are mainly made up of novels, and that too, not of the best class. My object is to introduce to the readers of the Guardian, some extracts from the article in the Democratic Review, styled "*Parlor Periodicals.*"

In the first place the writer notices the Prospectuses of several Magazines, as well as the flattering encomiums which have been lavished upon them by the Press. Here is an extract from the Prospectus of Godey: "Godey's Lady's Book! Literary and Pictorial. The Book of the Nation and Arts Union of America!! This work is conducted at an annual expense of over \$100,000, paid writers, artists, mechanics and the women of our country, &c." Then follow a few puffs—"No man, woman or child can read Godey's Lady's Book without feeling ennobled and improved."—"The utmost that Art in its highest perfection can do is now lavished upon this work."—"For the sake of the future happiness of our kind, we wish every female reader in Canada was a reader of Godey's Lady's Book."—"A lady's parlor cannot be ornamented more richly than by the 'Lady's Book.' In fact, no parlor is complete without it."

The proprietor of Graham appears to be equally well satisfied with his enterprise. Listen to the Prospectus: "*The well established character of Graham's Magazine, as the leading American Monthly, renders it unnecessary to set forth its merits in each recurring Prospectus.* It has won its way, after years of success, to the front rank among its rivals, and is now universally conceded to be the best American Magazine."

The Reviewer then proceeds to say: "The Prospectus of Sartain's Magazine differs very little from the above, and we presume that our readers have already had enough of such fulsome self-gratulations, and have begun to feel apprehensive lest a body of mortal publishers may not be able in the prosecution of their designs to come up to the lofty and high-sounding phrase of their manifestos; or, in other words, that Messrs. Godey, Graham and Sartain, may not, after all, be able to perform all they promise."

"Such apprehensions are not groundless. The literary character of these Magazines, in the first place, is of a very unequal nature—more often below par than above. In the prospectus of each periodical, we are assured of the constant contributions of such writers as Longfellow, Hawthorne and Irving; but if we are sufficiently credulous to believe that we shall often



have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with these authors in the pages of 'Graham' or 'Godey,' we shall be sadly disappointed. But instead of the masculine articles which we might expect from sources like these, we are treated with a dish of literature for which we can devise no name, and from which sensible men turn away in disgust, wondering that anything so inferior can commend itself, or be recommended, to the notice of sensible women. Stories of fashionable life, the most insipid of theme, dilute, emasculate, and robbed of what point they might otherwise possess by the constant and strained endeavors of their authors to keep within certain limits prescribed by false notions of delicacy—stories in which the heroines are angels, men either Adonises or Calibans, life always a ball-room, in which flirtations and marriages are represented as the great ends of existence—this is not the kind of literature to improve us in taste, morals or manners—to furnish our minds with satisfying pabulum, or to lead us to a just appreciation of what is good or bad in books and society."

To show the truth of these statements a few extracts are introduced. First comes a specimen of Magazine Philosophy. "Thought, reasoning, perception and reflection are the product of the understanding alone. Now none of these have anything of impulsiveness, propensity or desire, properly so called, in their nature; only the qualities which they have can be increased by their own exertion, and they cannot become impulsive, or involuntary or ungovernable by any possible enhancement; for this would change their nature, which cannot be done, for another reason beside the incompetency of the cause in operation—a reason that lies back of it in the constitution of things."

"Next some specimens of fine writing are introduced which composes the mass of the productions which appear in these Monthlies.—'Evening, and in the wane of the glorious summer time. Was it the deep repose of the hour—the beauty of the sunset or the voice of universal nature calling to her children that induced sweet Ora Cameron to abandon her usual ride, and taking the advantage of the freedom she enjoyed, walk abroad alone? We cannot say; it might have been.'—

"Here the reader very naturally inquires which it might have been. But the author of the above brilliant piece of sublimity seems unable to give the requisite information. One other extract must satisfy us:"

"A figure of medium height, but whose perfect symmetry and finely developed proportions made it appear somewhat taller;



and whose gracefully voluptuous contour well became the drapery of snow brocaded satin which fell around it in heavy waves of silver. Features of chiseled alabaster, and a cheek over which no truant tint was even seen to wander, were yet softened, humanized, as it were, by the shadow of a fading smile which lingered round the curling lip, and dreamed far down in the liquid depths of those unfathomable eyes. Long heavy ringlets which might shame the raven's lustrous hue, shaded a haughty brow, and almost concealed the ivory shoulders and slender waist round which they floated; while the whole expression—form, face and costume—was what the Queen of winter might have envied, so coldly proud, and proudly radiant.'

"But we must positively break off here," the reviewer goes on to say. "We cannot encourage any intimacy with young ladies of such a prepossessing appearance and accommodating disposition as are displayed by the lovely Glendora; and we are afraid that if our readers should hold further converse with such sublimated literature as the above, their tastes would become far too delicate to endure the homely repast for which we are soliciting their present favor.

"But speaking soberly, for what earthly purpose is all this trash written? What motives have publishers in buying it, and what hours can be spared even by the most vacant minds in reading it? Is there no market for sensible and intelligible writing, that men and women must devote themselves to the composition of such ridiculous nonsense? Is it, indeed, true, that periodicals filled with these extravagant perversions of literature shall number, each its seventy-five or one hundred thousand subscribers, shall be regularly taken and read year after year by well informed families, shall be suffered to form the literary taste of our young men, and to a greater extent of our women; and shall, heaven save the mark! be puffed by their proprietors, and quoted by the public press as the '*organs of American intellect*,' and the '*exponents of our national taste*?' Are we to be ever insulted by such pretensions, and are our remonstrance to be always silenced, by the overwhelming arguments furnished by press notices, and mammoth subscription lists? Is there no prospect that any thing better can succeed in finding readers, or in maintaining a creditable existence by the side of these unworthy periodicals? Are we to believe that these magazines are never to be called on to reform? that diminishing subscription lists will never be a cause of frightening them into propriety; that good authors will never contribute to their pages but from sheer necessity of selling their manuscripts somewhere;



and shall always mention with a blush the companionship into which they are thus thrown; and that through their instrumentality a host of bad writers will never cease parading themselves before the public, pocketing both their praise and their money to the exclusion of more deserving men, whose only fault lies in the possession of good sense, and in the lack of mendacious assurance?" \* \* \* \* \*

"The feature of embellishments, especially as displayed in the Philadelphia monthlies, is as ludicrous as it is mortifying to our notions of what is fit and proper. No one, of course, ever finds fault with well-executed engravings of suitable subjects, whether they are portraits, landscapes, or the suggestions of a well-ordered fancy. Nor are we prepared to say that such embellishments would be out of place in the majority of periodicals, although they should always be very sparingly employed. At all events, wherever they are used they should be executed in the very best style, and should harmonize with the text which they accompany. Nothing else, we submit, can be tolerated. As for fashion plates, when bound between the covers of a periodical, they are simply ridiculous. The man has yet to live who shall discover the connection between fashion and literature. If the publisher of a periodical finds it necessary to acquaint his lady readers with the style of a new head-dress, or with some recent and important discovery in the art of tying a riband, good taste would not prohibit him from printing his information on a separate sheet, with suitable illustrations, and including it in the same wrapper with his magazine. But we leave it with our readers to determine, if a fashion plate is not always an obnoxious intruder among the leaves of a periodical; and if his ideas of harmony and fitness do not always receive a severe shock when he encounters upon the next page to some pleasing literary effort—and pleasing literary efforts *are* sometimes found in company with fashion plates—the stiff, doll-eyed, wooden figures of the latest mode, bringing him down at once from any higher emotions to which he may have been raised to the contemplation of such ineffable trifles as accompany descriptions of cape, corset, or something else of the kind?

"But their fashion plates are the chief glory of the Philadelphia magazines. Graham promises to eclipse Godey in the accuracy of his millinery details; and Sartain assures us, that in faithful engravings and descriptions, he will leave both the rivals infinitely in the shade. And so, from a very obstreperous ambition, each of these publishers interlards his magazine with bad cuts and worse letter-press, of which the sole argument is



tape, lace, riband and silk, all merged in the comprehensive title of fashion. It never has been our lot to meet with one of these cuts that was not intensely vulgar, and we have often remarked them as being indecently and shamefully loose. If any of our readers wish to see fashion plates meriting, beyond all others, the epithets of mean and common, they have only to look at the first pages of "Graham" and "Godey," for January, 1852. That of Godey is especially despicable.

"Then, too, the 'magnificent engravings that adorn our monthly issues,' exclaims one of these Philadelphia publishers. 'Do we not encourage Art by causing so many engravings to be printed? And is not our intention really meritorious?' We must reply by a negative."

"It is necessary, of course, that Mr. Godey or Mr. Sartain should print every month as many steel and wood engravings as either of their rivals. In each magazine accordingly, there appear, monthly, three or four steel plates, and a greater or less number of wood cuts. Now, although the receipts of our Philadelphia friends are by no means small, they are not large enough to warrant the monthly execution of so many first-rate engravings as their present number of poor ones. A really good engraving would cost "Graham" more than all the engravings in any one number of that periodical yet published; and two or three such would effectually absorb all its profit. And as each periodical is obliged to publish three or four every month, it falls back on second-rate designs, second-rate artists, and often-er than it would like to confess, on second-hand plates. The same picture too is often called on to do a double or a three-fold duty. Thus we have seen a plate, entitled the "Young Bride," metamorphosed, in the course of a month or two, into the "Young Mother," and again appearing as the "Soldier's Widow." "Filial Constancy" will sometimes re-appear as "Maternal Devotion;" the "Roman Soldier" has been known to change his colors and become a "Knight Templar;" and the same figure has been successively a "Mary," a Madonna" and a "Saint Cecilia."

But our extracts from this somewhat caustic reviewer, have gone beyond our proper limits. Certainly it would appear that more harm is done by these magazines than good. If they do nothing else, they inculcate a false taste, and thus prevent persons from relishing more sober and useful kinds of writing. Who that has been satiated with "Godey," "Graham" or "Sartain," will afterwards relish more substantial literature—history, biography, or the more elevated kinds of poetry, to say



nothing of works of Science and Religion? Is it not to be feared that the time which should be occupied in reading God's word, and other books, is frequently employed in reading such as appears in "Godey," "Graham" or "Sartain." I believe it is generally considered that our age is in advance of every other age, in intelligence, learning, &c. And in proof of this appeal is made to the great increase in our periodical literature within the last half century. I would not deny that there has been a considerable advance in intelligence, but I doubt very much whether this advance has been at all proportionate to the increase in Books and Periodicals. What has been gained in extension has been lost in depth and value. How much of such stuff as we find dished up for the readers of "Godey," "Sartain," &c., would it take to make a man a whit more intelligent than if he had never seen a magazine of this class? A man might read a volume of such "literature" every week, or every day, if you please, and know but little more that is worth knowing at the end of the year than at its beginning. A few books of the right sort, well studied, are worth more for cultivating the mind, than any quantity of bad or indifferent books conned over in a state of mind between sleeping and waking. We frequently find these magazines in families where we should least expect it—in families professing to be Christians. Where this is the case, is it any wonder that the children of pious parents should become vain, idle and extravagant. As the seed is, which is sown, so will the harvest be. S.

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### WRITTEN FOR LIZZIE.

ONE, methinks—of tender age—  
Glancing o'er this printed page,  
Will discern a promise here,  
Hasty made and yet sincere;  
Now, tho' somewhat after time,  
Cleverly discharged in rhyme.

And, as I do chiefly write  
For this little merry sprite,  
She will surely here discern  
And a lesson meekly learn—  
Learn how freely Jesus loves,  
And each humble soul approves!

He, by angel bands on high  
Praised beyond the vaulted sky,  
In himself supremely bless'd  
And of every joy possessed,  
Leaves the shining seats above,  
And descends on wings of love!

When on Earth he lived and moved,  
Christ "the little children" loved—  
Did the tender lambs embrace  
And on them bestow his grace;  
Now he pleads for them above  
High in yonder world of love!

Like the Saviour, mild and meek,  
Children should his blessing seek—  
Love their little playmates dear  
And each sinful action fear;  
Jesus will their helper prove  
Full of mercy, full of love!

Cheerful, loving, brisk and gay,  
Children should devoutly pray—  
Bend the knee, and lift the eye  
Up to Him who rules on high;  
Thus, in humble faith adore  
Christ, who loves us evermore! x. y. z.



## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

No. 6.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

“And learn the luxury of doing good.”

There is a luxury in doing good. To a mind awake to fine sentiments, and a heart alive with fine feelings, there is a great pleasure in relieving the wants and woes of our fellow beings, and in making them happy. We are sympathetic creatures. We feel each other's pains; we rejoice in each other's peace, and weep at each other's sorrows. This, at least, is our nature; and man must be far gone in crime, and decry his nature lamentably, if he is not thus in practice.

And what man is it, who has acted out his nature in this respect, and has not found a delight in so doing? Who is it that has fed the hungry, or clothed the naked, or sheltered the perishing without his reward? There is an inward sense of complacency attending all such acts of kindness, which amply repays the good man. In the tear of joy, which sparkles like a dew drop in the eye of the relieved, or in the smile of gratitude which takes the place in the poor man's cheek, the doer-of-good finds often a rich return for all his alms given or his kindness shown. The experience of the Patriarch Job, was this precisely, “When the ear heard me,” says he, “then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy!”

We have many noble instances of charity and good, doing in the history of our race. Instances in which men have descended from the higher walks of life, and laying aside their personal tastes and peculiarities, they have only consulted the welfare of their miserable and wretched fellow men. They have even denied themselves many of the privileges and enjoyments of this life, and have expended their fortunes and their health, in visiting the abodes of wretchedness and in relieving the wants and sufferings of their dying inmates. The name of John Howard was deeply impressed upon the memory of hundreds of poor prisoners, rotting in the dungeons and prison cells of the old world. And as long as our language lives, and there



is a heart to appreciate acts of kindness and love, his name will not be forgotten.

He was a man of considerable fortune, and had laid out before him the road to increased wealth and distinction. But instead of pursuing these, he turns aside to hunt out the unfortunate inmates of prisons and poor-houses, there to expend his money and his strength in their comfort and relief. And many a broken heart did he bind up; and many a starving wretch did he feed; and many a galled and mangled limb, torn by its chains and cords, did he heal by the oil of his kindness and care.

There is another instance of doing good to which we wish to have special reference in this scrap. It is a *living* instance; and perhaps while we now write, is shedding some of its blessings around it. The person to whom we refer is Thomas Wright, of Manchester, England. He is a worn but not weary man, of sixty-three. He is a poor mechanic, who has, for forty-seven years, been earning his bread, and that of a large family, in an iron foundry. His daily work commences at 5 o'clock in the morning, and continues until 6 in the evening, thus employing the whole day in toil. His income never has attained to \$600 a year—a sum, one should suppose, scarcely sufficient to rear in decency and comfort, nineteen children and a portion of grandchildren. Yet this it does, and still more.

A man so industrious and laborious, and leading in his own home, an exemplary and pious life, might be entitled to go to his bed, one might think, and rest in peace between these days of industry and natural fatigue. For what else would a man do in the little leisure left by so much unremitting work? But hear it and wonder! Poor as he is, and toiling as he does, a modest man of humble origin, with no power in the world to help but his own unyielding will, Thomas Wright has found means, in his little intervals of leisure, to lead back from the thorny paths of vice and crime, three hundred convicted criminals to virtue and industry. He has been instrumental in wiping the blot of their former recklessness from their names, and the blight from their prospects, and in placing them in comfortable homes, supported by an honest livelihood.

Fourteen years ago Mr. Wright visited, one Sunday, the prison, at Manchester, and took an interest in what he saw. He knew well, that with the stain of a jail upon his skirts, the unhappy prisoner, after his release, would seek in vain for employment. He knew that society as it is now, in many instances, selfish and suspicious, would shut her doors upon him, and compel him, either to starve or go again and *steal*. With the mark



of his former dishonesty upon him, men would button up their pockets when he plead for a second trial of his honesty, and leave him helpless. Then it was that this second Howard, though poor and obscure, resolved in his own tender heart, that he would stretch out his arm towards the poor outcast; that he would visit the prisons, and become a friend to him who had no helper.

Thus his work began. Thus earnest and humble, yet like many other earnest and humble efforts, with the blessings of God upon it; and in this way, during the last fourteen years, working in the leisure of a twelve hour's daily toil, restored hundreds of the most wretched of mankind, to peace and prosperity. He has sent husbands humble and repenting to their wives. He has made the widowed mother's heart leap for joy, in the return of her subdued and prodigal son. He has filled the school with poor children, turned out before to beg, or learn *too, to steal*. He has brought the wanderer to the fold of God, and set him down in her seats, clothed in clean garments and his right mind; with the tear of penitence in his eye, and the note of praise upon his lip! Without running himself in debt, or neglecting his daily toil, he has supported his large family on his small income, and yet, saved enough besides to give a garment to the needy, and a bit of money to again start an outcast in society. When leaving the prison, he takes the unfortunate man by the hand, speaks words of kindness in his ear, notes of encouragement to his heart, and leads him to some employer, which his care and interest has anticipated and found out. And when none such can be found, he intercedes with *his own* employer to receive the outcast and give him work; pledging his word, at the same time, for their good conduct.

And are these any evidences of the good results of such attention and kindness? In other words, *can* the outcast be restored, and he that has stolen, and thus disgraced himself by imprisonment, be taught to steal no more? Let the sequel speak. Mr. Wright, though humble and quiet in his spirit and operations, had no disposition to noise his deeds abroad. He was content with simply doing good, whether men generally knew it or not. Hence he unobservedly, as he supposed, moved on in the even tenor of his way, strewing his blessings around him, spending daylight in toil and duty, and his evenings and Sabbaths in his favorite employ of doing good.

But the "stones" themselves "cried out!" Those that felt the benefit of his kindness *must* speak. Others, also, in society, witnessing the unostentatious movements of this good man, bore testimony to his charity and praiseworthy deeds. They give him



their countenances—they open to him their purses, and aid him by their means to carry on his plans. Those whom he has delivered too, speak out in plain words. Hear one:

“Five years ago I was,” owns one of these men, “in prison, convicted of felony, and sentenced to four months’ imprisonment. When I was discharged from prison, I could get no employment. I went to my old employer to ask him to take me again. He said I need not apply to him, for if he could get me transported, he would. So I could get no work until I met with Mr. Wright, who got me employed in a place, where I remained some time, and have been in employment ever since. I am now engaged as a screw-cutter—a business I was obliged to learn—and am earning nineteen shillings and two pence a week. I have a wife and four children, and but for Mr. Wright, I should have been a lost man.”

Another, after telling his career, adds, “I am now, consequently, in very comfortable circumstances; I am more comfortable now than ever I was in my life. I wish every poor man was as comfortable as I am. I am free from tippling, and cursing, and swearing. I have peace of mind, and no quarreling at home as there used to be. I dare say I was as wicked a man as any in Manchester. I thought if I could once get settled under such a gentleman as Mr. Wright I would not abuse my opportunity, and all I expected I have received. I have Bibles, hymn-book, prayer-book, and tracts; and these things I never had in my house, since I have been married, before. My wife is delighted; my boys and girls go to school.”

This is a glimpse at the character and unostentatious benevolence of Thomas Wright; and how worthy, I may add, of notice and general imitation. Would that there were more like him in society. Society would wear another aspect; where misery now reigns, happiness would abound; prostrated humanity would look up once more and see a brighter day. Poor, wretched men, cast out, by their crimes, from all decent and social intercourse, instead of being cast off forever with the mark of Cain upon them, would be made to hope and again live and do well. All might not be thus reached, but some, at least, might; and if but one in a hundred would be gathered back again into the bosom of the family, society, and the church, we might well rejoice.

But two things are forever determined and set at rest in the conduct of this good and noble man.

I. Men need not be rich and noble by birth; or very learned and prominent in order to be very useful. Mr. Wright was poor, and yet his poverty did not interfere with his great and glorious work of reforming the outcast and miserable prisoner. He adapted his plans to his abilities. He knew he could speak and think,



and that was enough for him. Hence he went forth, showing sympathy, inquiring in the condition and circumstances of those in whom he was interested; learning the period of their confinement, and in the mean time making provisions for their employment as soon as they would be thrust out of prison. Thus, at the prison gate, there was a hand to receive and take hold of them. There was a heart to feel for them, as a mind to counsel and advise them; and thus hundreds were saved, who otherwise would have been driven into a repetition of their crimes, and carried back again into servitude and bondage. While the rich, then, and the haughty pets of Manchester society were eating and drinking and making merry, and in their hearts despising these outcasts; while, too, even professedly good men were afraid to open their workshops and receive them to labor and confide in, poor Wright, conscious that he was right, plead in their behalf—wept in their behalf, and pledged his word in their behalf, until he saw the desire of his heart accomplished.

II. *Very bad men may be reclaimed.* This is also proved by Wright. Would he have thought like many, that culprits are lost forever; that when a man once goes to prison, he is beyond all redemption; that the best way for society to treat such creatures is to lock her doors, and cry "Get out you rascal," those three hundred unfortunate men, whose reclamation he completed, might now be still in prison or in hell! But no! Wright felt, and felt correctly too, that the worst heart is vulnerable, at least in one point. And if we are careful to touch that point we may do much; and hence he persevered. And now we say, may he still live to bless mankind, and at last go down to his grave in peace, with the sweet prospect of hearing, beyond its confines, the welcome announcement, "Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." And let us go and do likewise.

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## NATURE'S INSTRUCTIVE CHARMS.

O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!  
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
 The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;  
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of even,  
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,  
 O, how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?



## THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

HONORED be woman ! she beams on the sight,  
Graceful and fair like a being of light ;  
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,  
Roses of bliss on our thorn covered ways ;  
Roses of Paradise sent from above,  
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man on passion's stormy ocean,  
Tossed by surges mountain high,  
Courts the hurricane's commotion,  
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.  
Loud the tempest roars around him,  
Louder still it roars within,  
Flashing lights of hope confound him,  
Stunn'd with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,  
To cease from his toil, and be happy awhile ;  
Whispering wooingly—come to my bower—  
Go not in search of the phantom of power—  
Honor and wealth are allusory—come !  
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man with fury stern and savage,  
Persecutes his brother man,  
Reckless if he bless or ravage,  
Action, action—still his plan.  
Now creating—now destroying ;  
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast,  
Ever seeking, ne'er enjoying ;  
Still to be but never blessed.

Woman contented in silent repose,  
Enjoys in its beauty, life's flower as it blows,  
And waters and tends it with innocent heart ;  
Far richer than man, with his treasure of art ;  
And wiser, by far, in the circles confined,  
Than he, with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,  
Man disdains the gentle arts,  
Knoweth not the bliss arising  
From the interchange of hearts ;



Slowly through his bosom stealing,  
Flows the genial current on,  
Till by age's frost congealing,  
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp, that instinctively rings  
As the night breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,  
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,  
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try:  
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,  
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of man's dominions,  
Terror is the ruling word—  
And the standard of opinion  
Is the tempest of the sword.  
Strife exalts, and pity blushing,  
From the scene departing flies,  
Where to battle madly rushing,  
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—  
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul,  
When she glances around in the light of her smile,  
The war of thy passions is hushed for awhile;  
And discord, content from his fury to cease,  
Reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.

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## DID YOU PROMISE TO OBEY?

THIS question is frequently asked of the bride, immediately after the interesting ceremony is over. Discussions, half in sport, are frequently held upon this question of obedience. We think we never saw it more scripturally exhibited, and more sensibly, too, than in the following quaint lines. It is said that the Rev. Charles Wesley is the author of them. In our opinion the question of obedience ought never to be put to a practical test.

“Not from his *head* was woman took,  
As made her husband to o'erlook;  
Not from his *feet* as one designed  
The footstool of the stronger kind;  
But fashioned, for himself, a bride,  
An equal, taken from his *side*—  
Her place intended to maintain,  
The mate and glory of the man;  
To rest as still beneath his arm,  
Protected by her lord from harm,  
And never from his heart removed,  
And only less than God beloved.”



## "NIGH UNTO CURSING."

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

WHAT is nigh unto cursing? That part of the earth—that field which "drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it," but beareth only "thorns and briars."

But does God here speak only of barren fields, and nothing more? Verily, no. These fields are like something else—like a class of persons, whose character and fate he designs, by this allusion to a well-watered but barren field, to set more clearly, and more impressively before our eyes.

The rain, which cometh oft upon this field, is to represent to us the kind and gracious influences which distil from heaven upon impenitent and unfruitful hearts, in order to make them fruitful.

The field which, under these gentle and reviving showers, bringeth forth only briars and thorns, represents to us the sinful and destructive fruits which unregenerate hearts produce, even under these gracious influences from heaven. This field being "nigh unto the cursing" on account of its continued barrenness, represents to us the great danger of being finally cursed, which is nigh unto all who remain impenitent under all that heaven has done to soften their hearts by its rich showers of regenerating and sanctifying grace.

A more striking figure could not be used to set forth God's care and man's carelessness—God's goodness to sinners, and their mad insensibility under it, their consequent danger, and the entire justness of that sentence which gives them over to a hopeless curse! There is the field, created of God to give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; it is cleared, ploughed, fenced and sown. It is warmed by the sun and softened by the showers. Now the husbandman waits, in hope that abundant fruit shall in due time reward his labors. But see! instead of wheat, it has tares, and instead of a sheaf, a bundle of thorns. The husbandman is disappointed and grieved; but he tries it another year—and still another year! but the result is still the same. It is nigh unto cursing! He withdraws his care from it. He takes away the fence. He suffers the thorns and briars to take free and entire possession of it; and gives it over as a lair for wild beasts and all kinds of fearful reptiles. The husbandman never looks at it but with indignation. The traveller shakes his head in passing, and mutters unto himself, "nigh unto cursing!" On account of the venomous and hateful things which it shelters, no one who loves his life draws nigh to it.



Is not this a graphic picture of continued impenitency under the gracious cultivation of heaven, and of the fearful doom to which it leads? Need we trace out the parallel? Here is the antitype of such a field, in every impenitent heart. God created it for his glory, that it might bring forth praise to his excellent name. He has hedged that heart with mercies. He has sown into it plentifully his pure word, and watered it with the blood of his Son. The Spirit, like a south wind, has breathed upon it, and God has waited that it might bring forth fruit. But see! it has brought forth thorns and briars—it has brought forth neglect of God, obduracy of heart, and continued impenitency. This too, year after year.

God is grieved, and he gradually withdraws his gracious care, saying—"nigh unto cursing!" Angels, who were waiting to rejoice over its fruitfulness, retire; saying, "nigh unto cursing." All the good on earth who labored and prayed over the barren waste for years, hang down their heads in sorrow, and say "nigh unto cursing." The heart of the impenitent itself, suddenly affrighted by a view of its own dreary desolations, moans forth in notes of despair—"nigh unto cursing!" All hell claps its hands in triumph, and there rings the doleful dirge of a lost soul through the caverns of perdition—"nigh unto cursing?"

Oh! see to it quickly, you whom this picture concerns. Let no time be lost.

"Stay not! stay not for to morrow's sun!"

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## THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon and the physician, strange as it may appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All



that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, that I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands; you know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe,—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest, Deacon and Doctor, as authority. "They thought themselves safe under such teachers."

"But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin—I tried to ward off the blow I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The Minister said that the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon (who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills,) sold them the poison; the Doctor said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into a snare, and they could not escape; and one after another was conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run; I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home, your poor-house, to warn you all; to warn you, Deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to the utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed:

"I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God; I shall meet you there, false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable female vanished, a dead silence pervaded the assembly; the Priest, Deacon and Physician, hung their heads, and when the President of the meeting put the question,

"Shall any License be granted for the sale of Spirituous Liquors?" the response was unanimous; NO!"



## THE SKELETON HAND.

Rap, tap! rap, tap! at the door of the heart;  
 Rap, tap, with a loud demand!  
 Oh who is it raps at the door of the heart,  
 Crying, matter and spirit shall surely part,  
 The one to the dust, for dust thou art,  
 The rest to the spirit land?  
 'Tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without,  
 With a bony arm and a knuckle stout,—  
 'Tis I of the Skeleton Hand!

Rap, tap! rap, tap!—I have startled thee up  
 From the midst of a misty dream!  
 Rap, tap! rap, tap!—I have startled thee up  
 When thy lips were fresh from thy deadly cup  
 And thy curses grew louder at every sup,  
 And thy orbs in a frenzy gleam'd,  
 For 'tis I, 'tis I, who knocketh without,  
 With a bony arm and a knuckle stout--  
 'Tis I of the Sickle Keen!

Rap, tap! rap, tap! on the bony walls!  
 What, ho! Art ready within?  
 Rap, tap! rap, tap! on the bony walls!—  
 Rap, tap! rap, tap! Still louder it falls!  
 I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls--  
 Thou hast made them a den of sin!  
 Make ready! Make ready! 'Tis I without,  
 With a bony arm and a knuckle stout--  
 'Tis I of the Skeleton Grin!

Rap, tap! rap, tap!--But a voice of prayer  
 Gushed forth from the sinful wight.  
 Rap, tap! rap, tap!--A voice of prayer  
 Went trembling upward, to spare--oh! spare  
 For another year--a year to prepare  
 For the regions of glory and light!--  
 A year to prepare for him without,  
 With the skeleton arm and the knuckle stout--  
 For him with the breath of blight.

Rap, tap--no more! The year is given--  
 A year of neglect and crime.  
 Rap, tap--no more. A year is given  
 To fight in the fields where the righteous have striv'n  
 For their spotless robes and a home in heaven.  
 But alas! how fleeting is time!  
 'Tis past--and again is heard without  
 The bony arm and the knuckle stout,  
 Like a wild and deathly chime!

Rap, tap! rap, tap! on the bony walls!  
 What, ho! Art ready within?  
 Rap, tap! rap, tap! on the bony walls--  
 Rap, tap! rap, tap! Like thunder it falls!!  
 I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls,  
 Thou monster of falsehood and sin!  
 In a tumult of horror the spirit went out  
 O'er Avernus, with him of the knuckle stout!  
 With him of the Skeleton Grin!!!



## WE DO NOT KNOW HOW WE SHALL DIE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

THAT man's mortal life is transitory, is a truth which no rational being will attempt to deny. For none are ignorant of the fact, that this tabernacle of clay will be dissolved. We know that this earth is not our permanent abode ; that we are fast hastening to the house appointed for all the living, and to our eternal reward.

Yet we are totally ignorant in regard to the kind of death we may be called upon to die. Various are the ways in which death comes, and various are the aspects which it presents. We do not know whether we will be laid upon a bed of sickness, where many days of excruciating pain, and dreary nights will be appointed unto us. We do not know whether we will be permitted to have a death-bed or not. Whether perhaps our mind will be bewildered in the day of our death, so that we cannot fix our thoughts upon God and heavenly things. Many have lain for a number of years upon a bed of sickness before they departed this life. Others have been one day in the perfect enjoyment of health, and the ensuing day they were numbered with those who have gone "the way of all the earth." The prophet Eli fell from his seat backward and his neck broke and he died. Many have died by meeting with some misfortune or other. Many have found a watery grave. Many lying upon their death-bed become deranged, who before possessed all their senses ; how shall they then turn from their sins and live ? Therefore boast not of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

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LIFE INSURANCE.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

WHAT is Life Insurance ? It is simply this : You pay, to a company formed for the purpose, a certain sum yearly, in consideration of which, they engage to pay a certain sum to your heirs when you are dead. Say, for instance, you wish to secure to your family \$1000 ; the company engage to take the risk of your life, whether long or short, and you engage to pay regularly a required sum each year as long as you do live. If you *live long* after the insurance, *they* are the gainers ; if you die



soon, you are gainer. If you die the first year after the insurance, you pay only a few dollars for the \$1000 ; if you live fifty years, you may pay more than the \$1000, or at least you will pay so near the thousand that the interest on what you have paid will over-run the thousand so much as to be a sufficient source of profit to enable the company to run the risk of your dying sooner. This is Life Insurance.

Is this right or wrong, morally? This question is one that ought to be decided by every one who is conscientious. By some it is considered right, and consequently is frequently urged as a duty—as a good and proper way of providing for those we leave behind us. By others it is considered wrong, or at least of such doubtful propriety, as justly to cause hesitation. We regard this matter as worthy of a few thoughts and considerations in a Magazine which bears the name of *Guardian*. If it shall be found that the view we take differs from that of any of our readers, we desire to differ in charity. All that we ask is, that what we have to offer may be considered on its merits, and subserve only the cause of truth.

We take the ground that it is the duty of no one to insure his life, and that it is morally wrong to do so. We will give the reasons briefly.

I. It is not right to run the risk which it involves. What! is there risk in it? We answer yes, a great deal. The company may break—yes break after you have paid your hard earnings into its coffers for years. You are not sure that your Life Insurance Company will live as long as you will yourself. If there is, in human affairs, “many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip,” there may certainly also be many a risk in a money-making establishment like an Insurance Company in fifty or sixty years. We must remember there is a succession of officers and managers in these companies, and in so changing a matter, who can count the changes half a century may bring forth. To us it appears like pouring water into the sand. How may the Company break? We answer, in many ways that we know, and in as many more that we do not know. How do Banks break? How do Fire Insurance Companies break? one of which broke *only the other day*. It may break through dishonesty on the part of its conductors ; or it may break through pestilence, which may carry off the insured by such multitudes as to render it impossible for the company to meet claims. To this uncertainty the Mutual Life Insurance Companies are exposed equally with the rest. We heard of the failure of a Life Insurance Company that took place some years ago, though it



was in the same conversation stoutly denied by an agent that such an event had ever taken place.\* If even it had not, it must be remembered that they have been but comparatively a short time in existence, and a fair trial has hardly yet been made. In addition to all this, according as death takes place in the case of the insured individual, the matter stands exposed to litigation, which is often highly indelicate and harrowing to the survivors, and costs frequently more than it amounts too when it is obtained. It often causes reflections to be made on the moral character of the insured person after he is dead.

Now is it right for a man to deposit his savings, which perhaps his family can often barely spare, into an institution where it is exposed to such manifold uncertainties. We believe not. We believe he commits a moral wrong by doing it. Why not make the investment in some careful way where he can exercise some control over it, and where he may draw upon it in any emergency. Or is he unfit to take care of his own savings? if so, we recommend that he appoint a guardian over himself till his own sense shall grow to maturity; and if there is no prospect that that will ever be, let the guardian continue to hold his funds, as the Life Insurance Company proposes to do, until he is dead.

II. Life Insurance, in our estimation, is wrong because it is asking a company of men to run a risk which we are not willing to do ourselves. The matter amounts to just this: A man is afraid that he may die and leave his family destitute, and not willing to run the risk of it, he asks others to do it. He insures his life for \$5000 and after paying a few hundred he dies. Has he rendered value for the \$5000 which he receives? No. Then he has been *gambling*, to all intents and purposes! Four men sit around a card-table, and each puts down \$100—the winner gets \$300, but has he rendered an equivalent to the rest for it? No. This is exactly a parallel with the other case; here one man joins in with a company of other men. He puts in a *small* sum for the chance of getting a larger sum. The

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\* Since writing the above (which was written last winter) we have positive proof that Life Insurance Companies *do break*. Take the following, which has within the last few weeks gone the round of the newspapers. Who would put his hard earnings year after year into such a bag of holes?

The Trenton Fire Insurance Company has suspended payment on its policies. This, we are informed, does not necessarily affect the Life Insurance branch of the business, which is a separate affair; but the mere fact of the former failing, will be taken as conclusive evidence by the public that the latter, which is under the same management, is also unsound, and that both will have to "go by the board."

A large amount of money has been given for Life Insurance annually, to the Trenton Company, from this city and county.

FAILED.—We learn from a private letter dated Trenton, April, 23, 1852, that the Trenton mutual life and fire insurance company of that city *has failed*. This company has done an extensive business on a "guaranteed stock capital."

The Mutual Benefit Association of Springfield, Mass., as we have just been informed, is about "winding up" its affairs.



only difference is, that in the first case the luck depends upon the shufflings of men, and in the latter case upon the machinery of providence—this makes the matter still more profane! It is just as if men should bet upon the probable damage which a storm would do. This is, in our judgment, gambling of the worst kind.

In addition to this, it must be remembered that if he does gain, every cent of what he gains must come from those who pay more than they get. If this were not the case the company could not exist. It is just as in any game of chance; if one gains, others must lose. Can a christian consistently have a hand in such a scheme? We think not. It does not help the matter in a moral point of view, to say that the company and all who insure in it *are willing* to run this risk. Have I a right to win from another in a game, because he is willing to lose? Have I a right to injure another because he is willing to be injured? If this were so it would make dreadful havoc among our ideas on morals. Then the seducer himself will be clear, because the will of the victim was secured; and I may make a man drunk because he is willing to be so treated. We think its identity with gambling cannot be successfully denied; the *form* of the evil is changed, but its essence remains the same. It is agreed that many families have been provided for by it, but this is no argument in its favor, for gambling might be defended on the same ground—many families are living upon the unholy gains of the card table. On the same ground the common fashion of breaking up with full pockets, or of assigning property into other hands to defraud creditors, might be defended, for many families are living well on such unholy spoils! Even thieving and piracy might be defended on such ground. But the question is not whether it makes money, but whether it is right. Those instances of this kind of gain which are sometimes published in insurance pamphlets, and in newspapers, are holding up an entirely false issue; and instead of proclaiming, as they intend, the glory of such institutions, they actually proclaim their shame, and it will be so considered by all who are in the habit of looking beneath the surface of things. This mode of making capital for such companies is precisely the same as if one who has failed with full pockets should take a friend into his comfortable mansion, show him his rich furniture and his well-laden table, and say, behold the glory of breaking up with a full pocket! The question, we repeat, is not, Is Abraham rich; but the question is, *who* made Abraham rich, and *how* was he made rich?



III. Life Insurance is, in our estimation, wrong, because it is inconsistent with an implicit trust in Providence. We are aware of the common rejoinder, that it is our duty to provide for our families. This is not denied ; but we must also ask *how* are we to provide ? Here again a false issue is created, for the very thing to be proved is taken for granted. For the question is whether that is a right way to provide.

Moreover, where does the scripture make it our duty to provide *ahead* ? Where does it teach us to lay up a sum of money in a place where neither we nor our families can get at it till we are dead ? Where does it enjoin on us to provide in a way which in so many ways involves uncertainty and risk ? Where does it teach us to lay up by what is in substance *a bet* on God's providence ? Where does it teach us to make an arrangement for a sum of money which only our death can secure ? No ! we are to provide for our families by our industry. They are to inherit the fruits of our labor, not the fruits of our death. If we have more than we need, we are, as christians, to use it in doing good.

Do you wish to see the Bible mode of insurance. Turn to Ps. 37 : 3—"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and *verily thou shalt be fed.*" Do you wish to see an instance of the value of such insurance to your family, read on in the same Psalm to the 25th verse : "I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, *nor his seed begging bread.*"

It cannot be denied that every thing which can possibly be desired in the way of provision for the future, is promised to those who love God, trust in him, and lead industrious lives. What now do we say in effect, when we turn away from these promises to an Insurance office ? We say to God that we have *some doubts* about his assurances, and that we will rather *make sure* for the future by taking by policy our risk in an insurance company. Turn it as you will, it amounts to this in the end. It is at variance with an humble, childlike, and implicit trust in God's overruling providence, in his faithfulness, and in his tender care. The fowls of the air have no life insurance, and yet our heavenly Father feedeth them, and ye are of more value than many fowls, O ye of little faith !

Do we then condemn those who have insured their lives as the worst of sinners ? Verily, no. They did not consider the matter as it deserved. So we believe. They thoughtlessly followed the fashion of the times, which are distinguished far more by a sceptical prudential *cunning* than by a single-hearted, pa-



triarchal, and apostolic trust in Him who is the father of all his children. They are like many thoughtless children, who prefer the bosom of strangers to the well-tried assurances of their own father's house. What we have said, we desire shall receive only what it merits; but let the matter be considered. There is at the present day much need of caution, as the land is full of schemes which promise well at first sight, but which are impostures at bottom. We do not deny that Life Insurance may have been devised from good motives, and there are now men of good standing identified with it in various ways, yet for the reasons now stated we stand in doubt of it.

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### A PIOUS MOTHER.

“WHATEVER be a man's fate in the world, there are always clear and well-marked lineaments in his character, that show the impress which his mother has stamped upon his soul.” If ever the eloquent Hungarian uttered a true sentiment it was the foregoing.

“Oft will memory drop a tear on the turf that covers her remains. How pleasant it is to steal to her grave at evening twilight and engage in holy meditations.” 'Tis sweet to commune with her in the spirit world.

“With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that Messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant place beside me  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.  
Uttered not, yet comprehended  
Is the Spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes in blessings ended  
Breathing from her lips of air.  
O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.”

Truly “poets are the interpreters of the human heart.” How could the pious feelings of bereaved fondness find a more appropriate expression, than in the above stanzas.

B.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

[No. 9.

## THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

"My soul, revolving periods past, looks back,  
With recollected interest on all  
The former darings of our venturous race."

THE history of a nation may be compared to a river. When we stand on its banks, and behold it flow along in the pride and majesty of its strength, dividing the mountains and laying its ever-widening channel through the plains, bearing the commerce of peace, and the navies of war, upon its bosom, we instinctively wonder where it has its source. If, now, we trace its current back, we find that it becomes ever narrower and feebler, retiring into still deeper obscurity, until its small beginnings are at length lost to the eye, amid the drippings of the moist rocks, in the far off solitude of some sequestered valley. So when we contemplate a nation—a nation strong and great—a nation basking in the peaceful smiles of arts, science, religion, and the tender endearments of social life—when we trace its history back into "the days of old, the years of ancient times," we find that it vanishes at length beyond the reach of records—its annals are lost in traditions, and these traditions themselves fade in the morning twilight of a rayless night, before which we stand in breathless wonder, and into which we cry in vain for information—the dreary solitude returns no echoing voice to tell us what was before.

Such is the case with the ancient Germans—such is the case with the nation from which many of our fathers descended, whose blood fills of our veins, and whose language is upon our tongues.

More than three hundred years before Christ, there were vague reports, in the Greek and Roman empires, of the existence of large and fearful Tribes in the North of Europe; but not until the year 113 B. C., had the Romans tangible evidence of this fact. It was in that year, that a hitherto unknown, wild and warlike tribe, poured down from the northern desert, cross-



ed the Danube, and appeared upon the Alps, where Roman soldiers guarded the passes into Italy. The Romans now saw that report had spoken true, and that their fears in regard to the existence of a fearful enemy among northern barbarians were well founded—nor did they think less so, after the first battle; for the proud Romans were defeated.

This is the first we know of the ancient Germans. How many ages they inhabited that unknown country before this, we cannot know. When they emigrated from Asia, which according to scripture is the cradle of the human race, is equally hidden in darkness. We know not “what causes urged them to seek the regions of the north, or what allied branches they left behind in the countries they quitted. A few scattered and obscure historical traces, as well as a resemblance in various customs and regulations, but more distinctly the affinities of languages indicate a relationship with the Indians, Servians, and the Greeks.”\*

The aboriginal name of these northern barbarians was *Diot*, in Gothic *Thinda*, which means *the Nation*. From this name, by very natural changes of letters, comes the modern name *Teutscher*, or *Deutscher*. The English name *Germans*, was given them by the Romans. It is derived from *ger*, a spear or lance, and *man*—the *spear-man*, indicating their warlike character.

Though the ancient Germans were composed of a great number of distinct tribes, like our own American Indians, they had one and the same general national character, “an aboriginal, pure, and unmixed people. They resembled themselves alone;” and were like no other nation.

This identity of race, which extended through all the tribes, manifested itself even in their outward physical frame and appearance in a most striking manner. “Their chest was wide and strong; their hair yellow, and with young children it was a dazzling white. Their skin was also white, their eyes blue, and their glance bold and piercing. Their powerful gigantic bodies, which the Romans and Gauls could not behold without fear, displayed the strength that nature had given to this people; for, according to the testimony of some of the ancient writers, their usual height was seven feet.”

As already intimated, they were emphatically a war-like na-

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\* According to more recent researches, it is concluded that the ancient Sanscrit and Zend languages may have formed likewise the basis of the German tongue, or at least have approximated more closely with the common primitive dialect.—KOHLEAUSH'S HIS.



tion. War was their life. Every youth, at a certain age, had for the first time arms placed into his hands, amid ceremonies of peculiar solemnity. Before that he was merely a member of the family, but now he became a member of the State ; and after this he never was separated from his arms. In the house and in the field, at the table and at public festivals, in the councils of the nation, and on the couch where he slept, his arms were ever by his side—a part of himself. No oath among them was considered more solemn than that which was taken upon their arms ; because they believed that these had even divine virtues. Their amusements, their ceremonies, their marriages, and even their religion, were all characterized by warlike accompaniments. Yea, even the heaven for which they hoped after death, was to afford facilities for the full exercise of their warlike ambition and propensities ; hence, in their burial, their arms were laid by their side, in order that they might be ready for practice, or defence, in another life. Seneca describes them in a few words thus : “They are born and nurtured in arms, all their thoughts and cares are about them, and they care for nothing else.” Josephus refers to them as “tall and strong.” “Who is there among you,” says King Agrippa, in a speech to his soldiers, reported by Josephus in his Wars of the Jews—“who is there among you that hath not heard of the great numbers of the Germans, who dwell in an immense country, who have minds greater than their bodies, and a soul that despiseth death, and who are in rage more fierce than the wild beasts.”\*

All the training which children received from their infancy was directed towards making them hard for warfare. “From their earliest youth upwards they hardened their bodies by all devisable means. New-born infants were dipped in cold water, and the cold bath was continued during their whole lives as the strengthening renovator, by both boys and girls, men and women. Their dress was a broad short mantle fastened by a girdle, or the skins of wild animals, the trophies of the successful chase ; in both sexes a greater portion of the body was left uncovered, and the winter did not induce them to clothe themselves warmer. The children ran about almost naked ; and effeminate nations, who with difficulty reared their children during the earliest infancy, wondered how those Germans, without cradles or swaddling bands, should grow up to the very fullest bloom of health.”†

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\*Book II : chap. xvi.

†Kohlrausch : pp. 19—20.



They preferred to depend upon game for subsistence, because the excitement and perils of the chase were best adapted to keep alive their warlike dispositions. The chiefs and rulers were aware that the calm and peaceful pursuits of keeping herds and tilling the soil, if once tasted, would create a distaste for the fiercer pleasures of warfare, and hence they took every occasion to discourage and prevent the introduction of these pursuits. No one was allowed to settle on any one particular spot of land; they were compelled every year to remove into another place. This was done from a deep and well-considered policy; it was intended to prevent them from falling into the habits of cultivating the soil—take away all opportunity and inducement to improve their houses to shelter themselves from the cold, and to keep them from getting fond of property, and thus to associate with some spot those peculiar feelings which bind the heart to home, which might cause them gradually to lose interest in the general warlike ambition of the nation. They loved barbarism for its rough, wild and unrestrained freedom, and took every measure to keep its terrible spirit alive in their hearts.

They used every means in their power to keep alive the energies of body and soul. Idleness and cowardice were among them the greatest crimes, and the only ones that they considered of sufficient enormity to deserve capital punishment. The coward was hung, and the lazy droning loafer was drowned! If such were the law in our day, there would be much need of deep waters and bags of sand!

Unlike all other nations, they built no towns; they hated them with a perfect hatred; they compared them to dreary caves and prisons. They were passionately fond of the open country. It was their joy and pastime to roam free as the lion and the tiger. They erected only the most indifferent and inartificial huts, like our own Indians. These they located in a grove, and if possible near a spring, painting or daubing the outside with all kinds of barbarous colors!

They had a great love for nature, and hence aimed at locating their huts in spots which commanded rich views of scenery. They loved the rich variety of hill and vale, woods, plains and streams in which their country so much abounded. They loved especially those features of nature which were stern, rugged, sublime and terrible. This accorded with the constitution and cultivation of their warlike, free, and independant spirits. Of this kind were their northern regions. There were no Arcadian vales, no Italian skies, no soft airs; consequently nothing



of that soft semi-sensual influence, which is the food of an effeminate imagination, and which characterizes those more genial climes where the shepherd reposes under the shade in the sultry noon, or tunes his rural pipe to some tender love-song in the sweet twilight of evening. For this the hardy spirit of the German had no taste. He loved the snows, the mists, the storms, the roaring forests, and the dark rolling icy rivers of the north. There was something in him which could beat in harmony with such terrible numbers, and give response to the warlike elements of nature.

They were in many respects, as stern in their morals, as they were in their physical character. Heathen are generally deeply depraved; especially are they vicious, unjust, false and prevaricating. Compared with others, in a moral point of view, the ancient Germans were noble pagans. "History records no people," says one, "who, in conjunction with the fault of an unrestricted natural power, possessed nobler capabilities and qualifications, rule and order, a sublime patriotism, fidelity, and chastity, in a greater proportion than the Germans." Chastity was especially a prominent and honored virtue among them. Says Tacitus, "There no one smiles at vice, and to seduce or be seduced, is not called fashionable; *for among the Germans good morals effect more than elsewhere good laws.*" The same Roman author tells us that the marriage union was regarded with the most sacred reverence, it was kept holy and inviolable until death, and an infringement of the matrimonial vow was, according to his testimony, almost unheard of. Unlike all other pagans, where the female sex is always miserably degraded, and regarded with a feeling not far short of contempt—unlike all pagans, the Germans had the most profound respect for the female sex—yea, their feelings in this respect amounted to reverence and veneration; for they even believed there was something holy and divinely prophetic in a virtuous woman, and they often followed their advice in important and decisive moments, both in peace and war.

A very prominent feature in their social manners was hospitality. "To refuse a stranger, whoever he might be, admission to the house would have been disgraceful. His table was free and open to all, according to his means. If his own provisions were exhausted, he who was but recently the host, would become the guide and conductor of his guest, and together they would enter, uninvited, the first best house. There also they were hospitably received." Thus, according to their views of duty, the stranger who called at their door was entitled to a share of the last crust—and he cheerfully received it.



The ancient Germans had some beautiful social customs. When a stranger called at another man's hut, he never left without giving and receiving a present—and these presents were sacredly preserved as memorials of each other.

Another custom was this: When a marriage was celebrated, the bride always received a bridal gift, consisting of shield and arms. These she was bound sacredly to preserve, and to transfer them uncontaminated to her children, and they again were bound to hand them down to theirs, and so they descended in the family from age to age as sacred relics and family memorials. "This gift," as Tacitus says, "was as it were, the mystic holy consecration and guardian deity of marriage." It did much to bind families together, and preserve in the minds and hearts of children's children's children, the memory and virtues of their ancestors.

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## TO MY SISTER S \* \* \* \* .

[WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.]

BY REV. S. H. REID.

I LOVE my home—its groves, its greens,  
Its rugged hills—its purling streams,  
Its walks, its woods—and all such things,  
But I love thee more,  
My Sister.

I love my books and cipherings,  
To study which, much learning brings,  
And makes me wise in many things,  
But I love thee more,  
My Sister.

I love my friends—where'er they be,  
Those far away, and those I see,  
All these are very dear to me,  
But not like thee,  
My Sister.

When I was younger, I did share  
Thy watchfulness and tender care,  
And now the same thou dost not spare,  
Therefore I love thee,  
Sister.

Affectionately,

Your Sister E.



## WE ARE ALL HERE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WE are all here,  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,  
All who hold each other dear.  
Each chair is filled—we're all at home!  
To-night let no cold stranger come;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle peace assert her power,  
And kind affection rule the hour,—  
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!  
Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in and thinned our little band;  
Some like a night-flash passed away,  
And some sank lingering day by day;  
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—  
And cruel ocean has his share—  
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here,—  
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;  
Fond memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view;  
How life-like, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears!  
We see them, as in times long past;  
From each to each kinds looks are cast;  
We hear their words, their smiles behold—  
They're round us as they were of old—  
We *are* all here.

We are all here,  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,  
You that I love, with love so dear.  
This may not long of us be said—  
Soon must we join the gathered dead,  
And by the hearth we now sit round  
Some other circle will be found.  
O, then, that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below;  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
We're all—all here!



## MY OLD WIFE.

BY J. B. PHILLIPS.

OLD Time has dimmed the lustre of her eyes, that brightly shone,  
And her voice has lost the sweetness of its girlhood's silvery tone,  
But her heart is still as cheerful as in early days of life,  
And as fondly as I prized my bride, I love my dear old wife !

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope gave zest to youth,  
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows of truth.  
And since, though changeful years have passed, with joys and sorrows rife,  
Yet never did I see a change in her, my dear old wife.

Her gentle love my cares have soothed, her smiles each joy enhanced,  
As fondly, through progressive years, together we've advanced ;  
Though calmly now the current flows, we've known misfortune's strife,  
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond old wife.

And ever since that joyous day I blessed her as my bride,  
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I found her at my side ;  
And when the summons from above shall close the scene of life,  
May I be called to rest with thee, my good, my dear old wife !

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HOME SICKNESS.

'Tis sweet to him who all the week  
Through city crowds must push his way,  
To stroll along, through fields and woods,  
And hallow thus the Sabbath day.

And sweet it is in summer bower,  
Sincere, affectionate, and gay,  
One's own dear children feasting round,  
To celebrate one's marriage day.

But what is all to his delight,  
Who, having long been doomed to roam,  
Throws off the bundle from his back,  
Before the door of his own home.

Home sickness is a wasting pang,  
This feel I hourly, more and more ;  
There's healing only in thy wings,  
Thou breeze that play'st on Albion's shore.—COLERIDGE.



## THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

It is a question that has been frequently agitated whether a more advantageous system of Education could not be adopted than that which now prevails in our Colleges and High Schools, where a large portion of time spent in obtaining an education, is occupied in studying the "Dead Languages." Of late a party has arisen in Europe, who propose, that, instead of this verbal system of education, as it is called, one should be adopted which has something real for its object. This party insist that the student should be taught something *real* instead of that which is merely *verbal* and *nominal*. Of what advantage, they ask, can it be to any one to have his head stored with ever so large an amount of words which he will have but little occasion to use in after life? Let the student, therefore, be taught a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences, Chemistry, Botany, Physiology, &c., because these will be of actual service to him.

Another party propose, instead of the Ancient, to teach the Modern or Living Languages. They can see no benefit in becoming acquainted with a language which is no longer in actual use. As for the works which were for a long time locked up in the Ancient Languages, they have most of them been faithfully translated into our modern tongues. Then, too, the world is constantly progressing, and it is of far more account to know what is now doing in the world, to become acquainted with the thoughts and opinions which are now prevalent, than to be conversant with the acting and thinking of the Greeks and Romans. A knowledge of the modern languages will also enable us to hold intercourse with the nations among whom they are spoken, and in this way the prejudices which exist in one nation against another, may, if not removed, be at least mitigated. Besides, if we have a knowledge of the modern languages, we can have access to the works of the most celebrated writers of our own time, and that too in the language in which they were written. This is of much more account than to be conning over the exploded views and opinions of antiquity.

All this seems very plausible; yet I think when we come to investigate the subject a little more closely, we shall find that the study of the Ancient Languages—the Greek and Latin especially—is of great account to the student, in more respects than one.

What, let us ask, is the great aim of a regular and thorough course of study? Is it merely to collect a parcel of facts without reference to system or connection? Or is it not rather the



training and cultivation of the mind which is to be had continually in view? The object is to teach us how to think, full as much as to collect materials for thinking. If this then be the aim of a course of study, nothing is better adapted to its accomplishment than the thorough mastery of the most celebrated Greek and Latin authors, in the language in which they were originally written. To comprehend a Greek or Roman author requires close study and careful investigation. This in itself is a grand means for cultivating and disciplining the mind and preparing it for sifting an argument and testing its truth or falsity. Besides, the thoughts and manner of thinking of any nation, no matter when they lived, in so far as they are bound to us by the common ties of humanity, are of some account to us; but to become acquainted with the thoughts and style of thinking of such polished and cultivated nations as the Greeks and Romans, is a matter of the very first importance. The experience of the Past in Laws, Government, Arts, Sciences and Religion, is of some moment to us, and may serve as an encouragement or a warning to our own age. Now, to enter fully into the thoughts and feelings of the Past, we must be able to read the records of the Past in the language in which they were written. It is next to impossible to gain clear knowledge—a proper conception of the Greek and Roman writers through the medium of a translation. Much of the power and force of the original is always lost. There are many idiomatic expressions, many nice points and shades of meaning which can never be rendered into a different language, for it is an established fact that no two languages are commensurate with each other. How different is Pope's translation of the Iliad from Homer's own. Were the names all changed one would hardly guess they were intended to be the same work.

Again. The Greek and Latin authors ought to be studied as models of taste and propriety of expression. There is a great difference between the Classic writers of antiquity and the majority of modern authors. Their works have received *par excellence* the name of *Classics*, on account of the purity, elegance and refinement of their style. They copied in most instances from Nature, and hence their language is more free, simple, concise and expressive than that of most modern writers. Among modern authors these qualities are frequently sacrificed to mere brilliancy and ornament. Especially now that the art of Printing has been invented, and books are multiplied with the rapidity of steam, writers have in most cases scarcely the patience thoroughly to study their subject, carefully to write



it, and few are willing to obey the injunction of Horace :

*“Nonumque prematur in annum,  
Membranis intus positis.”*

Their crude speculations are no sooner conceived, in many cases, than they must appear in print. Every man who gets a few vague notions into his head thinks he has a mission to write a book, and enlighten the world. Not so then ; an author first made himself thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and then sought out the choicest words and metaphors, so as most aptly to express his thoughts, before he ventured to appear in public with them. Now, on this account the Greek and Roman Classics are eminently worthy of our thorough study and examination. As human compositions, they never have been, and probably never will be excelled for purity of style and elegance of diction.

Another great advantage to be derived from the study of the Ancient Languages is the fact that the Modern Languages of Europe have mostly been derived from them, or have at least received large contributions from them. It is, for instance, of great importance to the student of English even, to be acquainted with Greek and Latin. Indeed, it is almost impossible to gain a correct and critical knowledge of this language without a knowledge at least of the Latin tongue. A vast number of words in the English language are derived from the Latin ; now it is exceedingly difficult nicely to understand and discriminate the different shades of meaning which these derivatives have, unless we trace them back to their roots. How much better can we understand and remember a word after knowing the root from which it is derived. If this be the case with the English language, which is not directly derived from the Greek and Latin, how much more must it be so with those languages which are thus derived. If we once have a knowledge of the Latin, we will find no difficulty in learning the French, Spanish or Italian ; languages derived directly from the Latin. Indeed, it may be presumed that if one's object were to gain an acquaintance with the Modern Languages of Europe, the shortest way to do so would be to learn the Greek and Latin first, when the acquisition of French, Spanish, &c., would be comparatively easy.

These are some of the advantages to be gained from an acquaintance with the Classical writers of antiquity. If we reflect for a moment upon the influence which the study of the Classics has had upon the cultivation of modern nations, as well as upon particular individuals, we must at once be convinced of their importance as an element of education. Indeed, it may



safely be asserted that there have been but comparatively few great men in modern times, in the cultivation of whose minds the study of the Classics did not form a most important part. Since the revival of Letters, the study of the Greek and Latin languages has had a vast influence on the Literature of Europe. There is scarcely a single department of Literature that has not been enriched from the Classics. Poetry, Philosophy, Eloquence, Rhetoric, Criticism, all are indebted to Greece and Rome. And it may be affirmed, that so long as correct taste prevails, so long as the beautiful, the simple, the natural shall be esteemed, so long will the Greek and Roman Classics be studied and admired.

Thus we see that the course of Education which has stood the test of centuries, is perhaps still the best to answer the end which is had in view. Other systems have been tried, but they have all in some important point, been found wanting. Perhaps at some other time I may have a word to say of the difficulties of acquiring a knowledge of the Classics. S.

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## PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

My low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven !  
 Music is in it—and the song she sings,  
 That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear  
 Of my young child, awake upon her knee ;  
 And, with his calm eye on his master's face,  
 My noble hound lies couchant ; and all here—  
 Are, in such love as I have power to give,  
 Blessed to overflowing !

Thou, who look'st  
 Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,  
 Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew  
 Sent to the hidden violet by thee ;  
 And, as the bower from its unseen abode  
 Sends its sweet breath up daily to the sky,  
 Changing its gift to incense—so, O, God !  
 May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
 Find their way from heaven, send back, in prayer,  
 Fragrance at thy throne welcome!—N. P. WILLIS.



## THE LOAFER.

I SING the Loafer! He, as yet unsung,  
Shall be my theme. No harp, by Poet strung,  
Has ever deigned in flowing verse to trace  
The drowsy annals of this popped race.  
The reason why as yet no Loafer shines,  
Upon the Poet's page in glowing lines,  
Is this: When he attempts the Muse to woo  
The drowsy subject makes him drowsy too;  
Somnific influence o'er his eyelid creeps,  
And ere he makes a line he nods and sleeps.

But wake, my Muse, your proudest numbers try,  
None else befit this theme o'er which we sigh.  
Say first, how e'en in boyhood's tender years,  
The future Loafer in the bud appears.  
See! how he mopes—his hat sunk to his eyes,  
His arms hung loose and dangling 'gainst his thighs.  
Around his eyes, as seen on closer view,  
A swollen ring is drawn, and slightly blue.  
He inly groans whene'er he works or walks;  
His lips move slow whene'er he eats or talks.  
On summer days, so long, so dull, so hot,  
He yawns and sighs: "I wish that I were not!"

Still drawling, droning on, as best he can,  
The Loafer boy becomes a Loafer man.  
His head no thoughts disturb—'tis plump and fat,  
He takes it with him in his low-crowned hat!  
He lounges round where'er his fancies please,  
And calls it best where'er he finds his ease.  
Before the tavern, on a bench or chair,  
Look when you will he's likely to be there;  
His legs are crossed, his hands lie on his lap,  
He yawns with open mouth, or takes a nap.  
He thinks the world would do, had it been made,  
The air of poppy, and the earth of shade!

All work he thinks a curse—the curse which fell  
On sinning Adam—the first fruits of hell,  
Which to avoid, he thinks we ought to fly  
Away from labor though we starve and die.

The other day, I passed along at noon,  
And heard the sighings of a Loafer loon:  
"O, 'tis a tedious day!—what shall I do?  
The sun is drawing round, it burns my shoe!"



And then these restless flies—how they abound,  
 Bite in my flesh, and buzz forever round !  
 Oh, how I hate these imps—they are, I fear,  
 Tormentors sent before my time is here.  
 I sometimes wish I were from all ills free—  
 Than to be thus, 'twere better not to be !  
 Shades of departed poppies ! lend your hand  
 To guide me to your dull and sleepy land.  
 I long in seas of lazy peace to plunge,  
 And live a noble life—as does a sponge. H.

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## SCRAPS FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

No. 7.

### ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE STILL !

RUM is doing its work well. Scarcely a week passes away, but some doleful account of its triumphs meets our eye or stuns our ears. If we pass along our public roads, or visit our towns or cities, our hearts are sickened with the sight of young men and old men, reeling from side to side, with drunkenness. There is not a groggery in the country, but what is well patronized, and by those too, from whom we might expect better things. Very few *young men* there are, it appears to us, who do not tipple. It is really becoming *fashionable* again to drink. And now you may see *squads* of our youth hovering around some drinking-house, "spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not."

And let us take up one of our weekly papers, and what painful accounts of the Cup are there recorded. But a few weeks ago, and what a sad tale came from the West ! Two brothers, by marriage, are sitting together in friendly conversation. But the demon of the bowl was there ; and as is often the case, inflamed his subjects to strife. In a fit of drunken frenzy the one draws a knife and buries it in the bowels of the other, who falls to rise no more ! In other cases again, we read of those who wander from their homes, with the jug under their arms, stretch themselves in some fence-corner, and that is the end of their mortal life.



We have now to record one of the bloodiest and most brutal scenes, perhaps, which the human eye ever witnessed. It is a complete triumph of Rum; and occurred but a few miles from the place of our residence. Five men, a few days ago, met in a hay-field. Three of these were brothers, the fourth was a nephew of these, and the fifth bore a different name. The first four were, we believe, engaged in the labor of the field; the last seems to have been similarly employed with his master, as we find *his* conduct recorded in the 1st Chapter of Job, and in the 7th verse.

*The bottle* was there, and it is said that all present were more or less under its influence. And as the fumes of alcohol began to bedim the mind and upset reason, the tongue "set on fire of hell," began to utter boasting offers and provoking insults. The fifth person referred to above, grabbed the pocket handkerchief of the eldest of the three brothers, and tore it into pieces. One boasted that he would beat the other mowing; and thus spirit influenced spirit, and word begat word. The loser of the handkerchief, by this time, remarked to the destroyer that he must replace it, when infuriated, as it would seem, by the very Devil of Devils, he grasped a scythe and *ran it through the body of this unfortunate man!*

A brother standing near, was requested by the dying man to draw the instrument of death from his heart, and then in a few moments his soul fled into the presence of its Judge!

The man thus suddenly destroyed was a husband. He had a wife and two small children depending upon his daily toil for their bread. I do not know much about his general character, but it is generally believed that his language on this mournful occasion was not specially provoking, and that his death is the most fiendish of which we have any account.

The agent in this sad death is yet a young man. He now is imprisoned in the county jail. What will be the result of this deed we cannot yet tell. In all probability, however, he will suffer the penalty of the law which he has so boldly violated.

But what, in all probability, has been the moving power in this work of blood? It has been indicated already. *The Bottle* has been intimately connected with this dreadful crime.\* It has again robbed a wife of her husband. It has taken a father from his poor little depending children. It has sent another poor soul suddenly, and I am afraid, unprepared, into eternity. And if justice be done, *what will it do with the murderer?*

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\*And have the makers and venders of liquor no part in the awful deed? Has the tempter no part in the ruin of the tempted? You say, yes!—SEN. ED.



## THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

"I felt that, however long to me  
The slumber of the grave might be,  
I should know him again, 'mid the countless throng,  
Who shall bear their part in the seraphim's song."—MISS L. E. LANDON.

How shall we know them—the holy dead  
Whom we left alone in their narrow bed?  
What if remembrance have power to trace  
Minutest lines of each buried face;  
What if the forms we so fondly love,  
With us in dreams of affection move?  
We had looked our last on a marble brow,  
We look to think it altered now;  
But great and total the change must be  
Ere it put off the garb of mortality.

How shall we know him—the one who died  
Like a shock of corn in Autumn pride;  
Her whom we know by her pallid cheek,  
By sickness blighted, by grief made weak?  
Not by the gleam of their silver hair,  
Not by the traces of time and care;  
But by the feelings, more deeply shrined—  
The feelings that dwell in the changeless mind;  
By a child-like love—the love we felt,  
In earthly homes, where our parents dwelt.

How shall we know them, who passed away  
In all the freshness of early day?  
Those whom we cherished in later years,  
From whom we parted in bitter tears?  
Not by the beauty which marked them then;  
O, were it such it must fade again!  
But by a gladness which round them plays  
Like a joy revived from our olden days;  
By the holy joys our spirits knew,  
Which a better world shall again renew.

How shall we know them—the infant race;  
How will the mother her loved one trace?  
Not by the glance of his sunny eye,  
'Twas but a gleam o'er mortality!  
Not by his look when he sunk to rest,  
A closing flower on her throbbing breast;  
But by a feeling like that which burned,  
When her heart o'er the guileless stranger yearned;  
By a thrill like that which, when first he smiled,  
Came o'er her soul, will she know her child.



## LIFE INSURANCE.\*

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

IN the August number of the Guardian, we said a few words on the subject of Life Insurance. Among other things we affirmed that Life Insurance was evidently attracting much attention, and that it was high time its principles and objects were more fully and generally understood. We referred to the fact that many persons in the Church, as well as out of it, were becoming interested in the subject in a practical way. Even ministers of religion are found recommending Life Insurance. Now if those directly interested in the subject, especially preachers of the Gospel, are in error, and are doing the cause of truth and piety serious injury, it is time they should see their mistake and abandon their evil way. But if they are in the right, with both reason and scripture on their side, they should be upheld in their course, and regarded as true friends of religion and humanity. To the investigation and better understanding of Life Insurance, we propose to devote a few pages of this Magazine. We think the subject is one in which young persons are particularly interested, and that it is worthy of all the attention we may be able to give it.

I. *What is Life Insurance?* It is a contract between an individual and a company, that in consideration of an annual or gross sum paid by him, and which is proportioned to the age, health, profession, and other circumstances of the one whose life is the object of insurance, the company will assure at his death to his estate, or to such persons as he may designate, a much larger sum. The effect is altogether future. A small payment now, is intended to secure hereafter a large investment. The contract may be for a year, or term of years, or for life; and the consideration may all be paid at once, or in yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly instalments—always in advance. If the contract be for a year, it differs but little from a fire insurance contract running through the year. A life insurance contract is supposed to be more equitable than any other insurance contract, because the value of the risk is better known, as we shall see hereafter. In consideration of a sum called *premium*, the company agree to pay a certain sum to the person's heirs, or to any others whom he may designate, if he die within the year.

\*It will be remembered that an article appeared in a former No. on the other side of this question. It is our desire to present both sides—our readers will then judge for themselves in this important matter.—EDS. GUARDIAN.



The premium paid is a rate per cent, calculated for the age of the individual, upon the probable chances of his living the year out, according to the observed rate of mortality for that age. Insurance for a term of years, or for life, is not so simple a contract, because it involves the question of the compound value of money. The risk, however, in these cases, and consequently the amount of premium to be paid, can be calculated with as much exactness, as in the case of an insurance on a life for a single year. The laws and rates of mortality, in different countries, have been accurately ascertained, and the calculations involved are not therefore very difficult to make in any case by those who are conversant with such subjects. Observation has determined how many out of a large number of persons of every age will die this year, how many the next, and so on, until the last individual of every class finally falls into the grave. Much more accurate and safer estimates can be made touching life insurance, than fire or marine insurance, because the measure of the risk involved can be determined with almost mathematical certainty. Life insurance may now be classed among the exact, as well as benevolent, sciences.

The *Theory* of Life Insurance is the same as all other kinds of insurance. Its grand characteristic is, a tendency to reduce the advantages to an *average value*. It is an agreement, perfectly free and voluntary, that those having more than average success, shall give the overplus to those who have less. The gainful operations a company makes, compensates for the losses, and it is the same to the protected, as if they had done it themselves, by throwing into a common fund the average value of the risks and had agreed to indemnify the losers. The following statement, partly furnished to our hand, may serve to explain more fully the theory of a Life office: If ten thousand persons, or any number, of equal age and income, and certain to live an equal number of years, were to deposit equal annual savings in a bank during life, interest being added to interest, it is easily seen that each would receive an equal amount at death. Were they to die at equal ages, however, or as in the ordinary course of nature, at every age from the start, the amount accruing to them would greatly vary. But they might stipulate that no money should be paid out till the death of the last contributor, which would give to the heirs of all equal sums; but still, the deferred payments would not meet the wants of the earlier bereaved families. Divesting themselves, therefore, of a portion of selfishness, in view of the great good of the whole, not knowing whose fate it may be to fall first, and considering how



necessary the money will be to the families first bereft, they say, "Come, let us throw in equal sums during life, and agree to an equal division of the proceeds at death ; God in his wisdom, being the disposer of the issues of life and death." So they go into the arrangement under a mutual covenant, that those who, blessed and spared by Providence, live over the average, shall part with their surplus savings to the heirs of those who die short of it. And it is proven a thousand times over and over again, that the banker, whose business consists in keeping large sums of money employed, can accumulate more interest by far, in the aggregate, than could possibly have been derived from the several sums by the individuals themselves—enough more to pay for the skill employed in the management of the funds—and yet leave a surplus worth considering. This will give the reader an idea of a modern Life Insurance Company.

"Probably," says De Morgan, "if the following question were put to all those whose lives are now insured, 'What is the *advantage* you derive from investing your surplus income in an Insurance office ?' more than half would reply : 'The *certainty* of my executors receiving a sum at my death, were that to happen to-morrow.'" This is but half an answer ; for not only does the office undertake the equalization of life, but also the *return of the sums invested with compound interest*.

As already intimated, a policy of insurance can be taken out for one year, a term of years, or for life. The amount of the annual premium varies according to the age, health and other circumstances of the applicants, as well as to the length of time an insurance is asked for. A young man, thirty years of age, in ordinary good health and of temperate habits, pays in advance for one year, \$1.30 on every hundred dollars of the amount insured : for seven years he pays in advance per annum on the same sum \$2.30, and for the whole term of life the yearly payment is \$2.36 ; so that on \$1000 the premium for one year is \$13.00 ; for 7 years \$13.60 per annum, and for the whole of life, \$23.60 yearly. Whenever death occurs, the sum for which the person is insured, is paid over to the proper representatives. If the insurance has been effected in a *mutual* office, a portion of the profits is added, unless, indeed, they had been paid to the insured during life, which is the practice with some companies. If an insurance is delayed ten years later, the rates of premium will be full twenty-five per cent higher. At the age of fifty-five, they will be more than doubled. At twenty, the rate for the above term of years, is respectively 91, 95 cts., and \$1.77 ; and at the far advanced period of sixty years, the



respective yearly rates are \$4,35, \$4,91, and \$8,00, on every hundred dollars insured. The reason of these differences must be obvious. The greater the age, the greater the risk to the company. And if at any time the party insured should desire to relinquish his insurance, the company will refund to him a just proportion of the premiums he has paid, on the surrender of his policy.

II. *What are some of the chief objects and advantages of Life Insurance?*

The main object of an insurance on life is to provide a sum of money at the decease of the person insured for the benefit of a widow, or friends; and, as already stated, this is effected by paying a small sum to the company, either annually or in one payment, which sum is ascertained by calculations founded upon the duration of life, resulting from experience.

And is not the object intended to be reached here a good one and altogether worthy of our attention and encouragement? Is it not highly commendable and praiseworthy for a husband to endeavor by all lawful means to make suitable provision for his family after his decease? Does not the law of Nature, as well as the written law of God, plainly require this at his hands? What greater obligation can there exist, than for a husband or parent to make provision for the comfortable support of a wife or children who are dependent upon his earnings for subsistence, that provision to take effect at the very time they may most need such assistance—namely, at the period of his death?

We will suppose a man, thirty-five years of age, whose income enables him to support his family in comfort, but is so limited as not to allow him to save more than \$27,50 a year. It would be a long time before that sum, laid up yearly, would accumulate to any thing like a moderate support for his family at his death, and should he die prematurely, he must leave them in want; by adopting the prudent course of insuring his life, and paying that sum yearly to the office, he secures from the moment of the first payment, \$1000 to his family whenever he dies. In the same proportion, smaller or larger sums may be secured; a man aged thirty, may, for \$11,80, insure \$500; or for \$59 a year, he may insure \$1500. A person desirous of accumulating something from his savings for the support of his family after his death, feels discouraged when he reflects how many years must elapse before a small sum put out annually at interest, will amount to a moderate support for them; to such a person an insurance office becomes a savings bank peculiarly adapted to his case; because he may deposit



small sums with the company, and convert them into a Life Insurance; thus rendering his family certain of receiving the amount insured, should he die before he could have laid up a support for them. In this manner an insurance that would cost but little economy in expenses, or a retrenchment of some unnecessary luxury, would oftentimes place a family in comfortable circumstances, that would, without such prudent management, have been left in distress.

One of the most pitiable and affecting sights on earth is, we think, that of a poor bereaved wife, with a broken and shattered constitution, generally in feeble health and oftentimes sick, struggling hard from early dawn to sunset, frequently to the late hour of midnight, to obtain food and raiment for her helpless little ones. We have seen the weak, sick, dejected mother, toiling early and late with her needle, or at heavy washings, surrounded by her tender, fatherless children crying for bread, and imploring a little of a kind mother's necessary attention. Hard indeed is the lot of such a mother, and of such a family of children. While the husband and the father lived, they had the wherewithal to be fed and clothed, and schooled; but now that he is dead, and their support gone, they are hungry, and naked, and ignorant. As they grew up, they became wild, and vicious, and wicked. Necessarily neglected, in part at least, and in want of almost every comfort at home, they run at large, imbibing the very worst principles, and indulging in the very worst practises. Rioting and exposed to almost numberless temptations to vice and crime in their most disgusting and awful forms, they often sink into the deepest depths of shame, and end their days in a house of correction or place of infamy; sometimes indeed atoning for their crimes by a forfeiture of their lives. But how different the state of things might have been, and probably would have been, had the wife and mother been furnished with some means at the husband's and father's death, for the support and education of her children. It is known that deep poverty is not favorable to virtue. Without means to educate our children, and provide for their many and pressing wants, we can expect from them but little that is good, but much that is decidedly bad. Poverty and ignorance generally go hand in hand with crime and all sorts of wickedness.

Now, in the case above alluded to, if the husband had taken the precaution to have his life insured, say for one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, how very different would the state of things have been at his death. The wife, instead of being homeless and destitute, and wasting her feeble energies in al-



most fruitless endeavors to gain a livelihood for herself and those dependent upon her, would have been in the receipt of a policy, insuring to her such pecuniary assistance as would have brought instant relief to her and her children at a time when they most needed it. The sum paid to her by the company, together with what she might have been able to earn conveniently by her own industry, would have been sufficient, with prudence and economy, to support and educate her children for years together; and by the time the amount of the policy had been expended, the children would have been able to keep themselves. In all this, who does not see the incalculable benefits and advantages of Life Insurance? He who feels for the poor, destitute, deeply afflicted widow, and for her fatherless and helpless children, cast out upon the cold charity of the world at their parent's death, cannot but regard, we think, the subject of Life Insurance in the most favorable light, and be willing to lend a helping hand to promote its high and noble objects.

III. *What is the origin and history of Life Insurance?* It is not known exactly with whom the theory of insuring human life originated, but it is believed that the principle was adopted and practised by the early christians, when they sold off their individual possessions, and held every thing in common; for insurance is but an agreement of a community to consider the goods of its individual members as common property. The first equalization office, therefore, seems clearly traceable to the early christians. "For as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the price of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostle's feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." It will be observed that the Apostles were the managers of the common fund, or directors of the office. And it has been said that the reason why the excellent principle, here practically recognized by the first christians, has not been continuously practised in the Church, is, because science was in arrears. However this may be, it is certain that it has taken almost two thousand years to post up the head even with the heart, as divested of selfishness at the dawn of christianity. The contract or agreement of the early disciples touching the matter under consideration, was the offspring of the purest principles of christian benevolence. How long this first approximation to life insurance was practised by the early christians does not appear from the scriptures; but as they soon become numerous, and spread remotely in different countries; and as it was altogether a voluntary thing, not being enjoined; and as the par-



ticular necessity which gave rise to the establishment of the common fund gradually passed away; it probably did not extend beyond the association recorded in the fourth and fifth chapters of the Acts. It is also worthy of remark in this connection, that besides this first equalization association, there was another established in the early christian church, very similar to the one now under review, and whose affairs were managed by Deacons, chosen by the "multitude of the disciples"—See Acts 6: 1-6. The object of this association was to make suitable provision for all the *widows* in the church, and it was the business of those who conducted its affairs to see that no one, whether a Grecian or a Hebrew widow, was "neglected in the daily ministration." It has been left for modern times to unfold the principles by which this first gush of christian philanthropy could be held and managed, and infused into associations or bodies of men; thus engrafting general benevolence upon individual selfishness. And by the way, if the early christians felt called upon to make provision for poor widows in the church, *indiscriminately*, why should it be thought out of place for a husband and a father, by his own industry, economy and personal self-denial, to lay up a few hundred dollars in a Life Insurance office, by the payment of a small annual premium, for the benefit of his *own poor wife and children*, after he is dead? "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for his own house, hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." And this provision is as far-reaching into the future, as it is possible for man honestly and piously to make it. But more on this point hereafter.

The history of Life Insurance contains much that is both curious and interesting. On this particular topic we have room only for a few fact statements, collected chiefly from Prof. Knapp's able Lectures to Families on Life Insurance.

The origin of the theory and practice of Insurance, in a commercial sense, is involved in great doubt so far as profane history is concerned. It has been claimed for the Rhodians, and as having place in the codes of ancient commerce; it has been claimed for the Romans, and Claudius Cæsar as the inventor. The Lombards are said to have introduced it into England. It appears to have had place in the commercial systems of France, Italy, Spain and Holland, early in the sixteenth century; and to have received its first regulations in England, in 1661. And as the principles of Life Insurance were first reduced to a practical science in England, it may be said to be a British institution. It has grown up chiefly within a century, and has re-



ceived greater impetus within the last twenty years, and has extended its benefits farther and wider, than in all preceding time. The Bishop of Oxford and certain philanthropic noblemen and gentlemen of England, perceiving that important advantages might accrue to society from a well regulated system of insurance upon lives, early in the eighteenth century, during the reign of Queen Anne, applied for a charter, and in 1706 the Queen granted her royal charter, incorporating them under the name of the "Amicable Society for a Perpetual Insurance Office." This was the first Life Insurance Company established in England—was established on the mutual principle, and is yet in successful operation, being one hundred and forty-five years old. In the beginning, members were admitted of from twelve to forty years of age, on the payment of £7 10s per share, or entrance; and £5 annual premium, all ages being charged alike, so little was then known of the value of human life at different ages.

The benefits which the Amicable Society conferred were soon acknowledged, and the impulse of the age gave rise to many crude and adventurous schemes in life interests within the next twenty years, all of which finally went by the board; none of which appeared to have been professedly Life Insurance Companies, however, but more properly speaking, Friendly and Provident Societies, and societies for granting annuities; such as existed on the Continent, and were rife during the eighteenth century. These Societies were projected at random, without science or data in their calculations, and of course soon exploded. Burt, on Life Insurance, says, page 144, that Mr. Chas. Ansell states that two thousand of these societies were brought before him in three years, all in a state of insolvency.

The correction of these abuses, the want of true data from which to compute life interests, and the manifest eagerness with which provident persons sought, through deferred annuities and assurances, to make provision for their families and the infirmities of age, called into the service many of the most able mathematicians of the day. Teteus, Halley, Simpson, Price, Barrett, Milne, Bailey, Jones, De Morgan, and others, have all contributed to the great end of placing the computation of Life Contingencies on correct principles. Bailey observes, that "Barrett devoted twenty-five years to the preparation of his tables." In 1782, the Rev. Dr. Price's tables of mortality appeared, at which time the rates were reduced, and Life Insurance began to be practised upon more scientific principles. The immoralities which had disgraced it on the Continent and ban-



ished it thence, having been prevented by early and wise regulations in England, Life Insurance grew into favor with the people, and settled down on the firm and enduring basis of scientific principles and sound morality.

The progress of Life Insurance in Great Britain and Ireland is as follows: At the commencement of the present century, there were seven Life Offices; in 1820, there were twenty; in 1830, there were forty; in 1840, there were eighty; in 1845, one hundred and twenty; and at the close of the year 1847, there were one hundred and thirty. Fifty-four of these are joint stock companies, and the others are either mixed or mutual. Some of these are named or styled, Church of England—Clerical, Medical and General—Catholic, Law and General. The number of Life Offices in the British Isles, at this time (August, 1852,) is probably not less than one hundred and fifty. The number of Lives insured is said not to exceed 150,000, which only gives rising 1,000 to each office, and is said not to be over two per cent. of the population to which Life Insurance is particularly applicable. The number of policies outstanding is estimated at about 200,000. The amount insured, estimating the policies to average \$2,000 each, is \$800,000,000. The annual amount of Life Insurance business done, is estimated to exceed \$125,000,000; and the annual increase, to exceed \$1,200,000.

As to the *safety* of the English offices, Burt, a standard British author says, "The records of Life offices afford no instance of a legally established assurance office having failed to fulfil its engagements. How many Life Insurance Companies have been called into existence within the last century. Millions of capital have been subscribed; millions have been paid up and invested; and not a single instance can be adduced of any fairly, properly constituted office having failed, or of loss having accrued to the share-holders." These are facts worth remembering. There can be no safer office in the world than a well-regulated Life Insurance office. The risks involved can be more easily ascertained than any other.

Within the last thirty years, Life Insurance in France, Belgium, Germany, and other countries on the Continent, has been re-established on a much sounder basis, and is becoming more and more popular. Thousands are annually availing themselves of its benefits.

It may surprise some to learn that Life Insurance was introduced into the United States before the Revolutionary War, by a little band of Episcopal clergymen, breathing the same disin-



terested benevolence as inspired the early christians. "The Protestant Episcopal Association, for the benefit of widows and children of clergymen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," was incorporated in 1769. Its funds were exclusively appropriated for the support and relief of the families of deceased clergymen who should become contributors. This Institution, substantially the same as a Life Company, is yet in active operation, affording protection and reliance, and in many instances entire support to the families for whom it was projected. The history of this Corporation has been ably written by Horace Binney, Esq., of Philadelphia, and published in 1821, in the form of a Preface of some forty octavo pages to the "Fundamental By-Laws, and Tables of Rates," or properly speaking, the Prospectus of this Corporation. The late lamented Bishop White bestowed incessant care over this Institution, which has now an accumulated fund of \$100,000, and Bishop Potter emulates his noble example.

Up to 1840, there were not more than five or six Insurance offices in this country. At this time there are about one hundred and fifty companies in the United States, chiefly located in the large cities, which together have issued more than 320,000 policies. It is supposed that the number of policies in force at this time, in all the offices, is not less than 150,000. If the amount of insurance on each life averages \$2,000, the aggregate amount of Life Insurance is \$300,000,000. Of the 4,000,000 families of whites, only 150,000 are insured—only about one in thirty, or rising three families to the hundred.

What we have said in this paper on the principles, objects, advantages, origin and history of Life Insurance, is only intended to prepare the way more fully for another paper, in which we propose to consider at some length the *christian propriety and expediency* of insuring human life. In our next we expect to enter upon a direct defence of Life Insurance, and shall endeavor to answer some of the objections urged against it.

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### HOW SWEETLY COULD I LAY.

How sweetly could I lay my head  
Within the cold grave's silent breast,  
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,  
No more the ills of life molest.  
For ah! my heart how very soon,  
The glittering dreams of youth are past!  
And long before it reaches noon,  
The sun of life is overcast.



“THINK OF ETERNITY.”

BY GRACE.

BESIDE a dying mother's couch, a fair young girl  
Is kneeling in speechless agony, gazing  
Upon the livid features of a fond and only  
Parent. Already has the mist of death clouded  
Those meek and tender eyes, and the cold fingers'  
Tight'ning clasp, send to that young and trembling heart  
An icy chill. The dread silence of that home  
Is alone broken by the tones of the  
Dying. “Marion, think of Eternity !”  
At the sound of that lov'd voice, the pent-up feelings  
Of her full heart burst forth in sobs and tears, but all  
Unheeded by the rigid form she clasps so wildly  
In her arms; for as the last accents died  
Upon her lips, Death placed his signet there.

Years pass away.

The orphan's stricken heart hath found a balm 'neath  
The shadow of Time's healing wings; but the echo  
Of that dying voice still lingers 'mid the chords  
Of memory's harp—unstrung and silent now; for ah!  
The gay and flattering world hath lured her  
To become its votary. Heavily upon  
Her spirit weigh the jewel'd links of pleasure's chain,  
Fettering all holy aspirations struggling there.

Eager she quaffs the foaming cup of earthly joys  
And tastes its dregs of bitterness. Frail and fleeting  
As the loveliest rose of June, has earthly friendship  
Proved: scarce gathered ere its bright leaves droop and fade.  
False! unsatisfying all! is the bitter cry  
Wrung from that desolate and erring one.  
Touch'd by an unseen hand, the slumbering chords  
Of memory's harp awake, in soothing notes that long  
Forgotten charge, “Marion, think of Eternity !”  
Meekly the head is bowed as if to feel  
The presence of a sainted mother near, and hear  
Again those those thrilling words, so deeply fraught  
With vital import.

Many hours spent in anxious thought,  
Bitter repentant tears and humble prayer,  
Led her to the feet of Him, who will not  
A broken spirit and a contrite heart despise.  
She knew that Eternity, too vast for poor  
Humanity to fathom, was hers: where thought,  
Deep labored thought, but leaves the mind bewildered  
In a maze profound. She seeks to know no more  
Than the one of Life—a life of bliss, is hers  
To gain. The one of Death—a deathless death, is hers  
To shun. “Reader, think of Eternity !”



## MUSIC IN THE CHURCH.

BY. REV. S. H. REID.

“LET Zion praise the mighty God,  
And make His honors known abroad ;  
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,  
And glorious is the work of praise.”

CHRISTIANITY has ever employed Music as a leading part of her sacred services. Early did she consecrate the powers of the human voice to the pleasing work of praising God. The first of mankind delighted in song. They sang many a beautiful hymn to their Maker in their first and innocent abode. The great Poet Milton makes Adam address Eve thus :

“How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole or responsive to each other's note,  
Singing their great Creator !”

And have we not reason to suppose that what they thus heard they imitated ? Is it not reasonable to suppose that their own souls were inflamed by these heavenly notes ? Indeed the same Poet so represents them, in the song which they sang on the eve of their retirement :

“Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,  
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt fall to the ground.”

The devotions of very early christians are not specifically set forth in their history. We know not much about the Poetry they made use of in this connection ; nor the peculiar modes in which they made use of this Poetry. We know, however, that musical instruments, and among these the Psaltry, were invented at a very early age, by Jubael ; and their use, no doubt, upon his part and upon the part of his descendants, was very general. It is highly probable that sacred songs mingled with their sacrifices ; and with the smoke that went up from off the tops of their altars, also ascended the note of praise.

In the Exodus of Israel out of Egypt, we have the first recorded song of early christianity. After the departing Israelites had crossed the Red Sea, and after Phaarah, their former tyrant and pursuer, had endeavored to follow them, but was de-



stroyed ; then we are told, "Moses and the children of Israel sang a song unto the Lord." This song we have recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the book of Exodus, and it comprises a most touching expression of devout gratitude and praise.

After this, Psalmody was an instituted part of Jewish worship. The ceremonial law made ampler provision for its maintenance. Many devout songs and psalms were composed by inspiration ; and from the days of David, especially, there was a select number of singers, instructed and supported at the public expense, in order to carry on, properly, this branch of sacred worship.

At the appearance of the Saviour upon the earth, this form of worship still continued in force and in use. We are taught that after the institution of the Lord's Supper, the disciples, in connexion with their beloved Head, went out and sang a Hymn. Paul and Silas, bound in chains and confined in a lonely prison, made the midnight hour vocal with the praises of God. The apostle Paul exhorted the Ephesians and Colossians to maintain this branch of worship. The early fathers exhorted the church to do the same. A celebrated heathen ruler in giving his master a description of primitive christians, uses the following language. "It is a custom among them to assemble on a certain day, and sing hymns unto Christ as unto God." Thus the early church *praised* God as well as *prayed* to Him. They employed their hands and tuned their lips in this delightful employment. Here no doubt they found relief in the midst of their persecutions. When their tormentors drove them to the caves in the mountains, or shut them up in the cheerless prison, they found sweet delight in tuning their lips in holy and sacred melody.

Well regulated appropriate music has a happy bearing on public worship. Worship would not be worship without it. We cannot see how the church would dispense with this part of her economy. How dull would be our devotions ! How cold would the heart be, in its attempts to draw nigh to God ! How destitute of that unction so necessary to all acceptable worship ! Miserable, indeed, would our most sincere efforts to worship God prove, without this inspiring forerunner, to quicken the mind and warm the heart ! Every soul sitting solemnly and sincerely in the Divine presence, feels its influence and elevating power.

This is the case emphatically with the MINISTRY. Ministers are men. The Head of the Church called into his service, not *angels* but *men*. He enters the ranks of mortals, and chooses



from those who are to be taught, their Teachers. He gives them requisite abilities, of course, to qualify them for the solemn and reasonable work with which he entrusts them, and the means also, through which these talents may be called into exercise. But still they are men. Neither their office nor their talents changes their natures. They remain in the continued possession of their human sensibilities and faculties. They have also their own individual spiritual wants and dependencies. They live not above the altar, but of the altar. The same truth they teach, they need to enlighten their own minds. They announce for the comfort of others. They require for the comfort of their own hearts. And upon the very same system of sacred worship over which they preside, and of which they are the organs, and through which they minister to the people, upon this very system are they dependant, as a means, to quicken their own graces and warm their own hearts.

This being the case, the devotion of the church is as needful to the Ministry as it is to the People. If appropriate, it may be expected to have the same inspiring effect here as there. If not so, we may suppose like results to follow. And that this is the case, every one who serves at the altar will freely acknowledge. Freely do we confess that the whole current of our devotional feelings has been changed by the opening services of the sanctuary. We have gone into the pulpit with a benumbed heart, and disturbed mind. We have trembled for the services of the day. With the Prophet, we would sincerely exclaim—"Oh! Lord how can I speak, for I am like a child!" But just in our despair the sound of a sweet instrument falls upon our ear, or the voices of the congregation rise up before us, and the frozen heart melts before the sacred fire, and the distracted mind is enabled to concentrate its thoughts and fit itself for duty.

Sacred music has a happy, and we may say, a powerful effect upon a CONGREGATION. All congregations of worshipers are made up of two leading classes of people. There are those who, from principal, are interested in the services of the sanctuary; and there are those who are not. Those who are interested in the services of worship feel the power and importance of the devotional parts of public religious exercises. They long for the Sabbath and the sanctuary as a day and a place for devotion, and not simply as opportunities through which to hear a fine sermon. And here they are deeply interested in the Psalmody of the Church. They find a pleasure in perusing the poetry employed in worship, as well as in the strains of



music through which the poetry is made to speak. And then what a *preparation* is this for the subsequent exercises in which the devout mind is called upon to take a part. When his soul has been melted into a sacred tenderness, by sweet sounds, until it runs over with joy, and gratitude, and praise to God for his goodness; how well is he prepared to pour out his wants in prayer, as he may be led in this second exercise by the pulpit! And then with a heart thus impressed and a mind thus quickened to devotion; will he not be best prepared for the hearing of the word and its proper improvement? My word for it, if our hearts be truly devout in our religious exercises, the sermon will be interesting and the preacher will not be dull. In a hundred cases, sermons are dull, not in themselves, but only in the dull formal hearts of cold worshippers.

And even upon the careless and uninterested mind, straying in the sanctuary, music has its effects. The hardest heart sometimes feels. Even the most reckless feel awe-struck in the House of God, when God is purely and devoutly worshiped there. Their hearts are touched. They get into the current of sacred sympathy and are carried along upon its bosom, almost against their wills. They feel, when the singing is good, and they prayers are sincere, and the sermon is touching and practical.

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### TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
To weep, yet scarce know why;  
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by;  
To kneel at many a shrine,  
But those we just have won.  
This is love—careless love—  
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame  
Through life unchill'd, unmoved;  
To love in wintry age the same  
The first in youth we lov'd;  
To feel that we adore  
To such refined excess,  
That though the heart would break with more  
We could not live with less;  
This is love—faithful love—  
Such as saints might feel above.



PERSEVERANCE.—Go to the ant, and learn perseverance. The celebrated conqueror, Timor the Tartar, was once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building. There he sat alone for several hours. After some time, desirous of diverting his mind from his hopeless condition, he fixed his attention on an ant, which was attempting to carry a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall. Its efforts, however, were unsuccessful. Again and again it strove to accomplish its object—and failed. Still undaunted, it returned to its task, and *sixty-nine times* did Timor see the grain fall to the ground. But the seventieth time the ant reached the top of the wall with its prize; and “the sight,” said the conqueror, who had just before been despairing, “gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed.” You, who have often tried, and failed—TRY AGAIN!

PARENTS.—Buxtorf says that the Jewish fathers professedly took upon themselves the guilt of all their children’s sins till they came to be thirteen years old. Would it not be well if christian parents had some of this feeling; so that they would treat and train their children with the same diligence and care as if their children’s sins were all their own; and is not this in a deep sense the case? Many parents do go to the bar of God, bearing their children’s guilt upon their souls!

THE POOR.—Among the ancient Romans, there was a law, which was kept inviolable, that no man should make a public feast, except he had provided before for all the poor of his neighborhood. Write that down as one of your rules, rich Christian. And always, before you send out your invitations, take your Testament and read Luke, 14: 12–14, ten times over. If that does not do, read it one hundred times.

Now.—Some say it is never too late to enter the path that leads to heaven. An old divine says he is sure that it is never too early.

RICHES.—An old divine says that the best way to keep wealth from taking wings and flying away, is to keep them *well clipped*.

TRUE.—Some men never open their mouths to praise God—when they do open them it is either to eat or to breathe.

MODESTY is the inseparable companion of real merit.



# THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. III.]

OCTOBER, 1852.

[No. 10.]

## AN INDIAN MOTHER'S LOVE.

OS-HE-OAU-MAI, the wife of Little Wolf, one of the Iowa Indians, died while in Paris, of an affection of the lungs, brought on by grief for the death of her young child in London. Her husband was unremitting in his endeavors to console and restore her to the love of life, but she constantly replied—"No! no! my four children recall me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

No! no! I must depart  
From earth's pleasant scenes, for they but wake  
Those thrilling memories of the lost which shakd  
The life sands from my heart.

Why do ye bid me stay?  
Should the rose linger when the young buds die,  
Or the tree flourish when the branches lie  
Stricken by sad decay?

Doth not the parent dove,  
When her young nurslings leave their lowly home  
And soar on joyous wings to heaven's blue dome,  
Fly the deserted grove?

Why then should I remain?  
Have I not seen my sweet-voiced warblers soar,  
So far away that Love's fond wiles no more  
May lure them back again?

They cannot come to me;  
But I may go to them—and as the flower  
Awaits the dewy eve, I wait the hour  
That sets my spirit free.

Hark! heard ye not a sound  
Sweeter than wild-bird's note or minstrel's lay?  
I know that music well, for night and day  
I hear it echoing round.

It is the tuneful chime  
Of spirit voices!—'tis my infant band  
Calling the mourner from this darkened land  
To joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest!  
I see them there, by the Great Spirit's throne;  
With winning words and fond beseeching tone  
They woo me to my rest.

They chide my long delay,  
And wonder that I linger from their home;  
They stretch their loving arms to bid me come—  
Now would ye have me stay?



## A CHAPTER ON POLITICS.

BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE corrupt elements which at the present time enter into the movements of political life are well known, and a subject of daily remark. No one, not even the actors in the wicked and senseless play pretend to justify it. No one pretends to believe one-fourth of what is published in political papers. As echo answers echo, so lie answers lie—and he who can lie most cunningly is the bravest man. There are of course exceptions; a few may be found in this polluted Sardis who have not defiled their sheets with the lying, slandering mania of the times—but how few! These sheets are generally the creatures of a caucus of office-seekers, who use them to trumpet their own praise—shame!—and to throw dust into the eyes of quiet citizens. The editor is frequently nothing but a puppet which faces about according as the wires are drawn; or a parrot which says what its master has taught it.

It seems to be the peculiar delight of these vampire sheets to feed on defamed character. After they have devoured the slanders from the four winds, they still stand with open mouth, crying, "Wants more!" Barefaced is this impudent spirit beyond all endurance. If only half of what these sheets say of opposing candidates, were true, they would be more fit for the penitentiaries than for offices of trust. Where is there a public man in our country that has not been belabored and belied from Maine to Florida by political sheets! There is no measuring this iniquity, there is no fathoming of this depravity, there are no bounds to the going about of this "roaring lion" seeking whom he may devour. No name is sacred, no character is respected; there is not even a page of our country's history, but has been bespattered by these vipers, which an indulgent public are nursing with their patronage. Nothing is easier. A swine can throw mud upon an elephant. It requires no brains to tell a lie. It requires no conscience to slander the great men of our nation. It requires no intelligence to pamper the tastes and passions of an infuriated populace. It requires no wisdom to raise false issues, to palaver well-paying favorites with fulsome praise, and to dish up words and wind for "fellow citizens," "independent voters," and "the sovereign people." Strange that sensible men do not grow tired of being gulled and humbugged week after week with the ever-recurring chime of this worn-out political song, without sense or reason. Not one new



idea on the principles of government—not one new argument, for or against, any existing policy—no, not one! There stands the old political cow, chewing over the same cud for the one-thousandth time; and this pap is furnished as intellectual and political food for the “dear people.” Should any one think that our strictures are too severe let him open any political paper and cast his eyes over the titles of pieces, and occasional words in capitals. It is shameful!

What must be the effects of this political lying upon the rising generation? What effect has the reading of “father’s papers” upon the children of a family. “Father, why do they take up such a wicked man for President?” exclaims the frightened child, as it comes running to its father with the “Paper for the Campaign” in its hand. “O, you must not believe *all* of that, my child.” “How *much* of it must I believe, father? Mother tells us we must not tell lies; had these men that make the papers, no mothers to tell them not to lie?” “You must not read those papers—they are not for you.” “But, father, we have no other papers to read.” “Hem!—yes my child—hem!” and the father put his finger up alongside of his nose towards his eye, like an author, and was thoughtful!

What philosophers these children are!—wonderful good reasoners. The reason is, they have no party interests to serve; and then they know not yet “the ways of the world.” No one can tell the disastrous influence which these pseudo-papers are silently exerting upon young and tender hearts.

There is another system of demagogism, the patient endurance of which by the people has often surprised us. We refer to what is called, “President-making,” in our national councils. We send our representatives to the State and National Legislatures to enact laws, and to attend to the business of the government and States. But what are they doing? They spend, perhaps fully one-half of their time, in discussing and caucusing, and manœuvring about the various aspirants for the various offices—laying wires and making bargains. For this time spent, they are paid out of the public treasury! The results at which they arrive are submitted to the leading demagogues in each State and county, with directions to drill the “dear people” into the traces. Talk about “the independent voters!” There is scarcely such a thing in existence. A few men rule each county—a few more rule each state—and a few more rule the nation. The people are the tools of the party leaders, and seem willing to be so used. Their going to the polls is a mere sham—for they are only called together to ratify, on one side



or the other, what demagogues in caucuses have all arranged before. Look at it as you will, it amounts to this in the end. Politics is a business—men follow it for a living. Instead of zeal for country, it is zeal for office. Instead of honor, it is spoils; for no office now has honor, but every one who reaches an office must be dishonored first. Neither the office nor the people seek the candidate, but the candidate seeks first the office and then the people as a means by which to get what he seeks.

All modesty is gone from the political world. From the President down to the Constable the candidate goes electioneering *for himself*! He goes before the people and pleads his own cause, and shows that “the salvation of this great nation” depends upon *his election*! He suffers himself to be waggoned along at the head of a procession of the “sovereign people” and any quantity of boys. Then he mounts the stand—abuses his opponent—flatters the populace—harangues in the most insipid political cant; and men—yes intelligent men!—open their mouths and bawl out, “Great is this Diana of demagogism!”

We appeal to the sober sense of all sensible men whether it is not an indisputable fact that such is the miserable farce of our present political operations. Think of Washington pleading his claims to office—think of that pure patriot going on an electioneering tour for himself!—the thought is almost a dishonor to his memory. If he could arise, and happen upon one of these “mighty outpourings of the people,” we doubt not he would forget his usual modesty, and in holy indignation, make for the stand—to slap the orator’s mouth!

What is the consequence of this corruption in politics? One consequence is that men of modesty and worth become so disgusted at the whole business that few will consent to be candidates for office. They will not push themselves forward, and no other can succeed. Thus the offices of the land are more and more passing into the hands of self-seeking and unprincipled men—men in every way unfit for the station. We verily believe that the peace and prosperity of our nation are more endangered from this source than from any other. Few solid and grave men are found in all our halls of legislation. Let any one go and observe their proceedings, for but one half day, as we have done, and he will see that they *talk and act like boys*. Even in Congress they call each other liars; yea, even fight like school-boys over a game of marbles. We defy contradiction; and we appeal to every and any one who has observed them, for the confirmation of what we affirm.



We earnestly call upon all young men, so far as our voice reaches, to set their faces against this most serious of humbugs. Demand that the solemn interests of our nation shall not be made the foot-ball of office-seekers. Demand that there shall be decency and manliness in politics. Rebuke the lying spirit of the press. Ask that name, and fame, and character, shall be honored as they deserve. Show, by the demonstration of personal action, that intelligent freemen cannot be made the slaves of caucuses, campaign papers, and demagogues. Teach the immodest impudence of him who asks you for your vote, the sense and wisdom of the proverb: "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just ; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."

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### REFLECTIONS ON SUNSET.

*Excellent*  
THE evening shades were fast approaching as I sat trying to catch the spirit of that overwhelming passage of scripture in 1 Pet. 1: 25, when, interrupted by a passing storm, I threw down my pen and drew my chair to my study-window, elevated considerably above the surrounding country and looking toward the west, in order to look at the scenery and to enjoy a refreshing breeze which had just sprung up.

A storm cloud had just passed. The dripping rain was still falling from the eaves of the roof. Nature seemed refreshed and glad by the washing she had received. The freshly washed leaves were yet dripping with the drops which baptized them with nature's nourishing grace and they sparkled as they fell, brilliantly lit up with the rays of the evening sun gleaming from the midst of thick masses of clouds piled heavily upon each other, but lit up in part by the piercing rays of the sun, making some appear as mountains of gold, others of amber, others of yellow clay and some tinged with a brightness indescribable, all piled on the black mass of vapor which formed the ground plan of the scene.

As the sun shone from the clouds the little birds came forth from their hiding places and arranging their newly washed feathers whistled in the greatest glee. The kine emerging from their shelter beneath sheds and trees began to browse on the fresh grass of the hill side or to drink from the pools which had been formed in the meadow. The young calves were jumping



and kicking in the overflowing enjoyment of life in the cool change of air, and even the pigs were making the most of the occasion by eating up the fruits which were beaten from the trees by the rain.

Far away upon the hills the white farm houses were visible amid clumps of trees looking greener and the houses whiter from the washing they had received. The farmers were moving and stirring rapidly to gather in their flocks and herds before the night-fall should close upon them and to finish their out-door work lest there should be further rain. Wagons and carriages were beginning to roll over the freshly washed pike and to resume the journeys which had been interrupted by the storm. The greatest charm to this panoramic scene was the appearance of the flowers. These seemed to put on their loveliest colors, to brush off the old dusty robes and to array themselves in their prettiest dresses, lifting up their heads as if to smile and laugh in sympathy with the rest of nature, and all dressed out for the banquet scene of earth to which they had been called by the ringing of the storm cloud, to have a merry scene before sundown.

On all this the Sun seemed to smile beneficently. This Monarch of Nature, the King to rule the seasons, and the days, and the sowing and the reaping—the Absolute Autocrat, on whose bidding all the flowers and plants, and animals, and clouds, and fruits, must all be waiting, the god of blind forces to awaken them into life, the Majesty coming in brilliant splendors and hailed by thousands of nature's worshippers, and waited upon by his priest the sun flower, he looked down upon it all with fatherly care and smiled upon the wide world he had called into life. As he spoke to nature through his reviving influence all seemed glad at his words, and they felt that without him they would wither and perish. He peeped once more from his splendid throne between the clouds and seemed to laugh as he said "good night," and told them to take a good nap till he should waken them in the morning.

As I sat at my window the cool breeze from the north seemed to bear new life on its wings. The sympathy which binds all nature, came wafting the magnetism of its life and infusing its refreshing powers. The influences which operated on the scene before me fastened themselves on my own feelings through the breezes which passed in at my window.

Here, thought I, is happiness. How good is God. The scene before me is happiness. The creatures are happy. They enjoy their existence. Life itself is the great source of their enjoy-



ment. To live is to be happy. The little lamb that hops over the grass exults in the inward flow of its life. Life, pure life, is the great fountain of enjoyment, and God in multiplying creatures is adding new streams to the broad and deep rivers of happiness. The world is made to give happiness. Look at the beauty of every part of it. The wild scenery of mountain gorge with deep ravines and lofty peaks and jutting masses of rock rising in majestic grandeur to the skies, and rousing up in the breast wild emotions of the sublime. Leaving those heights, and passing down into the vales and meadows, the grassy plains sloping so gently, leave the impression of pleasurable peace and contentment. Here is poetry and beauty. God is a poet. The admirable proportion and rythm of nature and the noble sentiment awakened in the breast is the best of poetry. Here God is a painter ; the scenery and clouds are the work of his pencil. Each blade of grass so fairly proportioned ; each flower so beautifully painted. Each tree spreads its branches in agreeable diversity, and on the face of all, beauty traces her fair lineaments. Here is the music of birds, the winding of streams, the gorgeous sunset, the green plains and wild scenery—from all beauty shines forth, and why ? Beauty is not necessary to existence. It brings no bread to the hungry. It does not convert the wicked ; it does not clothe the poor ; but yet it is there, filling up the cup of happiness, teaching a lesson to the dull plodding prosy world that jogs on without raising its eyes to look at anything but self-interest, rebuking the gain-seeking, money-making spirit that absorbs all the heart, and telling even that sour fanatical religious spirit, which shuts out everything beautiful from the worship of God, that it is all wrong. God loves the beautiful. The beautiful is the good. Nature is no Quaker, but a lover of the fine arts.

How good is God ! The sentence written on all, is “peace and good will to man.” What various stores of bounty are provided in the scene before me. No creature made till the earth has been well fitted up for a home and provided with an abundance of stores. No animal walks but finds plenty of sustenance on every side. No bird flutters but can find shade in the trees, berries on the bushes, and can chirp in the bracing air. No insect but what can find material for its cell, and a place for its provisions. No tree but what has sunshine for its leaves and rain for its roots, all things working harmoniously for the highest good of all. But here is man gathering from every quarter. He digs the gold and the iron and the coal from the repositories which a benevolent foresight has placed there, not



too deep for digging, not too exposed for wastefulness. He gathers the crops of the field. He enjoys a delicious variety of summer fruit. He has the more enduring varieties for winter use. In granting these gifts not only the wants of our system are consulted, but pleasure is granted in the taste. He derives benefit from the labors of animals. These ease his toils and bear his burdens. Beauty, pleasure and usefulness are united in all these gifts.

I looked at the declining sun as he sank into the heavy clouds around him. I watched the light fleeces as they were still lighted with his departing rays like fagots scattered from the burning pile. I looked at the world of nature dismissed by the Sun King to its rest, and all seemed good and happy. Yes here, thought I, is happiness.

#### NIGHT.

The sun retired from the scene. The bright clouds lost their smiles and became darkened as if with sorrow at his departure. The world of nature was hushed and quiet. The cool breeze ceased to blow and the air became heavy and damp. The black clouds looked thicker and blacker, betokening more rain and settling heavy upon the scene throwing over it a shade of gloom. Here is the approach of night. The beasts went to their shelter and were quiet. The birds ceased their songs and folded their wings to rest; the chickens mounted the pole beneath the shed and went quietly to roost. I could still see most of the objects, but they were dim and faint in their outlines. The village lay near at hand, reclining in a valley to the left, but a little cloud of mist was hanging over it. Death and sleep were spreading their thick veils over the scene. The sound of the blacksmith's hammer ceased to be heard. The village was silent. The church could still be seen in the distance, and the white tomb-stones standing in the graveyard, and my thoughts ran into the region of the dead. There, thought I, lie the dwellers of the night. The day has closed upon them. The sun has gone down and has bid them farewell forever. They lie in the dark damp caverns of the night. Amid the darkness the high and low fail to distinguish each other. The harvester is there who has reaped for many years from the surrounding fields, and has gathered in many products of the soil, but now he pays it back in his own dust, and the tomb bears a receipt that the debt is paid. Here all spend the night. The crowds of laborers who are toiling upon the earth from season to season, and



from year to year, cease from their labors, and when the day is past and the night is come, will here go to rest. Go to the sea and it is covered with ships making voyages to different parts of the earth, but these will soon end and the voyagers will make a last voyage and take a night of Rest. Go to the shop; men are toiling at the forge, at the anvil, at the bench and at the desk. The village resounds with their labors the livelong day, but the night comes—the night of death. They will then lay down the hammer to take it up no more. They will one day leave the work-bench never to return to it. They will exchange the work apron for the shroud, and those who are so active will become dwellers of the night. The villagers will all be laid among the tombstones, and be company to the world of spirits who are dwellers of the night. A mound is there rising high and well sodded. It is the grave of one who was well known in the village. In the day he was busy, and active, and kind, and good. All loved him, and his merry laugh was heard through the village; but now he lies with the dead. He is reposing amid the caverns of the night with those who are waiting for the day—the viewless domain of the spirit, in the place of the departed.

A child is there. Its gambols were watched by the villagers, but they lately carried it to this spot and laid it at the little door of the grave through which it has taken a dark passage and passed through strange cells and corridors and castles to the dwellers of the night preparatory to an entrance into the realms of everlasting day.

There is one whose spirit seemed to watch over that graveyard and church with their misty outlines in the dim light of night. It is the old sexton. He had often laid away others in the deep places and let down the coffin and set up the tombstone. He had followed the old and the young. He had often tolled the bell whose peals rolled over these hills and valleys. He had called the worshippers to the house of prayer, and at length he called them to their long resting-place among the dwellers of the night. Many beds had he made in the earth. Many sleepers has he laid away; but at length, wearied with his toil, he himself lay down to the rest of night. He dwells with those he carried to the unseen land.

Others follow in their turn. All will see the sunset and night of life. What a strange and mysterious valley is that valley. What changes are passing there. What new scenes to the traveller. What a thick veil hangs over its path, and how like the night. Mystery hangs her veil over the eyes and shuts out the



light. The day of life closes. One and another retire to their rest. You see your early companions go before you. You see the house deserted, and as you try to find the inmates, learn that they are all dead. You visit the old farm-house and the barn, and drink from the old pump, and sit under the aged and now decaying trees; but all the old people have passed to the old church yard, and you read their names upon the white tombstones. You meet strange faces in the village, but only one or two of the old people are left. You yourself approach the eve of life. You see the sun is setting upon your day. You feel the drowsy weight of death. Disease dims the eye, obstructs the breath, weakens the limbs. Soon you will be a companion to the dwellers of the night. Death comes on apace. He lays you upon the bed, closes the eye, stops the beating pulse, paints the features white, freezes and stiffens the limbs, and a cold shudder creeps over the frame and it is all over. You are carried away to the night—the long night of Rest. O strange mystery of death! Must all pass away?

I jumped up from my chair and went to my table and thought I felt the force of the passage of scripture before me. "The word of the Lord endureth forever." S.

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## AN OLD STORY.

THE snow falls fast in the silent street,  
And the wind is laden with cutting sleet,  
And there is a pitiless glare in the sky,  
As a fainting woman goes wandering by.

The rags that wrapt her wasted form,  
Are frozen stiff in the perishing storm;  
And she is so cold that the snow flakes rest  
Unmelted, on her marble breast.

Ah! who could believe that those rayless eyes  
Were once as sunny as April skies?  
And the flowers she plucked in the early spring,  
Loved to be plucked by so pure a thing?

'Tis past, and the fierce wind, shrieking by,  
Drowns the faint grasp of her parting sigh—  
And lifeless she falls at the outer gate  
Of him who hast last left her desolate.



## TESTIMONY OF HENRY CLAY.

“THERE is nothing in honor or fame, or worldly fortune, which is not vanity when the time of death approaches—nothing real—nothing substantial—nothing worth having but the hope of God's pardon and the consolations of his religion.”—*Words of Henry Clay in his last days.*

HERE we have an important testimony in favor of Religion from one of the greatest men that our country ever produced. Of course we do not consider that religion, divinely authenticated as it is, stands in need of any testimony to recommend it to those who are destitute of it. Religion has God for its founder and was ushered into the world in the midst of such powerful evidence that it seems next to impossible that any one should have doubts as to its divine origin. Yet still it is worth while to see how such men as Clay regarded religion—the religion of Christ, especially in view of death and the dread realities of eternity. For as the Poet Young says: “A death-bed is a detector of the heart.” What therefore a man utters under such circumstances must be regarded as his most solemn conviction.

It is but too common in our age that small philosophers, and smatterers in science allow themselves, with vulgar wit, to sneer at religion. Such persons with amazing conceit frequently fancy that infidelity is a mark of a strong mind, and that only the ignorant and weak-minded are induced to become its votaries. Let persons who are tempted to regard religion in this light, look at the case of Henry Clay—his testimony as well as his example, at least in his last years, goes in favor of religion. Surely, if religion were only a cunningly-devised fable, a priestcraft, a mind of such penetration, a logic so keen as that of Henry Clay could not have been deceived. If Christianity were so weak and so poorly established, as some imagine or pretend, he would have discovered its weak points, and would not have accepted it as the only consolation of his declining years and his only “hope” in view of death and eternity. Let such as are inclined at all to scepticism ponder well whether their scepticism does not arise from their own corrupt heart and perverted judgment, rather than from any want of intrinsic evidence in religion itself.

There is another thought which the words we have quoted from Mr. Clay, suggest to our minds. And it is this the unsatisfying nature of all earthly good in view of death and eternity. He was fully convinced of the vanity of all things beneath



the sun : he saw that nothing was permanent, nothing enduring, nothing satisfactory in the hour of death except an interest in Jesus Christ. Henry Clay, we may say, had risen to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame, he had drunk deep in honor and renown, offices of trust and profit had been showered upon him by his admiring countrymen ; and yet in the end he must make the confession that all things are poor and miserable so far as the satisfaction of the soul is concerned. Ought not this to be a strong reason for those who are still grasping at the "bubble reputation" to give up their pursuit and seek an interest in a more enduring hope ? If Henry Clay had to acknowledge the vanity of all earthly honor who can expect to gain any real satisfaction from it ? The pursuit of honor is even like the chasing of one's shadow, it always eludes your grasp.

There is something refreshing to see a man die in the bosom of the church of Jesus Christ, surrounded with the consolation of religion, as was the case with Henry Clay. How different the impression which such a death makes upon our minds from that of Hume, Bolingbroke, Tom Paine, &c. Well may our prayer be, "May I die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like his." What after all can afford us any consolation in the hour of death except an interest in Jesus Christ ? O that we could always view things in the light of eternity, how differently we would frequently act !

Much might be said to induce the young to give their hearts to God whilst they are yet in the morning of life. How much happier would Mr. Clay have been, had he sought God in his youth ? From how many temptations, from how many sins would he have been saved—from how many bitter drops would the cup of his penitence have been freed ?

Seek God, therefore, dear reader, in the days of your youth, before the evil days come in which you shall say you have no pleasure in them. Remember, godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come. Seek the "one thing needful" ere it is too late. Above all, do not learn to scoff at religion. This is a vice from which really great men are usually free—a vice, of which Henry Clay, to the best of my knowledge, was never guilty. Always reverence and fear the name of God, remembering that the "fear of the Lord is the beginning (as well as the end) of all true wisdom."

He *nothing* knows, who knows not this,  
That earth can yield no settled bliss,  
No lasting portion give ;  
He *all things* knows, who knows to place  
His hopes on Christ's redeeming grace,  
Who died that we might live.



## ON THE JUDGMENT.

BOTH reason and religion declare that there is a day of Judgment approaching, when it shall become fully manifest that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Then shall we, the laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, be called upon to render an account for the manner in which we have improved, or neglected to improve, our time. We shall then be judged for our whole life, not merely for a part of it ; for all our years, months, weeks, days, hours, and minutes. And when the "boaster of to-morrow" is arraigned before the great tribunal to give in his last and final account, how he has spent the day of grace, what will be his response ? What answer can he give ? Ah ! he will remain speechless and stand condemned before an assembled universe. Some who have no proper sense of the justice of God, would perhaps say, "We have read in thy word that thou art a gracious and merciful Father, a God of love and compassion ; yea, that thy mercy endureth for ever." But, deluded votaries of Satan, has he not said, "Notwithstanding I will by no means clear the guilty." And has he not taught us in his word, that his mercy only endureth forever to such as repent of their sins and turn unto him. He says, "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes ; but know thou that for all these things I will bring thee into judgment."

Oh, how can he stand in that day who has spent many a day and many a year in the service of sin and Satan—who has spent those days in which he should have prepared himself for death and eternity, in the pursuit and enjoyment of the sinful pleasures of earth. He will not be able to stand in the great and notable day of judgment. You will find him ranked amongst those upon whom the Judge will find himself constrained to pronounce the sentence, "Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."

Reader, are you prepared to stand before the Judge of Heaven and earth ? Are you prepared to give an account of the manner in which you have improved the means and day of grace ? If you are not, we would admonish you to live in future in view of death, judgment and eternity, that when you come to die, you may look back upon a life well spent in the service of God, and forward to a glorious recompense of reward. Remember, ye "boasters of to-morrow," that now is the accepted time to turn unto the Lord, and that this is the day of salvation.

H. D.



## THE CIVIL POLITY OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

THE civil or political ideas, and the mode of government of the ancient Germans must call forth peculiar admiration in the bosom of every one who loves our own American institutions. We have already seen, in a previous No. of the Guardian, that they loved physical freedom to a passion; they had the same partiality for civil freedom. "Love of liberty was the soul of all their transactions." They knew nothing of Kings, in the true sense of that term.\* They had their Chiefs of Tribes who attained that eminence not by birth, but by valor and personal qualifications. They knew nothing of the silliness of reverencing an automaton—a mere man of straw. He who would claim a superior place must deserve it. He must be a *real* man—a boaneges!

Every tribe attended to its own matters, in its own councils, in quiet times. In times of war there was a general confederation for general defence, at which time a general chief was elected. He was commonly chosen out of the most powerful tribe; but his office ceased with the war.

In all their councils every man, who had previously been invested with the right to bear arms, according to the solemnities which accompanied such investment, had a voice and a vote. In their assemblies those who had "derived experience from years—the nobles, who learned from their ancestors how the district was to be governed—the most valiant, who, by their deeds in war, stood in general respect, spoke in turn simply, briefly, and impressively, and not in a commanding tone, but by the force of reason. If the proposition displeased them, it was rejected by the multitude with hisses and murmurs; but if approved, they signified their satisfaction by the clashing of their arms, their most honorable mode of testifying their applause."† Thus the foundation of their government was substantially laid, not in arbitrary power, but in the hearts of the people. The spirit of republicanism pervaded their hearts, as freely as the air did their forests. The principle of their government was: "One for all and all for one, for life or death."

\* Schmidt, pp. 50, Vol. I. "The most of these nations had either kings or princes, whose power, however, like their pay, (which came from the free gifts of the ruled) was very limited."

† "The people decided. The people commanded, and the people obeyed those commands."—SCHMIDT, VOL. I: 50. "Every one had the power, and was entitled, to secure right for himself."—IDEM.



Great deliberation characterized them in their councils. They frequently took council on important affairs at their great banquets, when "the joyousness of the feast and society opened the secrets of the breast. But on the following day they reconsidered what had been discussed, so that they might view it coolly and dispassionately; they took council when they could not deceive, and fixed their resolution when fitted for quiet consideration." Here is philosophy. This deliberative feature is still prominent in the German character. He moves slowly and calmly—thinks more of going sure than of going fast; and has learned that the race is not always to the swift.

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## THE HOPE OF A RESURRECTION.

LET those mourn without measure, who mourn without hope. The husbandman does not mourn, when he casts his seed into the ground. He expects to receive it again, and more. The same hope have we, respecting our friends who have died in faith. "I would not have you ignorant," says Paul, "concerning those who are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others, who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." He seems to say, "Look not on the dead as lost. They are not annihilated. Indeed, they are not *dead*. They only sleep; and they sleep to awake again." You do not lament over your children or friends, while slumbering on their beds. Consider death as a longer sleep, from which they shall certainly awake. Even a heathen philosopher could say, that he enjoyed his friends, expecting to part with them; and parted with them, expecting to see them again. And shall a heathen excel a christian in bearing affliction with cheerfulness? If you have a well-grounded hope that your deceased friend was interested in Christ, ponder, I entreat you, the precious supports afforded by the doctrine of the Resurrection of the just.

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## AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,  
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,  
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,  
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee  
My God! silent to Thee!  
Pure, warm, silent to Thee!



## HOW TO GET RICH.

BY J. W. RAWLINS, M. D.

“DESPISE not the discourse of the wise, but acquaint thyself with their proverbs.”—ECCLESIASTICUS.

LEST some should think that we are venturing on forbidden ground, we will remind them of that verse in the second chapter of 1st Samuel, which reads thus: “The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up.” Again we are told in the thirteenth chapter of Genesis, that notwithstanding Abram when he “went out of Egypt, was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold,” the Lord said unto him after that Lot was separated from him, “Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I it and to thy seed forever.” In the first chapter of Job it is said the Lord “had made a hedge about Job and about his house, and about all that he had on every side, and blessed the work of his hands;” and in the last chapter of the same book it is stated that “the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.” If any of our readers still think it wrong to search for riches, we commend to them the example of Diogenes the Cynic with his tub; for ourselves we prefer that of Howard the Philanthropist with his wealth.

As we are about to take counsel of “the wise,” in our *researches*, we must not overlook the “proverbs” of the richest as well as the wisest of men. Solomon’s rules for getting riches are not only the first but the best which we can find, therefore we will give them precedence; but as they are numerous we can give only a few which appear more directly to the point in view. We have arranged them under seven heads, as follows:

I. *Be diligent.* “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men.”

II. *Be not afraid of hard labor.* “Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High hath ordained. He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread, but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labor shall increase.”



III. *Be humble.* "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honor and life. My son go on with thy business in meekness."

IV. *Make not haste to be rich.* "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him. A faithful man shall abound with blessings, but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. Set not thy heart upon goods unjustly gotten, for they shall not profit thee in the days of thy calamity."

V. *Trust in the Lord.* "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, lean not on thy own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

VI. *Honor God.* "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses burst out with new wine."

VII. *Remember the end.* "Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end and thou shalt never do amiss."

Rothschild ascribes his success to the following rules :

I. "*I combined three profits ;* I made the manufacturer my customer, and the one I bought of my customer ; that is, I supplied the manufacturer with raw materials and dyes ; on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods which I sold at a profit ; and thus combined three profits."

II. "*Make a bargain at once.* Be an off-handed man."

III. "*Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place.* I have seen many clever men who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them ; their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them ; they cannot get on themselves, how can they do good to me."

IV. "*Be cautious and bold.* It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune ; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it."

McDonough, the New Orleans millionaire, who knew much better how to make money than how to use it, gave the following rules :

I. "Obtain the favor and influence of the opulent and the authority of the country in which you live."

II. "Exercise your influence and power over those who, in point of wealth, are inferior to you, and by availing yourself of their talents, knowledge and information, turn them to your own advantage."

III. "*Is Prayer.* You must pray to the Almighty with fervor and zeal, and you will be sustained in all your desire."



I never prayed sincerely to God, in all my life, without having my prayer answered satisfactorily."

I do not agree with Rothschild that an "unlucky man" can do us no "good." I see no necessary connection between "their advice," which "sounds very well," and that "fate" which "is against them." Poor Burns, who as far surpassed Rothschild in genius, as Rothschild surpassed him in wealth, not only gives good advice, but which is far better, presents good motives. Hear him :

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her,  
And gather gear by every wile  
That justified by honor ;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Not for a train attendant ;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.

Although not one of the "wise" whose "discourse" Solomon counsels us not to "despise," nor one of the lucky whom Rothschild would "act with," I would suggest to those in search of wealth for beneficent purposes (and to all others I would recommend a frequent perusal of Agur's prayer) the following short and easy method ; first, understand that all *useful* employments are equally *respectable* ; then select that which is best adapted to your inclinations and talents ; next learn it *thoroughly* ; pursue it *constantly* ; live *frugally* and *temperately* ; invest your savings *securely* ; and if you are honorable in all your transactions and neglect none of your moral and religious duties, you can scarcely fail to become rich, and what is a thousand times better, healthy, happy and virtuous. But as all *will* not become rich, we must add a word of "aid and comfort" for those who remain poor. (I would that it were "material aid !") Shakspeare says,

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough ;  
But riches fineless, is as poor as winter ;  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Poverty is not the evil that many would make us believe. It needs but contentment to share its toils and to sweeten its joys and its influence for evil is overcome.

Contentment is the best help-mate of Poverty, and even Wealth without her is miserable. The reason why so many repine at the freaks of Fortune is because they woo the gay and haughty Dame (forgetting that she is but a blind jade !) instead of seeking the artless and unsophisticated Maiden : the wooers should bear in mind that Fortune grants her favors to but few, but



Contentment has sympathies and consolations for all who seek her in the right spirit and with the right mind.

But whether we obtain that for which we seek or not, we should never forget to apply to ourselves these beautiful lines of Longfellow:

Art is long and Time is fleeting ;  
And though our hearts be stout and brave,  
Yet like muffled drums are beating,  
Funeral marches to the grave.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With hearts prepared for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
*Learn to labor and to wait.*

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## LIFE INSURANCE.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

IN the September No. of the GUARDIAN, we endeavored to explain the principles and objects of Life Insurance. Our purpose now is to state, as briefly as possible, the main grounds on which Life Insurance may be recommended and defended.

I. *Life Insurance may be regarded with favor on the ground of its* GENERAL UTILITY AND UNIVERSAL APPLICABILITY. Innumerable are the instances in which Life Insurance may be made useful. It enables persons of all professions and conditions, whose income depends upon their lives, to make provision for a wife, children or relations. This is the chief design of Life Insurance. Besides this, it enables persons to raise money on loan where real security cannot be offered ; to provide for the renewal of leases held upon lives ; to secure the eventual payment of doubtful debts due to individuals, or bodies of creditors. It enables proprietors of landed estates, and other persons whose property is charged with mortgages, or with portions for children, or other incumbrances payable on events connected with the termination of their own, or of other lives, to answer the charges when they fall due. Parents may by this means secure the return of money paid for education, apprenticeship, capital embarked in business, or other advances made for children, in the event of their premature death. It provides means to reimburse the sum expended in the purchase of any life estate, on the death of the person, during whose

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life it is held ; to render contingent property nearly equal, in point of security, with absolute property ; and generally it affords a certain indemnity against any pecuniary loss, claim, or inconvenience whatsoever, to which one individual may become subject, by reason of the death of another. Various indeed are the useful purposes to which Life Insurance may be applied. It is a subject that concerns the poor as well as the rich, the mechanic, the farmer, the man living on income, or the landholder, the professional man, or the merchant—in short, all classes of men whatever. We might easily show how men generally are interested in this matter, but let the mere statement of the fact suffice. Those who may be desirous of gaining farther information on these points, can readily accomplish their wishes by an application to some regular Life office.

The most general use made by a Life Insurance is, by persons living on income, to secure a family, by its means, a comfortable support after the death of its head or parent. This is effected, as heretofore shown, by the payment annually to an insurance office, of such portion of the individual's income as can be spared, and for which payment the office contracts to pay, after the death of the insured, to his heirs or assigns, a fixed sum, the amount depending on the annual premium that is paid. And it does seem to us, that an institution of such general utility and applicability—an institution that may be turned to useful account in so many ways, that of making provision for a wife and children especially,—is deserving of the countenance and support of all those who really wish well to society.

II. *Life Insurance may be defended on the ground of REASON and HUMANITY, and also from the striking resemblance which it bears, in its most prominent features, to the benevolence of the Gospel.*

That man should make fitting arrangements to leave his family in comfortable circumstances at his decease, accords well with enlightened reason. There are no persons in the wide world, in whom he should feel a deeper interest, than in his wife and children. To them he is bound by the strongest and most endearing ties. He rightly considers them as a part of himself, and as the proper objects of his highest earthly love. How reasonable that he seek continually their greatest good, and so manage his affairs as to leave them with a certain pecuniary reliance, after he has been called away to another world ! This he may not be able to effect satisfactorily to himself. The difficulties in his path through life may be so many and great, that



almost all he is able to accomplish in this direction, is to provide for the every-day wants of his family. In such a case may not reason lift her voice and say : "If there is any other lawful and proper method at hand, by which you can accomplish an object so desirable as the maintenance of your family, after you are dead, adopt it at once, and by all the just means in your power, carry it out in the full realization of your heart's best wishes." To attain the end in view, we know of no better plan, than to take out a policy of insurance in some safe Life office. By industry, economy, and a little more self-denial, arrangements can probably be made to pay an annual premium of some twenty or thirty dollars ; and then, if death should occur to-morrow, and the natural support taken away, some eight or ten hundred dollars would be ready for the benefit of the distressed and needy family. And to this course, under such circumstances, the very instincts of our nature seem to prompt us. Possessed as man is, of humane feelings, he cannot but desire the highest welfare of his species, especially of those who sustain to him the very intimate, deeply interesting and important relation of wife and children. To properly provide for and take fitting care of these, is his manifest duty. If he should neglect, either their present or future interests, he would refuse to yield to the promptings of our common humanity, and would be wholly unworthy of the relations of husband and father. He is solemnly bound, by the law of his being, and the close ties of marriage and of blood, to make all suitable provision for the family which God has given him. He is under obligations high as heaven, to make use of all lawful and proper means for the present good and future relief and benefit of his wife and children ; and if God in his providence opens to his view new and better modes of understanding and acting out the generous dictates of his nature, and the benevolent principles of the Gospel, than those with which he was previously acquainted, he must not reject them because they are new, or not in exact accordance with his former ways of thinking and acting. Many old things are fast passing away. By the aid of science and religion, things are now viewed in a light hitherto unknown, and are much more correctly and advantageously understood. All around progress seems to be the grand characteristic of the present age. "Physical and intellectual, scientific and moral achievements, too sterling almost for belief, come pressing upon the mind one after another, and take their places among the substantial realities of life, until we are almost prepared to believe anything possible." Nations formerly distant, distrust-



ful, jealous, and disposed for war, are now meeting and shaking hands together; trafficking and commingling; interchanging the arts of civilization; vieing at the efforts of skill in scientific and handicraft workmanship; and lately congregating at a WORLD'S FAIR for the exhibition of the products of their genius. What a spectacle! When was anything like it seen or heard of before? All must admit that the arts of peace, and works of philanthropy too, have taken a very deep hold on men's minds. Righteousness and Peace are approaching to kiss each other. Men are everywhere becoming more tolerant, humane and reflective; more temperate and sober-minded; and the evidences of great moral progress are seen in the many institutions that are being devised of a social and benevolent character; for the suppression of vice, and the encouragement of virtue; the education of the poor; the protection of the helpless; the sustaining of the sick; the strengthening of the social relations of life; and protection against future want. And all this because the Gospel of Jesus Christ is becoming better and better understood. Every succeeding age enjoys additional light and advantages. Day by day Christianity is unfolding new beauties and excellencies to our enquiring and wondering minds. The Church seems to be exhibiting greater loveliness and brighter glories than ever. She is earnestly seeking to attain unto that perfection to which she is destined. Her march is onward. By her heavenly weapons of peace and love, she will soon conquer the world. The true spirit of the Master and of his blessed teachings is now much more clearly perceived than formerly; and hence it is, that throughout almost all christian lands, a strong desire has been awakened to ameliorate the condition of our race everywhere, and to extend the blessings of the Gospel over the whole earth. Hence it is that in our own country so many charitable and benevolent institutions have been founded, and means provided for their support. Hence it is that the science and practice of Life Insurance have received of late years so much attention from all classes of the community. Looking at this subject in the clear light of the glorious gospel, we do believe that Life Insurance, in a practical point of view, is entitled to rank among the foremost of the humane and benevolent institutions of the day. It comes in so opportunely to the relief of the distressed and helpless. When the support of a family dies, great are the changes and heavy the sorrows and afflictions experienced by its surviving members.

"The most awful period in a man's history," says Burt truly, on Life Insurance, is "the moment when his spirit wings its flight



to a distant world, and is usually the time when the greatest revolution takes place in the circumstances and destinies of his surviving relatives. The sorrowing widow and mourning children need bear no heavier misfortune then, than that which has fallen upon them in the loss of a friend, an adviser, and a protector. And yet how often is it the case, even with the thoughtful and prudent, that, to the loss of a husband is added the distress arising from pecuniary embarrassment. Willing and unwearying hands supported the wife ; that source is in a moment removed, and no other is substituted for the widow. Friends pity, but do not relieve ; advise, but give not wherewith to put their excellent plans into execution.

“It is hardly possible to over-estimate the extent of the calamity, when the head of a family is stricken down, and the members are left in helplessness and poverty. It is not only in such a case, that the affections are crushed and wounded by the loss of a beloved husband or parent, but the miseries of destitution are forthwith felt also ; there is an end of the independence and comfort of the whole household.

“Take such a case in the higher ranks, where a certain style and superior mode of living had been maintained ; where a higher education was being imparted to the children, and where the well-directed efforts of the parent who has been taken away provided the means of elegance and comfort of all. In a moment, and by an event in itself, and independent of circumstances, the most afflicting, the source of all this happiness is dried up, and the helpless mourners are made at the same time dependents—perhaps almost or altogether beggars. In the breaking up of a household, in the division of the members, in the parting with every superfluous article of furniture and its valued associations, in the feeble attempts to keep up something like former respectability, and the gradual descent to the lowest stage of poverty, there is perhaps as much of misery experienced as under more substantial privations. The heart,—in such circumstances—the heart of the widow or orphan, knoweth its own bitterness, and none else ; surely it becomes him to whom the affections of that heart have been most devoted, to anticipate the possibility of such a season of trial and privation, and, as far as possible, to provide the means of alleviating it, and soothing its sorrows ; and if he cannot ward off the stroke of death, yet, by wise precaution, to ward off the evils of destitution, and the misery of dependence.

“Life Insurance will impoverish no man, but will save from indigence millions of families, and place them in a state of se-



curity ; and in its prodigious developments, affords, in its applications, the attainment of an object the most exalted that can be contemplated ; and experience demonstrates that it is the most precious of earthly gifts, and is one of the happiest discoveries of man ; it removes the greatest source of wretchedness and crime ; substitutes industry for idleness ; economy for extravagance ; sobriety for intemperance ; competency for want ; it disarms the chamber of death of some of its most painful anticipations—utter destitution, added to the desolation of an orphan family, and the loneliness of a disconsolate widow ; it mitigates the sorrows of a bed of sickness, by the knowledge that those who depend on the life of a single individual are provided for.”

To us these seem to be just views, and in sweet harmony with the tender yearnings of a mind and heart rightly educated. And in this connection, we desire to call particular attention to the fact, that the principle of Life Insurance is substantially the same as that adopted by the early Christians, when they sold off their individual possessions, and held every thing in common ; for *insurance is but an agreement of a community to consider the goods of its individual members as common property*. And no one will doubt, it is presumed, that the principle here adopted by the early followers of our Lord, received the sanction of the Divine approbation. The state of things at Jerusalem was such, that it became necessary for the protection and general well-being of christians, either residing or sojourning there, that some such practice should obtain among them, as that now under consideration ; and in after ages, on various occasions and in different places, the same benevolent, self-sacrificing spirit was displayed by christians in seasons of emergency.

The spirit of the Gospel is a spirit of love, and he who possesses most of it, most resembles our divine Lord. To do good, especially to the poor, the needy, the helpless, is God-like. Pure religion in a great measure consists in aiding and blessing the widow and her fatherless children in time of need ; and the husband and the father knowing that the time of need will come, sooner or later, to the family of his love, and that in the present state of the church and of the world, they may be neglected, connects himself with an association that is legally as well as morally bound, to impart the necessary aid, in the day of trouble. And he feels himself the more free to make some provision for his wife and children in this way, because the principle of the community to which he belongs, and from which



he expects assistance for his family at the time they shall most need it, is the same in substance which governed the early christians when they established a common fund for the general good. He knows, moreover, that if he provide not for his own, especially his own house, he is scripturally reckoned among those who deny the faith, and are worse than an infidel. When he looks into the Gospel he finds that God has made it his solemn duty to provide for his family, to the extent of his ability, in a way that is honestly and piously correct; and believing this provision to be far-reaching into the future, even after the period of his decease, he seeks diligently to make it by all methods which seem to be wise, and approved by the word of God and the practice of his people. To him the whole spirit of christianity seems to favor his course; and in the practice of the early disciples, he finds encouragement to believe that his way is right.

If now it be right to follow the dictates of reason and humanity; if it be right to value practically all the obligations under which men rest as husbands and fathers, and to cherish and carry out fully all the principles and practices of the Gospel, then may Life Insurance, we think, be safely and earnestly recommended.

III. *Life Insurance should be encouraged on the ground that it is a GREAT MORAL BENEFIT.* Let no one be surprised at this assertion. We feel persuaded that it can easily be made good. If we can show that Life Insurance has a benign influence in holding the fragments of a broken family together—that it shapes in no small measure the destiny of children—that it prevents crime and promotes virtue, and that it hallows the widow's efforts, and brings down upon the orphan's head incalculably great blessings,—we say if we can make all this appear, we shall have succeeded, doubtless, in our efforts to prove that Life Insurance is a very good thing in a moral point of view.

It must be borne in mind that a Life Insurance Company is a brotherhood of provident husbands and fathers, who truly love their wives and children, and who sincerely desire to promote their highest welfare. They have formed themselves into a mutual association, the great object of which is to protect their families against want and mischief, after death has deprived them of their support and counsel. They agree to pay a certain small sum annually for life, on condition that at their death a certain sum total shall be paid to their widows or heirs. "We cannot run the risk," they say, "of leaving our helpless



ones destitute in the event of our death. Let us provide against this contingency, as God, in his providence, has opened to us a way in which we think it can be done, safely and piously. We are able to support our families very comfortably whilst we live, but if we were to die suddenly, they would be thrown into poverty. Now let us profit from observation. We have seen families left destitute, and the poor, stricken widow, overpowered with grief, and overtaxed with exertions to support herself and offspring, sink into an early grave; and we have seen the children, bound out to service, and exposed to the whips and scorns of a task-master, and vicious examples, finally lost to society in the ranks of sin and shame. We have looked around, and inquired into the history of those gangs, who, by their nightly riots, robberies, and murders, are the hunted down of the policemen of our cities—of those crowds of boys, hardly in their teens, who, by their blasphemy, obscenity, rowdyism, and petty offences, are preparing for a manhood to be either cut short by the hangman, or spent alternately in the penitentiary and in the perpetration of the crimes that send them thither—or, more lamentably still, of those creatures whose name puts humanity to the blush; who, having just entered the verge of womanhood, already become living, walking plagues, ‘whose house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death’—we have searched out the history of all these, and have found that, for the most part, they are the children of working-men who died, leaving their widows and little ones destitute, the mothers being compelled to part with their children and place them here and there with strangers, to be brought up as accident might determine, and who, deprived of maternal care and the domestic influences of home, so potent to restrain and guide, have become what we see, and their path is still downward. And we have decided the matter in our own minds, that if these widowed mothers, at their husbands’ decease, could have come in possession of the proceeds of a policy of Life Insurance of \$1000, or \$500, they would all have been able, used as they were to self-exertions, to adopt some business that would have enabled them to keep their little ones at home under their own guidance, where they would have grown up, and made useful and respectable members of society. And now let us, by a timely resort to Life Insurance, avert the possibility of destitution and its dreadful consequences happening to those we love, and whom we are bound to protect and bless by all lawful and proper means which may be within our reach. By the practice of a little more economy and self-denial, we can easily make up the



annual premium. We will be more careful of our loose change, and avoid all extravagance, or unnecessary expenditures in our mode of living. If we are only a little more economical in all things, we can easily save twenty-five or thirty dollars of our income, to pay the yearly bonus of an insurance; and then if our families should be unexpectedly deprived of their head and stay, they will have some certain reliance, by which they can be supported and encouraged during the period of their sorest affliction, at least. Then too may we expect our children to be educated, and brought up in the ways of virtue and religion."

And this is not a fancy sketch in any respect. It is drawn from real life, in all its parts. The picture, as here presented, may be seen in any of our large towns and cities; aye, and in some of our quiet country places also. The solemn truth of the matter is, that in our large cities and towns especially, there are thousands of widows and orphans, who were left penniless and helpless at the death of their respective protectors, and who receive no befitting attention from those around them. What are a few loaves of bread, or a few old garments, or a few sticks of wood, to a whole family, hungry, naked, cold, and destitute of every comfort. Hard indeed is the lot of those who are cast out upon the cold charity of the world, when the husband and father dies. Mankind are becoming more and more humane and benevolent, and drinking in larger measures of the spirit of the Master and the early christians, it is true; but still if the head of a family wishes to protect his wife and children from the worst ills and misfortunes of life, he must not trust the world, as it now is, any further than his certain knowledge of it will justify. He should know and feel that it is safest and best for those dependant on him, to be properly cared for by himself. If he refuse to make provision for them, under the impression that others will extend to them the necessary assistance, when he is gone, he runs a most fearful risk—a risk that is likely to involve his family in poverty, want and misery.

From all this, it will be seen, we think, that Life Insurance exerts a benign influence in keeping together the members of a stricken and bereaved family—that it governs, in a great degree, the destiny of fatherless children for both worlds—that it shields the unprotected from crime, and leads to the practice of a virtuous life—that it encourages habits of industry and frugality—that it preserves a whole household in love and affection—that it smoothes the poor widow's rugged path, and brings the richest blessings upon the needy orphan. And is not all this a moral benefit? Is this not a good in which the entire commu-



nity are most deeply interested? Should not society at large rejoice in the establishment of an institution that is capable of conferring such great blessings upon the helpless?

And there is a great moral benefit accruing to the insured himself, that must not be overlooked in this connection: we allude to the advantage gained over his *own naturally selfish nature*. When he insures his life, it is for the benefit not of himself, but of others. He gains nothing by it, in a pecuniary aspect. On the contrary, he must subject himself, perhaps, to severer efforts and greater self-denials. He parts with little comforts he formerly enjoyed, and lives more sparingly in all things. Divesting himself, in a large measure of selfishness, the reigning sin of the human heart, the curse of the world, and the acknowledged blemish of the Church itself, he cheerfully submits to all sorts of hardships and inconveniences, in order that his family may be cheered and blest, after his separation from them. The man who, of his own good pleasure, insures his life for the benefit of others, has already acquired no small mastery over the selfish workings of his nature, and is in a fair way to possess, in a large degree, the benevolent principles and spirit of the Gospel. Such an one, in this regard, is becoming assimilated to the angels; and, if a child of God, is fast maturing for the happy world above. The feeling that pervades all heaven, is a feeling of pure, disinterested benevolence; and he who is most benevolent and kind, in Gospel principles, is best prepared for the enjoyment of the celestial paradise. Life Insurance then may be defended on the ground that it is a real moral benefit, both to the insured and to those for whom the insurance is made. And it is not without some force, certainly, that life insurance has received the sanction and encouragement of many of the wise and good. Dr. Franklin, whilst in London more than half a century ago, wrote as follows: "My object is not to undervalue beneficial societies, but to call the attention of the considerate and provident to the fact, that a policy of life insurance is the *cheapest* and *safest* mode of making a certain provision for one's family. If any one will look at the tables of life insurance, he will see that, for a very small sum paid every year for a life insurance, a father secures to his family a very considerable amount. \* \* \* A policy of life insurance comes in just at the period when it is most needed, and gives the family most important aid, because it is most timely; it being just as they are deprived of their main dependance. It is time our people understood and practised more generally life insurance. Many a widow and orphan have



had great reason to be grateful that the advantage of life insurance was understood and embraced by the husband and father. A large amount has been paid in this city by the Life Insurance Company's, to widows and orphans, when it formed almost their only resource."

The Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, writes: "A small sum annually paid to the venerable corporation for the widows and children of Clergymen in this Diocese, or to a well conducted Life Insurance Company, would secure to their heirs at law, at their death, a considerable amount, which, in case of the corporation for widows, is often increased by the gratuitous liberality of the Trustees." The 'venerable corporation' of which Bishop Potter here speaks, is "The Protestant Episcopal Association, for the benefit of widows and children of Clergymen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," and which was incorporated as far back as the year 1769. This Institution, substantially the same as a life insurance company, is still in active operation, affording protection and support to the families of all those deceased clergymen who contributed to its funds. It has now an accumulated fund of over \$100,000, and is practically encouraged by a large number of Episcopal ministers in the State of Pennsylvania.

And in this connection we may be allowed to state that, for many years there has existed in the German Reformed Church in this country, a society for the relief and benefit of widows and children of deceased clergymen, who contributed annually to its treasury. This benevolent society originated with the early pious fathers and pastors in the church, and has again and again received the sanction and encouragement of her highest judicatory. A considerable number of her most discreet and useful ministers are now connected with it, and are taking measures to extend its benefits more widely. And it is worthy of remark, that on the score of *right*, life insurance contrasts most favorably with both these church institutions, managed by trustees under a State charter. In a Life office the annual premium is graduated chiefly to the age and health of the individual; but in the Corporations established within the bounds of the Episcopal and Reformed Churches, no such graduation appears, at least not in the Reformed Church. The yearly payment to all ages and states of health is equal. The reader will judge as to the wisdom and equity of these two plans of Life Insurance, respectively.

Within the pale of other churches, both in this country and in Europe, there are benevolent associations devised, the object



of which is to extend support and relief to the families of those who contribute to their funds annually a fixed sum.

Time would fail us, if we were to attempt to record all that wise and good men have said and done in favor of Life Insurance. Let one line more suffice for the present. An eminent writer in the *Edinburg Journal on Life Insurance*, says, "It is no more the moral duty of a man to provide the daily bread for his family while he lives, than it is to provide against their being left penniless in the event of his death." And so say we. In our humble judgment, the writer has spoken Gospel truth.

Such, briefly—and we may add, imperfectly—is our plea in behalf of the widow and orphan—our defence of Life Insurance. A much better one might be written, we are sure; but we have done the best we could in the short time allotted to the preparation of this article, and subjected as we have been to constant interruptions and pressing calls to pastoral and other duties.

In our next we hope to close this discussion by an endeavor to answer in a very brief space, the main objections urged by some against Life Insurance.

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### YOUNG MEN ! DO YOU HEAR THAT ?

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE.—Mr. Delavan, of Albany, who has devoted money and talent for the promotion of temperance, and who has done as much as any one individual in America, in giving dignity and importance to this noble enterprise, was, in his youth, one of a club of fifty who were in the habit of meeting at a room in a public house, to enjoy themselves in 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' It was not long, however, before Mr. Delavan was led to serious reflection upon the folly and danger of the practice; and, on a certain evening, while on his way to the club, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed aloud:

*Right about face!* And he did right about face; 'and,' said he, to the gentleman to whom he related the circumstance, 'the first block of buildings I ever erected in Albany, was erected on the corner directly in front of where I formed that resolution.'

"What a noble resolve! and how nobly has it been rewarded! What is the history of his forty-nine companions? Forty-three of them became drunkards, and most of them found a drunkard's death! What a lesson for the young man about to enter upon the active business of life!"



## THOU ART, OH GOD.

“THE day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter.—PSALMS, LXXIV : 16-17

THOU art, oh God! the life and light  
Of all this wonderful world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven;  
Those hues that make the sun decline  
So soft, so radiant, LORD, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies;  
Like some, dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, LORD! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

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 TO MY INFANT SON LOOKING AT THE SKY.

WHAT seest thou my child in th' ether above?  
Art thou viewing seraphs floating 'mid air?  
Look'st thou on visions of heavenly love!  
And beholdest thou *our* sweet cherubs there?  
Do they call to thee or beckon thee up?  
And had'st thou wings, would'st thou leave us and go!  
And spare not the bitt' rest drop from our cup!  
But overwhelm us with sadness and wo?  
But we could not chide or blame thee if thus,  
From this world of sin and sorrow and pain!  
Thou would'st ascend and forsake earth and us,  
Amid the glory of Heaven to reign!  
How it would glad them to welcome thee up!  
And guide thee through the mansions of bliss!  
There from the fountains of Life thou would'st sup!  
And receive from our dear Saviour a kiss!



## WHAT IS HUMAN HONOR AND GLORY?

A FLY sits upon the nose of a King and compels him to pay attention to it—that is, the King attends to the fly! This, however, is nothing to compare with another fact which history records. When Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of that wonderous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt nervously anxious, as the *custodier* of such a deposit, and, though he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor, all occurring with the quickness of thought. He sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained:—it was an enormous rat, dragging the heart of Bonaparte to its hole! A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Cæsar stopping a beer-barrel—it *would have been devoured as the supper of a rat.*

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A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Mothers, never frighten your children; never shut them up in a dark place, or threaten to do so. Never tell *white lies* to startle and terrify their imaginations. It is not only cruel in itself, but it produces a feeble, excitable state of mind, that may be as lasting as life. Early impressions should always be such as may be profitably retained in all future time. You had much better scold your children than scare them; and you had better whip them than scold; and you had better *instruct* them than do either. The practice of alarming them into obedience by fictitious stories and frightful allusions to bears, witches, ghosts and goblins, cannot be too severely reprehended. These things have a paralyzing influence on the mind, which very few, if any, every perfectly outgrow, and they create false impressions that no reasoning can ever fully eradicate.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. III.]

NOVEMBER, 1852.

[No. 11

## THE FRAGMENTS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

IN this world we have very little without labor. Industry is the way to success. Whether we seek wealth, honor, knowledge, or goodness, we succeed not without obeying the injunction, Work while it is day. The idle person will loiter in the open road; the diligent one will make difficulties fly away from before him like leaves before a storm. Such is the difference.

This fact, young persons in pursuit of knowledge must fix firmly in their minds, and act accordingly. The crown, with which Science honors her votaries after they have reached the summit of the hill, only becomes those, whose cheeks are still glowing with excitement from the tug and the toil. The lazy drone, if he could even reach the crown, would look as awkward in wearing it, as a child does under its father's hat. There is a fitness of things—yes, a fitness of things; and it hath never yet been found in nature that a plant hath a flower, when it did not first grow thereunto.

He that would cultivate his mind must see to it, first of all, that he make good use of leisure time. Life is short at best; and it becomes shorter still by being crowded in upon by a multitude of cares and claims. We must have some time for sleep, some for rest, some to provide for our bodily wants, and some for social intercourse. If all these demands on our time are subtracted from the sum of life, there remains none to squander, to him who would cultivate his mind. He must gather the fragments that nothing be lost, or he will make little progress.

Winter evenings afford a good opportunity for lovers of learning. The very unpleasantness of the weather without, seems to invite towards the comfortable retirements of home. With books for his companions, no one need wish for a purer pleasure than his own room affords. There he can ruminate among the wisdom of other ages, and hold intellectual communion with the spirits of the mighty dead! In a very short time he may make himself master of the contents of a work, which is the fruit of the lifetime labors of some wise and good man. What a gain



is this ! But all of it is lost to him who loses the proper improvement of the long and pleasant winter evenings.

Not only may much be done by the proper improvement of evening hours. A German Proverb says that *morning* hours are golden ! Many a beautiful feather might be plucked from the wing of the morning if there was a will thereto. Suppose one should employ in study, from 4 till 7 o'clock in the morning, which is three hours ; and that this were done from fifteen years of age till seventy-five ; it would add just fifteen years to the length of his life, counting twelve hours to a day ! Should the age of seventy-five years be reached, this habit regularly attended to, would give fifteen years for study, in a life, otherwise given entirely to other pursuits. This calculation may seem extreme, but it is not beyond the possibility of being realized. Yet, say that it is only attainable to half that extent, it is still worthy of all consideration. Few, perhaps, ever think how much is lost, by losing the fragments. Few think how much more they might do than they actually accomplish, by a wise and careful use of wasted time. Take care of the pennies, said Franklin, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Take care of the minutes, say we, and the hours will not fail to bring their treasures.

Happily we need not depend on exhibiting theories on this subject ; we can refer to the example of one, who carried the above suggestions into practice, and—behold the results ! In the Preface to his late work on Revelations, the Rev. Albert Barnes says :

“Having, at the time when these Notes were commenced, as I have ever had since, the charge of a large congregation, I had no leisure that I could properly devote to these studies, except the early hours of the morning, and I adopted the resolution—a resolution which has since been invariably adhered to—to cease writing precisely at nine o'clock in the morning. The habit of writing in this manner, once formed, was easily continued, and having been thus continued, I find myself at the end of the New Testament. Perhaps this personal allusion would not be proper, except to show that I have not intended, in these literary labors, to infringe on the proper duties of the pastoral office, or to take time for these pursuits on which there was a claim for other purposes. This allusion may perhaps also be of use to my younger brethren in the ministry, by showing them that much may be accomplished by the habit of early rising, and by a diligent use of the early morning hours. In my own case, these Notes on the New Testament, and also the Notes on the



books of Isaiah, Job, and Daniel, extending in all to sixteen volumes, have all been written before nine o'clock in the morning, and are the fruit of the habit of rising between four and five o'clock. I do not know that by this practice I have neglected any duty which I should otherwise have performed, and on the score of health, and, I may add, of profit in the contemplation of a portion of divine truth, at the beginning of each day, the habit has been of inestimable advantage to me."

Farther on he says, "I have been permitted in our own country to send forth more than two hundred and fifty thousand volumes of Commentary on the New Testament, and probably a greater number has been published abroad. I cannot be insensible to the fact that, in the form in which these volumes now go forth to the public, I may continue, though dead, to speak to the living; and that the work may be exerting an influence on immortal minds when I am in the eternal world!"

Such consequences! Such glorious results! Such fruits from the fragments!—and all this the fruits of a right improvement of those morning hours which most of persons lose, either in slumber, or in thinking what they will do during the day. We commend, most earnestly, this subject to the consideration of all our young friends. The lesson is one of wisdom whose price is beyond rubies.

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## THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam.  
But high she shoots through air, and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.  
So grant me, God, from every care,  
And stain of passion free.  
Aloft, through virtue's purer air  
To hold my course to thee!  
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs:  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way  
Thy freedom in her wings!



## SIGNS OF PLACES AND THINGS.

BY X. Y. Z.

"FAMILY Pictures," or pictures on the parlor walls are not the only ones which attract attention and lead to serious reflection. They certainly do possess the extraordinary quality of fixing our earnest gaze, and exerting an immense influence on the young and rising generation ; but they are not exclusive in this power of fixing attention and leading to serious reflection. I am always equally attracted and powerfully affected by pictures on the Signs—tavern signs of course. Why this is so I cannot exactly tell. Perhaps because they too may in some way indicate the feelings, or employments and habits of the inmates ; or do they indicate the character of the business there transacted and the influence exerted by this business on such as heed the silent invitation thus extended.

Let us look for a moment at these pictures or paintings. I shall notice only a few—those which my own eyes have seen, and which now occur most readily to my mind. And first and foremost on the list of these public representations stands the prince of the beasts of the field—the royal Lion as he is called.

Isn't he a noble animal? And how very appropriate to grace a tavern sign is such a picture! A better sign or symbol could not well be chosen ; only *one* thing mars the perfection of the choice. Sometimes, namely, curious feelings are awakened and certain unpleasant suspicions excited in the mind of the beholder in regard to the *safety* of the place. But all deficiencies cannot well be avoided. The symbol *may* be taken to indicate only the bold and adventurous character of him whose house it is ; his noble generosity and readiness to give a warm reception to such as may chance to call ; or it may point out, as already intimated, the particular *kind* of business there transacted, and suggest some resemblance between it and the habits of the lion, such as seizing, squeezing, and despatching of hapless victims. At all events, such is the strange impression which is sometimes made on my mind while contemplating the noble animal on the sign—painted as he generally is with his head up and mane erect, his powerful limbs nerved for attack, and his mouth wide open, with a certain queer look about his eyes, indicating a keen appetite and a sort of fierce voracity. When I look at such a picture, I must confess that I am sometimes rather powerfully moved, and even against my own will reminded of the bloody habits of the terrible beast ; and when thus affected I cannot



help asking myself whether there may not be a real correspondence of some kind between the sign and the thing or things signified—which resemblance first suggested the propriety of adopting this curious symbol.

Closely allied to the picture or painting just noticed, is the very common—"Sign of the Bear," black, white, brown, or grizzly—a most magnificent symbol, truly. The creature of whatever color, is proverbially fierce and voracious; and the symbol surely forebodes some evil. It cannot well be otherwise. The bear always hugs his customers closely, and scarcely ever relinquishes his hold until he has drawn from his victims the very life-blood, and made clean work of the game. How strikingly is this idea expressed by many of these pictures or paintings in the peculiar attitude and greedy look of the monster. Erect and bold in aspect, his head generally a little inclined, with prominently set, small, and piercing eyes, the picture-brute is well calculated to remind one of his greediness and dangerous habits. Has this symbol any significance? Does the *original* bear any resemblance in character and habits, to "the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbor and maketh him drunk" for his own gain? It *may* be so—such at least is the suspicious feeling which sometimes creeps over the soul of the thoughtful beholder of the bear on the sign.

Ah! the cruel bear—what shall be done with him? Shall we say, Long live the Bear on the Sign! or shall we bring him thence, and with things which he was intended in some way to symbolize, consign him to a long and quiet place among "the things that were?"

Here, now, should follow an analysis or expose of the hippopotamus, which sometimes looks out from his marshy playgrounds on the swinging sign. The soldier, wounded or victorious, might also claim our attention, showing that in these places people are sometimes shot, and even mortally wounded; or we might call attention to *officers* and *generals* as evidence of the heroism there inspired. But these things must be passed by for the present; perhaps they may be called up on some future occasion.

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## LOVE.

How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet accordant minds!  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!



## THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE, DEC'D.

"BEAUTIFUL Poem," thousands have exclaimed. "What does the Poem mean?" has been asked by thousands of others. No difference whether we see the light, if we only feel the heat. Ah! the Raven is a gloomy bird, which seems to mourn over what it gazes upon. Its croakings are voices in the wilderness, darkly and awfully prophetic. Beware, young man! lest, when you draw near the end of your life, and have lost the last thing you loved and hoped in, you learn too late the ominous import of this Poem. When the darkness of despair gathers around your soul, and the Ghost of murdered years is grinning in your dying face—when you hate the Past, loathe the Present, and fear the Future, you may see in reality that evil Genius, of which the Raven is the embodiment, and feel the eternity of meaning which lies in that fearful—"NEVERMORE!"—SEN. ED.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "rapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating,  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before:  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"  
Merely this, and nothing more.



Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—  
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore:  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But with mein of lord or lady perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled, this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul he did in that outpour.  
Nothing further then he muttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than uttered "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my friends have flown before."—  
Then he said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster until his soul one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of "Never—Nevermore."

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door,  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto Fancy thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant by croaking "Nevermore."







## THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR HOME.

BY MRS. J. M. DERR.

“Oh, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul!”

No, truly, this world is not our home. Here we are poor, restless wanderers, earnestly seeking, or, as many, carelessly and rashly approaching another country.

Pilgrims there are, whose eyes are ever turned upward toward their better country. Here they are pilgrims and strangers, as were their fathers. The thought of their happy home, and of the friendships they will renew and perfect there, inspires them with patience, and energy equal to the difficulties of their pilgrimage.

Poor wanderers there are, whose souls are never warmed with burning thoughts of home. When they speak of home, it is only of the scenes of their childhood they speak, or of the lands and houses they dwell in. Their thoughts never roam beyond the “glittering, starry skies.” They seek for pearls of priceless value, in the dark, troubled waters of sin. Thus they wander on, without a father, and without a home in view; and when the cold hand of death overtakes them, they enter upon a state of everlasting, homeless orphanage.

The want of proper views in regard to this important matter—the relations of this world to the next—is the fruitful source of a thousand distressing and often fatal disappointments.

None are more exposed to danger in this matter, than the young. With the current of life coursing freshly and healthfully in their veins; with spirits buoyant, and hopes elastic, they see nothing but flowers of paradisaean beauty strewn across their pathway. Everywhere they are invited to bowers of bliss. Pleasure in a thousand forms holds out to them her intoxicating cup. They promise themselves days of ease, and their nights shall shed sweet slumbers upon their pillows of down.

A few short-lived years with their stern realities, will dispel all these dreams of earthly bliss. Bitter disappointments will then overwhelm the soul with sorrow. The wreck of a thousand fondly cherished hopes will be strewn on life's troubled sea, and in the starless night of sorrow, its angry waves will drive the soul into the whirlpool of despair.

All this results, and often even the utter ruin of the soul,



from a sinful desire of making this world our home. The fatal error is often discovered only then when it is forever too late.

The true christian escapes the chief of these disappointments. He views this world in its proper relations to his home in heaven. To him it is a great consolation, that this world is not his home. He finds trials and difficulties in a thousand forms to contend with here. He is often called to pass through the furnace of affliction. He has to meet with losses and crosses in countless forms on every hand. His plans are often frustrated, and his fondest hopes disappointed. Death sunders from him, one by one, his dearest friends on earth. Protracted sickness and failing health, often enter largely into his experience. The temptations of the world often decoy him from the path of rectitude. This, together with his own wicked heart's suggestions, often leads him to give up almost in despair, and to doubt his acceptance with God. If, therefore, in this life only were his home, he would indeed feel himself, of all creatures the most miserable.

All these ills and miseries with which life is burdened, are, however, not unexpected to the christian. He remembers his Saviour's words, "In this world ye shall have tribulation." He looks, therefore, for no exemption from the common lot of heavenly pilgrims on their way through this vale of tears.

The christian consoles himself with that other assurance of his Saviour, "Be ye of good cheer ; I have overcome the world," knowing that in Him he too shall triumph. He has the assurance, that by putting his trust in God, through Christ his Saviour, he will have a home—rest—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In this world all may seem uncongenial to his feelings, but when he enters his home in the skies, he will be free from cares and difficulties, and all will be harmony and peace.

With such an assurance as the christian has of a better home, how anxious should we all be, so to live that we may be prepared to enter its everlasting delights. Then, when our spirits are called by death to leave these bodies, we can bid adieu to our disappointments, pains and tears ; to afflictions, temptations and trials ; to sin and sorrow of every kind. Then we can enter that home—that New Jerusalem whose foundations are garnished with precious stones, whose gates are pearls, and whose streets are of pure gold. Where there is no need of the sun nor moon, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—*Rev. 22.*

Let the young lay these things to heart. A proper remem-



brance and consideration of them will cheer and comfort them amidst those bitter disappointments which often oppress the buoyant hearts of youth; and it will teach them to look for a home in heaven.

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## CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

CRUCIFIXION was first practised by the Persians, Carthaginians and Romans. From the Romans it was adopted by the Greeks first, and then by the Jews.

Among the Romans, as also among other nations, it was considered the most disgraceful of all penalties, and was appointed to be inflicted upon slaves, robbers, and seditious persons. The two who were crucified with Christ were robbers, and he himself was charged with sedition. "He stirreth up the people."—*Luke*, 23, 2-6.

The prisoner was compelled to bear his own cross to the place of crucifixion. "And he bearing his cross, &c."—*John* 19, 17. This does not contradict *Math.* 27, 32, where it is said that they compelled one Simon of Cyrene, to bear his cross; nor *Luke* 23, 26, where he is said to have had the cross laid upon him, "that he might bear it after Jesus." The case was thus: Jesus sunk under it, hence they laid the hind end on Simon and he bore it after him! It was common also to scourge the cross-bearer on the way!

The upright piece of the cross extended above the cross-piece, so that a board containing an inscription—the crime for which the prisoner was crucified—might be nailed to it above his head. "And Pilate wrote a title, &c."—*John* 19, 19. The Jews were not satisfied with this inscription. "Write not, &c." Oh! the wisdom of God. and the triumph of the sufferer! He dies with his innocence written over his head, by the very hands of him who condemned him! He was Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

No death was more inhuman and shameful. Josephus, *Ant.* 13, 14-2, speaking of Alexander's crucifying some prisoners of war, says, "He brought them to Jerusalem, and did one of the most barbarous actions in the world to them." In the same connection he speaks of this punishment as of an "inhuman



nature." On account of this barbarity Alexander received the name "A Thracian" among the Jews, signifying that he was as barbarous as a Thracian !

The cross was first placed in the earth, generally only so high that the feet were about three or four feet from the ground. When the crime of the person was extraordinary it was generally highest. The person was stripped of his clothes—this was the case with the Saviour. *John* 19, 23. He was then raised on a projecting piece in the upright piece, and his hands were first fastened. They were first tied fast with ropes, and then nailed. Then his feet were fastened in like manner.

There is no good foundation in ancient writings for the belief that the person was first fastened, and then set up, as is seen in pictures. Sometimes the feet were crossed, and one nail put through both, and sometimes two nails were used.

The myrrh *Math.* 27, 34. *Mark* 15, 23. It was customary among the Jews to give the person an intoxicating or stupifying drink. *Prov.* 31, 6. He refused it.

The time they lived was often three days—sometimes as high as seven days ! The Saviour hung from the sixth to the ninth hour—three hours. That he died so soon shows, not that he suffered less than others, but that his agonies were much more intense. The sufferings of days, were in his case, pressed into the compass of three dreadful hours of pain !

The tortures of this death must have been indescribable. The bodily agonies, as they may be deduced from the nature and constitution of the human body, and from the violence, that is necessarily done to it in crucifixion, are well described by a celebrated and learned German physician, George Gotlieb Richter, in a medical dissertation. I will translate his remarks :

I. It placed the body in a position unnatural and in violence to all parts of its organization. The arms, extended upwards, through such a length of time, must have produced a torture that words cannot describe. Especially so since not the least shifting of the body could take place, without being felt with almost insupportable pain in every part of the body ; but particularly in those parts penetrated by the nails which fastened his limbs, and in the wounds on his back, lacerated by the lash in scourging.

II. The nails were driven through just that part of the limbs where many very sensitive nerves and tendons meet together. These were partly disordered, and partly distended with violence, which must have produced the keenest pain, and that ever increasing.



III. The wounded parts exposed to the free air, soon became inflamed, and turned gradually blue and black. The same effect was produced, here and there, in other parts of the body, where the circulating fluids were interrupted and paralyzed by the violent distention of different parts of the bodily organism. The inflammation of these parts, and the pain thus caused, must also have increased every moment more and more.

IV. The blood, which is forced out through the left conduit of the heart, through the arteries, into all the parts of the body, not finding room and free course in the outer distended and wounded parts, must determine violently towards the head, which was more open and free. The arteries of the temples, by this means, were violently distended and oppressed, and this would produce raging and ever-increasing pain in the head. On account of this obstruction of the blood in the left channel of the heart, so that it could not circulate into the more remote parts of the body, this part of the heart was also oppressed with a superfluity of blood, and consequently could not receive all the blood which comes into it naturally from the right side of the heart, and this again hindered the blood in the lungs from a free passage. In this way the heart itself must have been greatly oppressed, and all the veins must have endured violence, producing the greatest amazement, consternation and heart-aching agony.

V. Under these ever-increasing pains and tortures, the crucified person hung upon the shameful wood for three days, and some instances are on record where life continued seven days. For this reason Pilate marvelled that the Saviour was so soon dead, and made inquiries of the centurion who stood guard at the cross, whether it was really so, and how long he had been already dead. Mark 15, 44. So far Richter.

To the above may be added the fact that the body of the Saviour was exposed to this violence in a perfectly healthy state. Thus violently and at once to arrest and crush an organism when it is in a free tide of living motion, must be far more painful, than it would be, if it had previously been worn down gradually to weakness by the effects of previous disease.

Such were the sufferings of the Saviour as they may be deduced from the nature of his bodily organism, to say nothing of that "exceeding" sorrow which he suffered in soul. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold! and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

Let the dumb world her silence break,  
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;  
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!  
He died, that we may never die!



## CHRISTIAN SERIOUSNESS.

## THOUGHTS FOR AUTUMN.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

AUTUMN is here again. The woodlands are yellow. The leaves are falling. The flowers have perished. Hollow moanings are heard in the forest—they are the sighs of departing summer.

We think of change, but not sadly. We think of graveyards and death, but not despairingly. We know that death is the portal to life, and that all the changes of a christian are from lower to higher. We know that the Great Autumn of all earthly things cometh, but the thought only makes us serious, not sad. The petals of the flower must fade away before the fruit can ripen—while we mourn for the flower, behold! the fruit has grown ripe in its place.

But Autumn hath a voice, and a tongue, and a sermon. Hold your breath, and listen when the leaves rustle. What say the leaves, the flowers that fade!—that fade! Be sober. Be serious. Think. Meditate.

We ought to be sober and serious in view of the solemnity of our position. The position of every person in this world is exceedingly solemn; and it is, when rightly considered, an awful thing to live. We live in a world in which we have only once to live! When once we have passed over the plain of life, eternal ages can never bring back to us again this day of probation. Every moment changes our position forever. Every moment puts its imprint upon our moral character forever. We look back with sober thoughts upon a spot we leave, when we expect to see it no more for years; we linger upon it from the last hill as if it were part of our life. This is right; and shows that the heart feels it to be a solemn thing to put anything into the past. But places which for a long time know us not may know us again; the wanderer through life, may revisit the scenes of his early rambles, but a past moment can come to us—never! In life there is no backward track! In the future new joys hopes, fears, sorrows, and dangers must meet us, those which are past—never! Such is the true case. And yet how light-hearted do men cast life behind them. With what carelessness and flippancy do they glide from childhood to youth where there is so much to lose; from youth to manhood where the change is so full of monition; from manhood to old age where, out of



Christ, there is so little to hope and so much to fear; and from old age to the grave where "man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more," and where they have "no more any portion forever in all things that is done under the sun."

This is the position of man. Such are the changes in the midst of which he is met by a voice from heaven "be sober." Such are the changes through which we pass. In all truth sufficiently solemn and alarming. But these changes in themselves are not yet the worst, for in every one there is hope. One may even in the last change

"Escape from hell and fly to heaven:"

He may repent while, like the thief, he is swinging between heaven and earth—on either verge of two world! But the chance is awfully perilous. While one may at the hour of death first sing the song of heaven, thousands will sing in despair

My days are on the yellow leaf:  
The flower and fruit of love are gone:  
The worm, the canker and the grief  
Are mine alone!

This song may in a moment be yours, on account of the uncertainty of life. This takes away the hope of changes; for in this change which is often sudden there is no hope. Thus a moment may not only cast behind us part of our lives, but a moment may cast it all behind us forever. There are a thousand arrows in the quiver of the Almighty which may in a moment draw life from the heart. There is a bolt in the clouds which shivers in a moment what it strikes, and we ought to take warning from the rifted oak. There is a paralysis which suddenly stops the current of life, and the victim falls in the house or by the way. There is a pestilence that walketh in darkness, and a destruction that wasteth at noonday. "But of the times and seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For you yourselves know that the Son of Man cometh as a thief in the night. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch, and be sober." Great God! how solemn is our position. Eternity suspended upon a moment!

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.  
Yet how insensible;  
A point of time—a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell!

I wonder whether angels do not tremble to look down upon man, playing with eternal life as with a toy, dancing amid the graves of past generations, and rushing with a light laugh upon all the dread realities of the future. And if, in their anxiety



for our welfare, they could speak to us, would they not say, be sober, be serious, it is not for thee, vain man, to trifle !

The responsibilities of life ought to make us serious and sober. There are many persons to whom responsibility is no consideration; it is not however because they feel none. They do not deny that there is responsibility somewhere; they can even see how it rests upon some men, such as ministers of the gospel, and civil rulers; but as for them, they do not see how the world has any thing to expect of them. The chariot of Israel, as well as the chariot of state, is in the hands of the drivers, as for them they are riding. Such persons know nothing of the nature and design of life, nor of their relations to God and the world. Every one who knows truly what it is to live, who understands the nature of his own being, will feel responsibility like the terrors of the Lord upon him. Truly may it be said

“It is not all of life to live !”

Man must live to some purpose. He must glorify God and benefit man in his life, and this he must do according to the gift which is in him. To eat and drink, to enjoy life and die, is not all of it, nor yet the chief of it—but to answer the design of our creation.

Look around you in the world; what misery, ignorance, sorrow, want, and wo. How many of our fellow men are less blest than we. To bless them if we can is our business and for it we are held responsible. To wipe every tear, to hush every sigh that we can, that is our most solemn charge. But above all to carry the comforts and hopes of religion, to every destitute heart, and to every destitute habitation. This is our great commission—a commission of which angels would be proud. A better balm than that of Gilead for every wound, and better cordial for every fear, is given us. And oh if we do not administer it to those who are wounded by sin, and they die, their blood will be upon us !

This is not to be to us an incidental matter; we are not only to do this at our convenience by the way, but it is our main business; all else is incidental and subordinate. Neither is this to be done with our present resources. You remember the parable of the talents? We are bound to improve our talents, and thus to increase our resources—and for all which we may, by an increase of resources, command we are responsible. We are bound to increase our power to do good, although that increase our responsibility. We are accountable, not only for all we do, but for all that we might do. What will be the end of this double, and ever doubling progression of responsibility, and who



will be able to meet the fearful aggregate of its final demands. Thus we see that, what shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed, are small questions, compared with that of, how shall I answer the end of my life?

Such is life ! Who that feels it will not be made sober by it ? Without sobriety these responsibilities will not even be perceived, much less met. How awful is the thought ! and yet how true is it, that many do never perceive the design of life. How many die without ever having commenced to live ! How many die without ever knowing why they have lived ! Tell me idle professor—tell me non-professor—tell me impenitent sinner, why do you live ? Can you show in your existence, any meaning above that of the brutes which perish ? Stop your idle and giddy course ; be sober, go to the Bible and get your commission, and when you are yourself blest, begin to bless your fellow men, and thus begin to live.

Another reason for sobriety and seriousness is closely allied to the last. It is the consideration that in view of all this responsibility the Omniscient eye of God is continually upon us. What, more than this, is calculated to make us sober. There is no thought which like this, is calculated to make us sober. There is no thought which like this ought to curb every wild and irregular feeling. It is a searching thought that an eye in heaven is continually upon us. Dear reader, join with me in repeating what the Bible records of God's omniscience :

O Lord thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising ; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me ; even the night shall be light unto me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee ; but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.—Ps. 139. What an idea does this give us of God's perfect knowledge of all our ways.

The thought is still more searching when we remember that his eye is upon us in reference to an account. This account is to extend to every idle word that men shall speak, and of course to every idle action. It is even to take knowledge of the feelings, desires and motives. Ought not these things induce us to order our thoughts, words and ways. And would not a steady consciousness of this do away with much of the light and inconsiderate foolery of this world, and make men sober ? How much that you and I have forgotten was noticed by the omniscient eye—is written in the records of heaven, and will meet us in the



great day of trial. By seriousness now you may spare yourself many a pang at that hour. O light-hearted and gay professor! is your course consistent with the christian character—is it wise in the midst of so many perils and dangers—does it harmonize with the solemnities of your position—does it comport with the dread responsibilities of life—and is it comfortable under the steady eye of an omniscient God, in view of a final account? If not, then

“Why will you spend in trifling cares,  
That life which God’s compassion spares,  
While in the various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot.  
Not so your eyes will always view,  
Those objects which you now pursue  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.”

Objections will be made against these ideas of christian seriousness. “This theology is far too gloomy for the taste of modern christianity. Such soberness does not comport with the cheerful spirit of religion. The practice of it would destroy all the vivacity of society, and banish social happiness from the world. It is recommending the cheerless monkery of past ages.” This is the language of the flippant, bustling, epicurean professor of religion.

I am well aware that it does not harmonize with theatre, ball-room, wine and tea-party christianity. It would be too grave for the flippancy of idle pride, and the hypocritical etiquette of fashionable piety. I am aware that it will not be admired by many who, like the foolish daughter of Herod, would rather dance off the head a prophet, than sit like Mary at the feet of Jesus and wash them with tears. It would not suit those sentimentalists, who would rather all night drive a chase of fancy over the pages of the last novel, than to wait for the morning with spices to embalm the mangled body of a crucified Saviour.

But be it so. We do not measure christianity by the notions of men, but we measure the notions of men by christianity. If it destroy such notions of religion, and such enjoyments flowing from them, the sooner the better, that it may give instead its own calm and holy delights. Seriousness is not without its own peculiar joy. A joy the depth of which the world cannot feel. There is a pure and sober joy, free from passion, which is almost infinitely higher than the transient flashes of low delight. It is the clear, complacent sunshine of faith, hope and love. It is the calm consciousness of God’s favor, and an animating sense of his love. If the mild yellow glory of autumnal days



is without beauty, then is the heavenly serenity of a sober soul without its bliss. As the golden vista between the clouds after the setting sun appear like inlets into heaven, so, when every passion sleeps, there remains a sober loveliness, which is to the soul a gate of paradise. That which the world calls joy, is but a cheat of Satan to keep us from that which is real. It is only like the tranisient flash of light upon the traveller's pathway which leaves the track darker than it was before. The christian's joy is like a flowing river, deep, strong, and flowing ever.

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## THE CHRISTIAN AT THE GRAVE.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

“It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.”

THE loss of esteemed and beloved friends is generally very deeply felt by those who survive them; and the sadness produced by such providences, when called forth by proper reflections, is not only right, but presents a touching evidence of christian tenderness and affection. It is at this time, if ever, that the mind is favorably impressed, and naturally falls into a train of serious thought. All other considerations for the time are suspended, while grief and grace engage the exercises of the soul.

There is a material difference, however, between the feelings of different persons on such occasions. The wise and good man sensibly feels the sorrows of death; but he by no means sinks under their oppression. His mind may be compared in such a trial, to a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The real state of his heart is to be found between absolute insensibility and cheerless anguish. He labors not to extinguish nature, but to repress it. His wish is not to frustrate, if possible, the designs of his afflictions, but to permit them to exert the most favorable influence over his experience and life.

It is far otherwise with him who has his portion only in this world. Such an one does, indeed, show some signs of sympathy at the decease of a friend or companion; and it would be hard if he would not. Nature must and will have its course. But the feelings which he exhibits are very frequently selfish; and result more from a sense of present loss and bereavements, than



from any deep and heart-felt sorrow. The emotions thus excited and the impressions thus made are, consequently, short-lived ; and like the morning mist, they are soon and suddenly dispelled.

It is upon the believer's mind, then, more than upon any other, that afflictive bereavements have their deep and due influence. What varied emotions agitate his breast, when brought to stand at the grave of a cherished friend. No tongue can tell his mental anguish. No mind can imagine the deep workings of his afflicted soul. Experience, and experience alone, is able to give us any just idea of the real depth of such sadness. And it is cruel to condemn a feeling which we cannot understand. Many circumstances concur in aggravating the christian's sorrows when standing at the tomb. Here it is that he thinks of the past, and calls to mind the pleasures which he enjoyed with the departed when on earth. He reviews in mind the scenes of their youth, and reflects upon their early pastimes and pleasures. Delights of departed days come up before his mind, from the far distant. The shades under which they sat and took sweet counsel together ; the green lawns over which they walked together in close fellowship are now brought fresh to his mind, and cause him to feel deeply afflicted that those times are gone forever ; and that the grave before him has put an end to all such happy enjoyments.

The social and religious interviews in which they were permitted to mingle, and drink of the cup of social and sacred happiness are also now closed forever. The endeared form, the melting tone, the sparkling eye and the friendly features of his beloved associate are hid from his eyes. He may imagine he still sees these and hears them ; but alas ! this is but imagination. Reality, by which the mind can only be satisfied, is not there ; and consequently the soul is pensive and sad.

But even in the deepest grief there is, to the child of God, hope and joy. Hope for the future, when the gloom of the grave shall be forever dispersed ; and joy, in the anticipation of this gloomier event. In the full exercise of faith in a precious and exalted Saviour, he longs and waits for the time when faith shall be changed into vision and hope into fruition. He knows that the sting of death has been taken away, and that the grave has been shorn of its victory. While, then, nature must weep and console herself in tears ; they are not the tears of a hopeless or doleful despair. He can read, even through them, the promises ; and consoles himself, even at the grave, with the assurance that—"In my father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you."



## ( CONESTOGA. )

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

SAD sighs the Autumn wind,  
Pale leaves are falling;  
Sad scenes to thoughts as sad,  
Round me are calling;  
Far west the sun descends—  
Twilight is coming—  
Deep in my spirit's ear  
Voices are humming!  
Dry leaves around me blow,  
Dark waters murmur low,  
Ah! 'tis thy solemn flow—  
Calm Conestoga!

Hither, in thoughtful mood,  
Careless I've wandered,  
Mind seeking fitted food,  
Drawn as it pondered,  
Back to the olden days  
Memory brings me,  
And many mournful lays,  
Sadly it sings me.  
Woodlands around me roar—  
Wavelets do lave the shore—  
Sing me much—sing me more,  
O Conestoga!

Here once the Indian roved  
Wakefully, wildly!  
Looked at the maid he loved  
Tenderly, mildly!  
Slowly and one by one,  
Red Men have vanished;  
Or to the setting sun,  
Red Men were banished!  
Where other waters creep,  
Where other willows weep,  
There do thy Indians sleep,  
Lone Conestoga!

Still roll these waters on,  
Still do they sing me,  
As roll these waters on  
Thus do they sing me:  
Life, like the Summer leaves,  
Fades once, forever!  
Life, like this gliding stream,  
Flows backward, never!  
On to the silent sea,  
On to eternity!  
Thus sing thy scenes to me—  
O Conestoga!



## WOMAN'S OFFICE AND INFLUENCE.

To make home happy is one of the offices of woman. Home, blessed word. Thanks to our Saxon fathers for it. Not the name merely, but the realities it expresses. An English, an American home, is a Bethlehem-star in the horizon of earth's sorrows, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

“There is a magic in that little word :  
It is a mystic circle that surrounds  
Comforts and virtues never known beyond  
The hallowed limit.”  
“The tabernacle of our earthly joys  
And sorrows, hopes and fears—this Home of ours  
Is it not pleasant?”

Yes, home is the centre of all that is sweet in the sympathies, dear in the affections of the soul. There the kiss of love is impressed in its purity, the warm pressure of the hand knows no betrayal, the smile of joy plays no deceiver's part. All is candid, cordial, sincere. The faults and failings which belong to humanity fallen, are there covered by the mantle of charity, and the feeling of every member of the family is, “With all thy faults I love thee still.”

How the traveller climbing Alpine summits, looking forth on the sublime creations of Jehovah, thinks of home, and wishes the loved ones there could share his rapture. How the wrecked mariner on some desert isle longs for a mother's fond endearment, a sister's kindly care. Home is in all his thoughts.

It is worth the while, then, to strive to make home happy ; to do each his part toward rendering it the spot of all pleasant associations. In the several relations of child, sister, wife, mother, let kindness and cheerfulness reign.

Kindness comes over the spirit like the music of David's harp over the passion of Saul. It softens and subdues. It is a crown of glory on the head of old age, a jewel on the breast of childhood. The light it diffuses is soft, the rays it emits are melted.

“And oh, if those who cluster round,  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth.”

Cheerfulness is another attribute of character tending to the happiness of home ; and let me commend it to woman's cultivation. Some there are, ever disposed to look on the dark side of life ; and thus they not only becloud their own spirits, but cast a shadow over the smiling precincts of home. Every sin-



gle sour grape portends a cluster; every flash of lightning a riving thunderbolt. Earth's actual cares are not enough; troubles must be borrowed. The present does not fill their heart with sadness; the future must be laid under contribution.

All this is just the opposite of cheerfulness. That scatters wide over the soil of the household the seeds of many little joys, that the weeds of small vexations may be kept under, and ever and anon the sickle be thrust in and a harvest of good fruits be garnered for daily use. It gazes on the bright side of the picture, and throws its delighted glances on every eye. And thus it not only augments present bliss, but in hoary years the memory of other days around the family hearth will be sweeter, and the influence on ourselves better.

"Cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient strength is duty." "Not few nor light are the burdens of life; then load it not with heaviness of spirit; sickness, and penury, and travail—these be ills enow; the tide is strong against us; struggle, thou art better for the strife, and the very energy shall hearten thee."

"In thy day of grief let nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her sorrow must run off; sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid floodings. Yet see, that her license hath a limit."

"For empty fears, the harassings of possible calamity, pray and thou shalt prosper; trust God and tread them down."

"The stoutest armor of defence is that which is worn within the bosom, and the weapon which no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit."

Beautiful in the family is this spirit of cheerfulness; and surely it is an office of woman to cherish it. It can be wooed and won. Wherever woman goes, and especially at home, let it be as an halo of light around her head, and then shall she be a blessing to the circle in which she moves. Despondency is death, cheerfulness life. But remember that levity and boisterous mirth are no essential ingredients of this wholesome cordial. Its chief element is rather that which Paul spake of when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Another office of woman is, to check the utilitarianism, the money-loving spirit of the day. There is something beside bread and water to be cared for in this probationary world of ours, inhabited by living spirits. And yet one is almost compelled to the conclusion that the whole race, at the present day, has given itself up to the worship of Mammon.

That which is a physical fact, which is capable of being used,



is the *summum bonum*. *Cui bono*, in a terrene sense, is the great question. "Will it pay," the grand idea of the age. And men are hurrying along, life in hand, breathless and bootless, over the highways and byways to the Great Mogul's temple, where there is no spiritual Divinity to revere.

We almost wish the return of the old Grecian's faith who enveloped himself with a spiritual world, and this, at least, elevated his intellect, if it did not renovate his heart. To him the majestic mountain was peopled with august entities. To us it is of no account, if it do not contain in its bowels buried stores of wealth, though it may awaken the feeling of the sublime, and lift the soul up to God. To him the shady tree was the habitation of dryads, the rippling brook of naiads; to us, neither has beauty, unless the one can turn a mill, and the other furnish us firewood or lumber.

We have made the soul slave to the body; have stripped the Universe of its glory, as a reflecting mirror, pouring down upon us such rays of Heaven's brilliancy as our vision can endure. God's sun is only to lighten us on our pathway of business; His mighty ocean only to bear the burden of our commerce; His magnificent lakes to carry our trade; His beautiful hills and smiling vales but to grow our corn, feed our cattle, and be the substratum for our railways.

This utilitarianism of the day, too, has but little sympathy with the fine arts. It laughs at music and painting, poetry and sculpture, as things of naught, although they may tend mightily to the culture of the spirit and the refinement of humanity. Classical learning it discards, because with its dusty eyes it cannot just see how that can qualify man or woman for the better enjoyment of life, or how it will help us plow or measure our fields, grind our grain, or churn our butter.

The mere discipline of the mind, the symmetrical development of man's higher powers, the æsthetic evolution of himself; all this, though it expand his intellect and enlarge his heart, though it impress on him more of the lineaments of the skies, and bring him nearer to his great Original, is but waste of time and thought, because it falls not within the described circle of the utilitarian. Shades of Bacon and Locke, of Shakspeare and Milton, of Goethe and Schiller, come and alight at least on the daughters of our land!

Here is a wide field of influence for woman. You are the vestal virgins to watch the fires on the altar of the fine arts. Yours it is to check the sensuousness of man, to recall him from his ceaseless toil after the mammon of this life, his rest-



less ambition to turn every thing to account in available funds, in bank-stocks, copper-stocks, railroad-stocks. Tell your sons and your sires that there are higher sources of joy. Point them away from earth's sordid gold to the brighter gems of literature. Direct their energies to the intellectual and moral advancement of their age. Help them to slake their quenchless thirst at the pure fountains of knowledge and religion.

There is a poetry of life worth cultivating. There are spiritual entities around us to which we are linked by ethereal chains. Let us not struggle to throw off those chains, but rather to bind them faster about us. And when you see a link broken, and others likely to drop, mend it.

Only one other office shall we notice at present—the exemplification and diffusion of Christianity—of Christianity, not so much in its forms and dogmas, as in its spirit; not solely as a redeeming scheme, but also as a reforming power.

To Christianity woman is emphatically a debtor. It has breathed into her its breath of life, and she has become a living soul. Else had she been but a dead manikin. To it she owes her present advanced position, her commanding influence. Even all the literature and refinement of Greece and Rome could not confer on woman the boon which the religion of Jesus has brought her. He was woman's son, and his religion tells it. Go where that religion is not, and there woman is naught.

Christianity has not only broken down the wall of partition between male and female, but has opened the sealed fountains of her soul, and caused them to send forth rills of gentleness and love, which have refreshed humanity and poured out gladness on a dark and dreary world. Let the cross, then, be woman's standard, Jesus woman's trust, Christianity woman's charter. That thrown overboard we are wrecked. Its principles abandoned, the world sinks again into barbarism, and woman to brute degradation. "The last at the cross, and the earliest at the sepulchre," must remember to cling to Christianity as her hope, her life. Let her never be ashamed to confess it her ruling principle, her source of joy, nor be hesitant in disseminating its seeds, that she may every where behold its lily flowers.

Can it ever be well said of woman, "she careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution; pleasure is the idol of her heart; she thirsteth for no purer heaven." Let such an one be decked in all the gorgeous trappings of wealth, let her brow be crowned with the coronet of rank, let her girdle hold the key which unlocks the treasures of California, and



yet she wants that which ennobles her sex, and would render her an object of love and a source of joy to others.

“Oh, what is woman, what her smile,  
Her lip of love, her eye of light,  
What is she, if her lips revile  
The lowly Jesus? Love may write  
His name upon her marble brow,  
And linger in her curls of jet:  
The light spring-flower may scarcely bow  
Beneath her step—and yet—and yet  
Without that meeker grace she'll be  
A lighter thing than vanity.”

Never, then, let the sneer of the infidel, nor the scorn of the skeptic drive woman from compounding the spices to enbalm her crucified Master, nor make her ashamed to be seen early at the sepulchre. Rather let her glory in the cross, and make the most of her high mission here to send its healing influences to every sick and sorrowing creature on this green earth. Why should any poor, perishing mortal be left in all the degradation of idolatry, when there is in our possession a power that would lift him to heights of bliss, temporal and eternal? Why should the world be left to its wailings and its woes, when Christianity diffused, in its benign spirit, would convert those woes into joys, those wailings into hallelujahs? How can woman, owing her all to the religion of the Bible, refrain from exerting her energies to place this word of life in the hands of every pilgrim over the deserts of time? And may she so breathe its spirit and feel its power, that it shall never again be thus written of her:

“There came  
A stranger bright and beautiful  
With steps of grace, and eyes of flame,  
And tone and look most sweetly blent  
To make her presence eloquent;  
Oh, then I looked for tears. She stood  
Before the prisoner of Calvary.  
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—  
The gall—the writhe of agony.  
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,  
‘Father forgive them’—all was there!  
I turned in bitterness of soul,  
And spake of Jesus. I had thought  
Her feelings would refuse control;  
For woman's heart I knew was fraught  
With gushing sympathies. She gazed  
A moment on it carelessly,  
Then coldly curl'd her lip, and praised  
The high priest's garment! Could it be  
That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee!

A few words on influence. This is woman's power. That distinctively belongs to man, and is exercised by authority. Law and penalty grow out of it. It regulates actions, it pun-



ishes crime. Influence, on the other hand, awakens feeling, generates opinions, implants sentiments in the soul, silently yet emphatically; and thus it crushes vice, promotes virtue and avoids the necessity of penal infliction.

Now this is pre-eminently the potent lever in the hands of woman for regenerating and reforming the political and moral world. We may stand in awe, indeed, before the exhibition of power, whether physical or moral, but we are not won by them to the love of truth and goodness, while influence steals in upon our hearts, gets hold of the springs of action, and leads us into its own ways. It is the inflowing upon others from the nameless traits of character which constitute woman's idiosyncrasy. Her heart is a great reservoir of love, the water-works of moral influence, from which go out ten thousand tubes, conveying off the ethereal essences of her nature, and diffusing them quietly over the secret chambers of man's inner being.

Even the weakness of woman softens and subdues, and thus unseals the soul for the infusion of her own sentiments. Her winning smiles, her tender sympathies, her sensible expressions, her gentle ways, all influence us, flow in upon our spirits. Who can be long boisterous in the presence of woman? No more can the yeasty waves dash and foam when superinfused by the mollifying touch of oil, than can the passions of man rage with impetuosity in contact with the oleaginous serenity of gentle woman.

Let man, then exercise power; woman exert influence. By this will she best perform her offices, discharge her duties. Thus will she most effectually make home happy, regulate the habits of social life, and both exemplify and diffuse christianity. Thus will she become *vanqueur des vanqueurs de la terre*—"conqueror of the conquerors of earth," and do more to bless the world, and make it truly happy, than all political institutions, fiscal agencies, and merely intellectual educations.

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## COME TO THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

KNEEL where the gem of *faith* is ever gleaming,  
 Kneel where the pearl of *hope* is always bright,  
 Kneel where the eye of *charity* is beaming,  
 Kneel, gentle pilgrim, and receive thy sight.  
 Kneel, and thy soul shall prove a well of gladness,  
 Kneel, and eternal life will soon be thine,  
 Kneel, and forget in joy thy spirit's sadness,  
 Kneel, and thy heart shall never more repine—  
 Come the to fount of Love!



## THE REV. LOTT CARY.

EVERY being whom God has blessed with an immortal spirit, should make it the first and most earnest aim of his life to cultivate that spirit—to cultivate it for usefulness here on earth, and for a high state of honor and happiness in the life to come. But how little do many persons care for their mental and moral improvement! How many young persons spend that part of their lives best adapted to mental improvement, in idleness or vanity. If any one, with the facilities for improvement at present offered to all, remains in ignorance, it is his own fault—it is wilful ignorance. There are instances almost without number, of persons who, in the midst of the most unfavorable circumstances, improved their mental powers and made their lives useful to their race, and an honor to themselves. As a stimulus to the young, we have frequently given sketches of the lives of such persons—their trials, their perseverance, and their final glorious success. We will add another.

An interesting instance of self-taught African genius, was LOTT CARY. He was born a slave, in Charles City County, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr. William A. Christian. His father was a pious and much respected member of the Baptist church, and his mother, though she made no public profession of religion, died, giving evidence that she relied for salvation on the merits of the Son of God. He was their only child, and though he had no early instruction from books, the admonitions and prayers of illiterate parents may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In 1804, he was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year, as a common laborer, in the Shockoe warehouse. A strong desire to be able to read, was excited in his mind, by a sermon which he heard, and which related to our Lord's interview with Nicodemus; and having obtained a Testament, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter in which this interview is recorded. He was occasionally instructed by a young gentleman at the warehouse, though he never attended a regular school. In a little time he was able to read, and also write so as to make *dray* tickets, and superintend the shipping of tobacco. Shortly after the death of his first wife, in 1813, he ransomed himself and children for \$850, a sum which he had obtained by his singular ability and fidelity in managing the concerns of the tobacco warehouse. Of the real value of his services there, it has been remarked, "no one but a dealer in



tobacco can form an idea." Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads, which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for ; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness, such as no person, white or colored, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was \$800. For his ability in his work he was highly esteemed and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five dollar bank note. He was allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said that while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book which he had left for a few moments, found it to be "Smith's Wealth of Nations." He remained, for some years after his removal to Richmond, entirely regardless of religion, and much addicted to profane and vicious habits. But God was pleased to convince him of the guilt and misery of a sinful state, and in 1807, he publicly professed his faith in the Saviour, and became a member of the Baptist church. Soon after this period, he commenced the practice of conducting the services at religious meetings. Though he had scarcely any knowledge of books, and but little acquaintance with mankind, he would frequently exhibit a boldness of thought, and a strength of intellect which no acquirement could have ever given him. A distinguished minister of the Presbyterian church made the following remark : "A sermon, which I heard from Mr. Cary, shortly before he sailed for Africa, was the best extemporaneous sermon which I ever heard. It contained very original and impressive thoughts, some of which are distinct in my memory, and can never be forgotten." The following sentences form the closing part of an extemporaneous address which he uttered on the eve of his departure : "I am about to leave you ; and expect to see your faces no more. I long to preach to poor Africans the way of life and salvation. I do not know what may befall me, or whether I may find a grave in the ocean, or among the savage men or more savage wild beasts on the coast of Africa ; nor am I anxious what may become of me. I feel it my duty to go ; and I very much fear that many of those who preach the



gospel in this country, will blush when the Saviour calls them to give an account of their labors in his cause, and tells them,

"I commanded you to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," and with the most forcible emphasis he exclaimed, "the Saviour may ask, 'Where have you been? What have you been doing? Have you endeavored to the utmost of your ability to fulfil the commands I gave you; or have you sought your own gratification and your own ease, regardless of my commands?'"

As early as the year 1815, he began to feel special interest in the cause of the African missions, and contributed, probably, more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond, and which has, for thirteen years, collected for the cause of missions in Africa, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid.

Mr. Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to all, of his remaining in obscurity. It is well known, that great difficulties were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado. So appalling were the circumstances of the first settlers, that soon after they had taken possession, it was proposed that they should remove to Sierra Leone. The resolution of Mr. Cary to remain, was not to be shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November, 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks after, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at day-break; several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with only thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of their six-pounder, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes Mr. Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In ones of his letters he remarks, that like the Jews in rebuilding their city, that they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon their arms every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that "there never had been an hour or a min-



ute; no, not even when the balls were flying around his head, when he could wish himself back to America again."

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attentions, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr. Cary obtained all the information in his power, concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property, in behalf of the poor and distressed; and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as physician to the colony were invaluable, and were, for a long time, rendered without a hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the objects of the African Missionary Society, to which he had long cherished and evinced the strongest attachment. Most earnestly did he seek access to the native tribes, and endeavor to instruct them in the doctrines and duties of that religion, which had proved so powerful and precious in his own case. Many of his last and most anxious thoughts were directed to the establishment of native schools in the interior. One such school, distant seventy miles from Monrovia, and of great promise, was established through his agency, about a year before his death, and patronized and superintended by him till that mournful event.

In September, 1826, Mr. Cary was elected Vice Agent of the colony, and discharged the duties of that important office till his death. In his good sense, moral worth, decision, and public spirit, Mr. Ashmun, the Agent, had the most entire confidence. Hence, when compelled to leave the colony, he committed the administration of affairs into the hands of the Vice Agent, in the full belief that no interests would be betrayed, and no duty neglected. The conduct of Mr. Cary, while for six months he stood at the head of the colony, added to his previously high reputation.

On the evening of the 28th of November, 1828, while Mr. Cary, and several others, were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia, in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have been accidentally overturned, which caught some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion, which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr. Cary survived for two days.

"The features and complexion of Mr. Cary's character were altogether African. He was diffident, and showed no disposi-



tion to push himself into notice. His words were simple, few, direct, and appropriate. His conversation indicated rapidity and clearness of thought, and an ability to comprehend the great principles of religion and government.

"To found a Christian colony, which might prove a blessed asylum to his degraded brethren in America, and enlighten and regenerate Africa, was an object with which no temporal good, not even life could be compared. The strongest sympathies of his nature were excited in behalf of his unfortunate people, and the divine promise cheered and encouraged him in his labors for their improvement and salvation. His record is on high. His memorial shall never perish. It shall stand in clearer light, when every chain is broken, and Christianity shall have assumed her sway over the millions of Africa."

## 'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

BY J. F. CARPENTER.

A PEACOCK came, with his plumage gay,  
Strutting in regal pride one day,  
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,  
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage;  
The bird sung on while the peacock stood,  
Vaunting his plume to the neighborhood;  
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright  
Than the bird that basked in his golden light.  
But the small bird sung in his own sweet words,  
"'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds!"

The peacock strutted—a bird so fair  
Never before had ventured there,  
While the small bird hung at the cottage door—  
And what could a peacock wish for more?  
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing,  
He wasn't contented, he tried to sing!  
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,  
Scared by his screaming, soon took flight;  
While the small bird sung in his own sweet words,  
"'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds!"

Then prithee take warning, maidens fair,  
And still of the peacock's fate beware;  
Beauty and wealth won't win your way,  
Though they're attired in plumage gay;  
Something to charm you all must know,  
Apart from the feathers and outward show—  
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,  
Or else poor beauty is left behind!  
While the small birds sing in their own true words,  
"'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds!"



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. III.]

DECEMBER, 1852.

[No. 12

## "POOR JOHN FITCH."

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

There are insects that prey  
On the brains of the Elk, till his very last sigh;  
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

WE had lately the pleasure of looking into an old copy of Universal History published in 1536. Turning to the rubric on America, we there read that it "derived its name from Americus Vesputius *its discover!*" Not one word of COLUMBUS! A school-boy will either smile at the Author's ignorance, or feel indignant at his impudence, in thus attempting to rob the *true* discoveror of his toil and tear-earned honor.

A similar feeling must arise in the bosom of every better informed person, when he hears in public speeches, and reads in random newspaper scribblings, without any qualification, that Robert Fulton was the inventor of Steamboats. We have heard that a certain Poet bought the Poem which has brought him the most honor, from some drunken genius who loved liquor more than honor; and that a Professor in a College delivered a splendid Baccalaureate written by the well-known "Milford Bard" and drank in the praise which it elicited with a gusto which seemed to say in the style of Salander: "Wants more!" Such tricks we can patiently set down to the vanity of little men, but when a poor man, the fruits of whose genius is now blessing the world at the rate and speed of steam, is consigned to oblivion, while the name of another is garlanded with his laurels, and crowned with his plume, we feel the divine injunction confronting us, "honor to whom honor."

"POOR JOHN FITCH," as he was wont to call himself, who is he? We will tell thee, kind reader. He, is the true *inventor* of the Steamboat, while Robert Fulton, whose name, Americus Vesputius-like, has run away with the honor, is only the *improver* of his invention. We will show it in this article.

We will first give a brief account of the life of this wonder.



ful genius, and then present the proof of his being entitled to the honor above claimed for him. This we do for the most part in the language of John F. Watson, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, and author of "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden time," a most interesting and instructive book.

"The ancestors of John Fitch—for he had respectable ancestors—with a vellum of pedigree and a coat of arms, were originally Saxon, and emigrated to Essex, in England; from thence, they went out to Windsor, Connecticut; where his great grandfather purchased one-twentieth of the original settlement, and left it to three sons—Joseph, Nathaniel and Samuel.

"John Fitch, the inventor, was born on the line, between Hartford and Windsor, on the 21st January, 1743. He served his time, after he was eighteen years of age, at clock-making, with Benjamin Cheaney, in East Windsor. He had two brothers, namely, Joseph and Augustus, and three sisters, Sarah, Anne, and Chloe. He said of himself, that 'taking him all and all, he was the most singular man of his age—he having the winds and the fates against him through all his life!' He met with harsh treatment in early life from several, and especially from an elder brother with whom he lived. He was in his earliest youth fond of books and study, which he probably inherited from his father, John Fitch, (the son of Joseph,) 'who had a genius for astronomy, mathematics and natural philosophy, and was a truly honest and good man.'

"John Fitch, the subject of this memoir, was married in the twenty-fifth year of his age, to Lucy Roberts, his elder, on the 29th December, 1767, and had a son, born the 3d November, 1768; but he only lived with his wife, with whom he dwelt in continual dissatisfaction, until the 18th January, 1769; when, as he says in his MS. book, he could endure it no longer, and so he left his home, to seek more contentment in Trenton, N. J. There he remained and pursued the business of a silversmith and the repairing of clocks, until the breaking out of the revolutionary war—when he estimated his property acquired to be worth £800: He then took to gunsmithing for furthering on the war; employed twenty hands at it until the entry of the British, when they destroyed his tools and furniture. He then fled to Bucks county, to the house of John Mitchell, in Attleborough, and afterwards went to Charles Garrison's, in Warminster township. While there, his 4000 dollars in continental money depreciated to 100 dollars. After this, he went to the west in 1780, as surveyor in Kentucky, and in 1782, in-



tending a voyage to New Orleans, he was made prisoner by the Indians, near the mouth of the Muskingum, on the Ohio. He was then carried, or rather driven, twelve hundred miles bare-headed, to Detroit and Prison Island, where he was given up to the British as a prisoner of war. He and his party were the first whites who were captured after Wilkinson's massacre of the Moravian Indians; and they had just reasons to fear every evil from their revenge. Of that captivity, he used to relate many very stirring and affecting anecdotes.

"There were two individuals of Bucks county, women, who were the neighbors and frequent observers of John Fitch, whilst he was a resident at Garrison's, and whilst he was working for himself, at his inventions in Jacobus Scouter's wheelwright shop; they were named Mary McDowell and Mrs. Jonathan Delany. From Mary, I have learned some facts of Fitch's lands and property in Kentucky. He owned there 1600 acres—and whilst he was engaged with his favorite object, the steam enterprise, others settled the land and built thereon a fine mill and sundry dwellings and outhouses. Being possessed of capital, and having possession, they were enabled to suspend and defer any legal action. She thinks that his friends, Joseph Budd and Doctor Say, were in partnership with Fitch, about its recovery. Fitch, while in Kentucky, was a deputy surveyor, and seems to have been intimate with Col. Todd and Colonel Harrod, then men of consideration and consequence there. He had one of the best requisites of an efficient surveyor, in that he was a great walker; being tall, slender and sinewy. He told Mary that he had sold 800 of his Maps of the north-western parts of the United States, in the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, making all his journey on foot; and on such occasions he could always out-travel a horse. In walking he pitched forward, and went onward with a great swing. On one occasion, when he was robbed of his silver and gold, to the amount of £200, which he had buried for its better security, at Warminster, he walked to Spring Mill and back, before sunset—making forty miles in the journey. One of his Maps is now at Warminster, preserved as a relic of the genius of the man. It is inscribed as 'Engraved and printed by the author;' and with equal truth it might have been imprinted thus: 'Engraved in Cobe Scout's wheelwright shop, and printed on Charles Garrison's cider press, by the author,'—for such were the facts in the case. All these efforts of the man were specially designed to raise funds, whereby to push forward to completion and success the absorbing sub-



ject of his steam invention. *That* was the theme and the purpose of all his thoughts and wishes.

“Slow rises worth by poverty depressed!”

“It was observed of Mr. Fitch, that frequently when engaged at his work in the shop, he would suddenly let fall his tools, and sit in an inclined posture, meditating for two hours at a time. The ‘worthy Nathaniel Irwin,’ the Presbyterian minister at Neshamany, was a frequent visitor of Fitch while employed at Cobe Scout’s (i. e. Jacobus Scouter’s,) and would often stay examining the mechanical operations, and holding conversations with the inventor, for half a day at a time. Fitch deemed his visitor a ‘worthy man,’ and would frequently attend his sermons at the Neshamany church.

“He was in person upright and ‘straight as an arrow,’ and stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet; was what was called ‘thin and spare;’ face slim; complexion tawny; hair very black, and a dark eye, peculiarly piercing; his temper was sensitive and quick, *but soon over*—the case of his wife to the contrary notwithstanding. His general character in Bucks county, among his immediate friends was, that ‘he bore anger as the flint bears fire, which being much enforced shows a hasty spark and quick is cold again.’ His countenance was pleasing and somewhat smiling. ‘In point of morals, and conduct, he was perfectly upright; sincere and honorable in all his dealings; and was never known to tell a wilful falsehood, or indeed to use any guile.’

“The MS. books of John Fitch, in the Philadelphia Library, consist of five volumes. Volumes 1 to 3 contain the memoirs of his life brought down to the 26th October, 1792; the other two, contain the history of his steam invention, with diagrams, &c. They occupy about 550 folio pages of cap, and are dedicated ‘to the *worthy* Nathaniel Irwin, of Neshamany,’ the minister before named.

Mr. Fitch was a ready writer with his pen, although careless as a composuist. He wrote much as he would have talked, and seems to have resorted, on many occasions, to writing rather than speaking, as if preferring to present himself for consideration in that way, in his intercourse with men in his business concerns, rather than by conversation.

The time of Mr. Fitch’s death is not known exactly; but it occurred in the year 1798, at or near Bardstown, Nelson county, Kentucky. There was an attempt made about this time to rob him by law of his claims to his property in that State. “At this crisis of his affairs, feeling ‘impatient of the law’s delays,’



he is said to have said at the court, 'I'll wait no longer,' and feigning illness, he told a physician that he could not sleep, (very probably, very truly,) and wished to take an anodyne. This he received from time to time, in the form of opium, without using it, till he had enough to take at once, and wrapt himself in eternal sleep! Thus perished the man, as the Longstreth family have been informed, whose sensitive and disappointed mind could not brook the cold apathy of the world, which was sneeringly looking upon his darling project as the impulse of a diseased and deranged mind. It has also been said by his host, one McCown, an innkeeper, at Bardstown, who managed to take to himself a parcel of Fitch's land after his death, that he had, in a fit of desperation, drunk to excess and died. The truth in these matters may be hereafter investigated; in the mean time, it is ascertained that he made a will in June, 1798, in favor of some of his creditors, who had been before known as assisting him with funds for his steamboat experiments, &c. He died in a few days after. \* \* \* He had often been heard to say, before this catastrophe, that if he failed to attain his legal rights, he should not choose to survive his disappointment.

"If he, in a mistaken faith, took a Roman's remedy for 'the ills of life,' which a Christian may 'keep beneath his feet,' what must be 'the recompense of reward,' to those who 'by covetousness,' took the sin of his desperation, and their own injustice too, upon their own souls?"

"How mortifying to contemplate, that the man who should have had the whole civilized world as his willing admirers, and willing contributors to his due reward, should nevertheless have died, and have been so little inquired after in the time of his disappearance, as to have left *me* the frequent occasion of asking the American public, Where is his grave and where are his lands!"

The fact is he was a neglected man while he lived, and no one cared where he died. It seems to be the fate of genius to live in garrets and huts, and to die no one cares how or where. Only when they have passed beyond reach of help and praise do men inquire for their graves—for what?—to praise themselves in being the townsmen and neighbors of the great!

"Seven Grecian cities claimed a Homer *dead*,  
In which the *living* Homer begged his bread!"

But to the proof that "Poor John Fitch" is the true and original inventor of Steamboats. We will first remind the reader that it was in the year 1803 that Robert Fulton, aided pecu-



niarily by Chancellor Livingston, first constructed a Steamboat on the river Seine, in France. In 1806 he returned to the United States and constructed the Fulton boat in the ship-yard of New York, which was launched in the spring of 1807. Keeping these dates in mind, we ask the reader's attention to some extracts which will show the date and the manner of "Poor John Fitch's" labors in the steamboat business.

The subject of Steamboat navigation occupied the mind of John Fitch as early as 1785, consequently about twenty years before Fulton made the attempt. In a letter written by Mr. Fitch to Benjamin Franklin, dated Oct. 12th, 1785, he says: "Steamboat navigation is, in the opinion of the subscriber, a matter of the first magnitude, not only to the United States, but to every maratime power in the world, as well as for inland navigation—in *particular for packets* where there may be many passengers. She could make head off lea shore against the most violent tempests, because the machine can be made of almost omnipotent force, by the very simple and easy means of the screws or paddles, which act as oars—working on the oscillating motion of the old pumping engine, in a manner similar to that given by the human arm."

"In 1785, Robert Fulton is found in the Philadelphia directory of that year, set down as a miniature painter, at the corner of Second and Walnut streets—perhaps not even dreaming of steamboats, nor even making the acquaintance of the inventor, though in the same city, and *at a time* when Fitch had actually written out his views, in the above-mentioned letter to Dr. Franklin, dated 12th October, 1785."

Let us quote again from Watson's Annals: "In the year 1788, the bosom of the Delaware was first ruffled by a steamboat. The projector, at that early day, was John Fitch, a watch and clock maker by profession. He first conceived the design in 1785; and being but poor in purse, and rather limited in education, a multitude of difficulties, which he did not sufficiently foresee, occurred to render abortive every effort of his most persevering mind to construct and float a steamboat, called the Perseverance.

"Applying to congress for assistance, he was refused; and then, without success, offering his invention to the Spanish government for the purpose of navigating the Mississippi. He at last succeeded in forming a company, by the aid of whose funds he launched his first rude effort as a steamboat, in the year 1788. The idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but paddles, working in a frame, were used in place of them. The



crude ideas which he entertained, and the want of experience subjected this unfortunate man to difficulties of the most humbling character. Regarded by many as a mere visionary, his project was discouraged by those whose want of all motive for such a course rendered their opposition more barbarous; while those whose station in life placed it in their power to assist him, looked coldly on, barely listening to his elucidations, and receiving them with an indifference that chilled him to the heart. By a perseverance as unwearied as it was unrewarded, his darling project was at length sufficiently matured, and a steamboat was seen floating at the wharves of Philadelphia, more than fifty years ago—[written in 1843.] So far, his success, amidst the most mortifying discouragements, had been sufficient to prove the merit of the scheme. But a reverse awaited him, as discouraging as it was unexpected. The boat performed a trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles, when, as she was rounding at the wharf, her boiler burst. The next tide floated her back to the city, where, after great difficulty, a new boiler was procured. In October, 1788, she again performed her trip to Burlington. The boat not only went to Burlington, but to Trenton, returning the same day, and moving at the rate of eight miles an hour. It is true, she could hardly perform a trip without something breaking; not from any error in Fitch's designs or conceptions, but, at that time, our mechanics were very ordinary; and it was impossible to have machinery, so new and complex, made with exactness and competent skill. It was on this account that Fitch was obliged to abandon the great invention, on which the public looked coldly. From these failures, and because what is now so easy then seemed to be impracticable, the boat was laid up as useless, and rotted silently and unnoticed in the docks of Kensington. Her remains rest on the south side of Cohocksink creek, imbedded in the present wharf of Taylor's board-yard."

An elderly gentleman of Philadelphia who knew both Fitch and Fulton, and who was for several years a school-mate of the latter in Lancaster, Pa., says, while Robert Fulton was thus engaged (viz; in taking lessons in painting under the celebrated West, then in London,) John Fitch, a clockmaker and silversmith, was then contriving schemes in Philadelphia, for the propulsion of boats by steam. He conducted his mysterious operations at a projection on the shore of the Delaware, at Kensington, which, among the wise and prudent of the neighborhood, the scorers of magicians and their dark works, soon acquired the ominous and fearful title of *Conjuror's point*. I



often witnessed the performance of his boat, 1788, '89 and '90. It was propelled by five paddles over the stern, and constantly getting out of order. I saw it when it was returning from a trip to Burlington, from whence it was said to have arrived in little more than two hours. When coming to, off Kensington, some part of the machinery broke, and I never saw it in motion afterwards. I believe it was his last effort. He had, up to that period, been patronized by a few stout-hearted individuals, who had subscribed a small capital in shares of, I think, £6, Pennsylvania currency, or 16 dollars each; but this last disaster so staggered their faith, and unstrung their nerves, that they never again had the hardihood to make other contributions. Indeed, they had already rendered themselves the subjects of ridicule and derision, for their temerity and presumption, in giving countenance, as they said, to this wild projector, and madman. The company, thereupon, gave up the ghost—the boat went to pieces—and Fitch became bankrupt and broken-hearted! Often have I seen him stalking about like a troubled spectre, with down-cast eye, and lowering countenance; his coarse soiled linen peeping through the elbows of a tattered garment. During the days of his aspiring hopes, two mechanics were of sufficient daring to work for him. Ay, and they suffered in purse for their confidence. These were Peter Brown, ship-smith, and John Wilson, boat-builder, both of Kensington. They were worthy, benevolent men, well known to the writer, and much esteemed in the city. Towards Fitch, in particular, they ever extended the kindest sympathy. While he lived, therefore, he was in the habit of calling almost daily at their workshops, to while away time; to talk over his misfortunes; and to rail at the ingratitude and cold neglect of an unfeeling, spiritless world. From Wilson I derived the following anecdote: Fitch called to see him as usual—Brown happened to be present. Fitch mounted his hobby, and became unusually eloquent in the praise of steam, and of the benefits which mankind were destined to derive from its use in propelling boats. They listened, of course, without faith, but not without interest, to this animated appeal; but it failed to rouse them to give any future support to schemes by which they had already suffered. After indulging himself for some time, in this never-failing topic of deep excitement, he concluded with these memorable words—"Well, gentlemen, although I shall not see the time, you will, when steamboats will be preferred to any other means of conveyance, especially for passengers; and they will be particularly useful in the navigation of the river Mississippi." He then re-



tired ; on which Brown, turning to Wilson, exclaimed, in a tone of deep sympathy, "Poor fellow ! what a pity he is crazy."

Poor John Fitch, says Watson, became more embarrassed by his creditors than ever ; and, after producing five manuscript volumes, which he deposited in the Philadelphia Library, *to be opened thirty years after his death*, he died in Kentucky, in 1798. Such was the unfortunate termination of this early-conceived project of the steamboat. Fitch was, no doubt, an original inventor of the steamboat ; he was certainly the first who ever applied steam to the propulsion of *vessels* in America. Though it was reserved to Fulton to advance its application to a degree of perfection which has made his name immortal, yet to the unfortunate Fitch belongs the honor of completing and navigating the first American *steamboat*.

As remembered to the eye when a boy, when seen in motion, his boat was graceful, and "walked the water like a thing of life." His predilections for watchmaking machinery was very manifest ; for two or three ranges of chains of the same construction as in watches, were seen along the outside of his vessel, from stem, to stern, moving with burnished glare, in motion proportioned to the speed of the boat ; and ornamenting the waist, not unlike the adornments about an Indian bride.

It is melancholy to contemplate his overwhelming disappointment in a case since proved so practicable, and so productive to those concerned. Some of those thousands so useless to others, had they been owned by him, so as to have enabled him to make all the experiments and improvements his inventive mind suggested, would have set his care-crazed head at rest, and in time have rewarded his exertions ; but for want of the impulse which money affords, all proved ineffective. "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed !"

His five manuscript volumes were opened about thirteen years ago. Although they exhibit him as an unschooled man, yet they indicate the possession of a strong mind, of much mechanical ingenuity. He describes his many difficulties and disappointments with a degree of feeling which cannot fail to win the sympathy of every reader, causing him to wonder and regret that so much time and talent should have been so unprofitably devoted. Though the project failed—yet he never for a moment doubted its practicability. He tells us, that in less than a century, we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam boats ; and that his darling wish is to be buried on the margin of the romantic Ohio, where the song of the boatman may sometimes penetrate into the stillness of his everlasting resting place, and



tee music of the steam engine echo over the sod that helters him forever!

In one of his journals, there is this touching and prophetic sentiment: "The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do any thing worthy of attention!"

Have we made good our proposition that John Fitch, and not Robert Fulton, is the true and original inventor of steamboats? We believe we have. Who can deny it, with the above facts before his eyes? We yield to none in giving full credit to Fulton for those improvements which more means and more influential friends enabled him to make, but at the same time feel it only justice to render unto Fulton the things which are Fulton's, and to Fitch the things which are Fitch's. We are convinced, and have been for a long time, that injustice is done to his genius and memory. We feel sure also that there are now, and will be thousands more in a still farther future, who, when Fulton's name is mentioned, will think of Fitch! Genius may be crushed, but its memory never dies. In testimony of our firm conviction that what we have claimed for him is truly and forever his, we now lay down our pen, and ask all who think as we do, to join us while we give, from the bottom of our hearts, three cheers for POOR JOHN FITCH!

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## LITTLE ELLEE G.

BY WILLIAM H. EGLE.

There are meek eyes softly beaming,	There is golden music, darling,
With a pure and holy light,	In thy half-lisp'd baby-words,
As the first eve-star that trembles	That's as sweet as morning matins
On the corridors of night;	Of the joyous Summer birds;
And within their hallow'd chambers	O, I love thy merry prattle,
Lies a soul of melody—	And withal thy childish glee—
Soft blue eyes, of tender meaning	Dear to me have been the life-tones—
Hast thou little Ellee G.	Darling little Ellee G.

There's a seeming sadness resting	Blessings on thee, dearest Ellee,
On that pale, smooth brow of thine,	Heaven's blessings on thee rest,
Yet a radiant beauty gloweth	He'll safe guide thee thro' life's voyage,
Out upon this life of mine;	Whom I know thou lov'st the best—
May the sunshine purely glisten	Safely guard thee thro' the tempest—
On thy brow and in thine e'e,	O'er the stormy wild strife-sea—
And life's shadows darken never	Watch thee thro' the midnight darkness,
On thee, darling Ellee G.	Dear-loved darling Ellee G.



## FORETHOUGHT ALWAYS EXPEDIENT.

BY D. J. NEFF.

MANY of our blunders arise from a too hasty decision. Back to this fruitful source we may trace many mishaps and miscarriages, the sad results of which we are apt to charge upon other and innocent causes, such as our unkind stars and bad luck. If a man breaks his neck in some rash and foolish attempt, we are wont to say, he was unfortunate—we ought to say, he was unwise. The crosses and disasters of headstrong, precipitate men are often blamed upon fate; or—which is the same thing, upon Providence. Glaring blasphemy! As though such men were not weak enough to commit the greatest errors, or to bring upon themselves the greatest miseries! By a timely prudence and caution, men might avoid many troubles and entangling snares into which they are often pushed by indiscreet resolves. “Our indiscretion *sometimes* serves us well,” but *generally* serves us ill.

We confess to a settled disbelief in all kinds of rash, hasty action. We have some faith in the propriety of always tempering the heat of our first impulses with a little cool deliberation and prudent forethought. This may be said to be among the happiest dispositions a man can possess. It is the surest presage of success in every undertaking—a talisman that seldom fails. But unhappily it is almost as rare in men’s characters, as is success in their pursuits. All are prone to act in some degree from first impulses. We are creatures of passion and feeling; and we are apt to judge from first sight, and to form our opinions of things from the manner in which they first strike our senses. Acting upon these opinions we often go far astray, for in such a hasty glance we cannot see objects in all their features and bearings—we often see only one side. Whereas, did we turn them around and look at the other side, we might find our first impressions to be entirely wrong. Thus do our prejudices, our unsettled mind or ruffled feelings, often hurry us into woful errors. We see our mistake when it is too late to rectify it; after we have travelled over the ground we can see where we made the wrong step, but it is too late to retrieve our fortune.

The sober second thought, the calm, dispassionate judgment, and the deep foresight, are powerful agents in bringing all our plans to a successful issue. The man who does a great deal, thinks a great deal. The men who have accomplished the



greatest ends, in all ages of the world, have been the cool, thinking, calculating men. This habit of mind is not at all incompatible with that energy, decision and resolution so necessary to success. Calm deliberation and ready resolve are by no means antagonistic principles. They may exist together—the greatest men possess them both. But point me to a single man who has ever succeeded in a series of great undertakings, who was rash and inconsiderate. The lives of millions of men have been sacrificed on lost battle fields, to the imprudent haste of just such men; nations have been plunged into black and bloody wars, by the impatient ardor of just such men. While whole armies have been saved, battle-fields won, and nations held back from the brink and plunge of ruin, by the prudent counsels of such coolly-reflecting, yet resolute men as Fabius and Washington. Two distinctions should here be borne in mind. There is a wide difference between bold, prompt decision, and hurried, precipitate action. The former arises from confidence grounded on prudent forethought; the latter, from a groundless expectation—a confidence unwarranted by reason or reflection. So on the other hand, there is a wide distance between that calm deliberation which looks to causes and consequences, which prepares for emergencies, which acts at the proper time, and that dull inactive delay which suffers the decisive moment to pass unimproved, or never acts at all.

It is no useless precaution to think, deeply and intently to think, before we act, as well as before we speak. From a want of this prudence many a field has been lost, many a hope has been blasted, and many an undertaking that promised fair, has ended in disaster, wreck and ruin. By this timely forethought we may counteract difficulties and dangers, and get through the dark intricate windings of the most involved labyrinth. From a want of it the fairest opportunity may be lost, and the most promising affairs turned into disappointment. By it we may succeed when everything is dark; without it we may fail when everything is bright. If we look into the busy workings of human life we will see this verified. The man who lays his plans deep, who weighs all the chances and mischances beforehand, is the man who accomplishes his designs. He pauses and ponders, throws off every incumbrance, and provides against every accident before he leaps into the tide, and then he is enabled to keep his head above water, and master the opposing billows. But the man who decides rashly, who does everything in a hurry, who acts without thinking, is the man of all others least capable of accomplishing any great ends, or do-



ing anything right. He is rash, inconsiderate and imprudent, even in affairs which require the utmost caution. He plunges recklessly into wild projects, embarks his fortunes on a rotten fabric, and knows not whither to steer his course. He sees his error only when he feels its consequences, when it is too late to turn back, when clouds and fogs thicken around him, and the huge waves are eager to gulph him down. His distress is rendered still more bitter from the thought that he owes this all to his own imprudence. Such is the history of many ill-projected enterprises. How many rush thus blindly into the arms of trouble, and then turn around and curse their evil stars for the consequences of their own foolhardiness! They are unfit to carry out a plain, simple project; still more a difficult, though rational one; but most of all a mad, visionary scheme into which their ill-judging haste often leads them.

Before entering upon any design it is well to know its nature, to think over its perils and difficulties, its probable chances; to resolve its details and its several stages, so that you can see the end from the beginning, and then you can enter upon it with a rational hope of success. If you fail after taking these precautions—if something unforeseen blights your budding hopes, you did the best you could in the exercise of an imperfect judgment. Think before you act. One false step, one hasty move often disconcerts all our plans and changes the current of our lives. Think before you act, and you will overcome difficulties, tramp down obstructions, and generally do what you undertake. But adopt the reverse of this, and act before you think—execute before you design, and your life will be a series of disappointments. Before you will be a long train of wild schemes, ill-formed designs, and mis-shaped phantoms, and behind you will be strewed griefs, wrecks, and the fragments of broken plans. Avoid this path which is traced out before you with such sad way-marks—it lies through gloomy deserts, and quicksands, whose unsettled surface affords you no firm footing—whose shifting waves have buried many fond hopes.

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## THE DEAD, ARE NOT DEAD.

THE dead are like the stars by day :  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
But not extinct, they hold their way  
In glory through the sky.



## WISDOM OUT OF COLONIAL TIMES.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

IN asking that more stringent laws be made for the suppression of the traffic in strong drink, we act with valuable precedent. There is among us, and properly so, a great reverence for the judgments, feelings, and examples of our ancestors of Provincial memory. In those days of unsophisticated minds, and of stern, honest character, there was less of form and theory, but far more direct practical spirit. There was, in those times, a kind of *instinctive* sense of the right and the good, the suggestions of which were followed by them to the best of results. We will always do well, in striving to learn from them, in this respect. Our readers will permit us to refer to an example of the manner in which they viewed the evil of Intemperance, and the course they took to suppress it.

In 1697, when William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, was in England, a report reached him in reference to the Province, that, to use his own language, "there is no place more overrun with wickedness, sins so scandalous, openly committed in defiance of Law and Virtue; facts so foul, I am forbid by common modesty to relate them." Penn immediately wrote a letter to the Governor and Council, in which, as by instinct, he traces these evils to their proper source, and commands that the axe be laid to the root of the tree. Hear him: "I do hereby charge that no license be granted to any to keep public houses, that do not give *great security* to keep *civil houses* and are not known to be of a civil conversation, and that the Courts of Justice in each county have the approbation, *of not licensing of them, in order to prevent such acts of Lewdness and idleness as are too often seen in such places*; and that you take care that Justice be impartially done upon transgressors, that the wrath and vengeance of God fall not upon you to blast your so very flourishing beginning. Let neither *base gain* nor a *biased affection* make you partial in these cases, but for my sake, for your own sakes, and above all, for God's sake, let not the poor Province suffer under such grievous and offensive imputations."

The Council immediately appointed a Committee to inquire into this evil and report on it. In their report they say that these evils, of which the Proprietor complains, do exist; and that efforts have been made, by the application of Law, to punish these crimes. But, by that instinctive sense of what is right



and good, which characterized them, their minds were led directly from the evils to the *cause* of them—from drunkenness and its attendant evils, to the cause of drunkenness. Listen what they say: “As to Ordinaries, (the name then used for Taverns and Eating houses) we are of opinion that *there are too many in this government*, especially in Philadelphia, which is *one great cause of the growth of vice*, and makes the same *more difficult to be suppressed and kept under*.” They recommend that “the Ordinaries or Houses of entertainment be reduced to a less number;” that those which are permitted to remain be brought under “severer laws,” and that all such Houses which do not come under these regulations “be suppressed.”

After this report was read and adopted, “the Governor resolved the whole Council into a grand committee” to draw up a proclamation for the suppression of “the growth of vice and looseness, and to regulate and reduce the Ordinaries, until severer laws can be made against such enormities.” In this proclamation the Governor and Council trace the evil existing to the same cause. Hear what they say, those stern old men of those stern and palmy times: “As concerning vice, we also find that the magistrates have been careful and diligent to suppress it, but their endeavors have proved sometimes ineffectual herein, *by reason that the Ordinaries or drinking houses, especially in Philadelphia, grew too numerous*, and the keepers thereof disorderly and regardless of the tenor and obligations of the Licenses, whereby they prove ungrateful to the Governor, and a reproach to the government.”

Such were the views of our provincial ancestors; and are they not sound, sensible, and patriotic? It will be observed that they, in a plain and straight-forward manner, proclaim the great principle, that the law aims in vain to suppress the evils which result from the traffic in strong drink, without putting its severer curb upon the traffic itself.

We have respectfully referred our readers to this judgment and action on this subject, believing it to be of weight, not only on account of the times and the men from which it originates, but also from the fact that it dates before all modern movements in reference to intemperance, and must therefore be entirely free from any bias which may be supposed to misguide men who stand in the midst of any such movements of reform. This instance of stern virtue to which we have referred, is a precious testimony to the truth, so sound in reason, so well attested by history, so touchingly alluded to in the Farewell Address of Washington, and so properly recognized in the action of



several Legislatures that sound morality and pure virtue must be recognized and favored in the administration of law; and that, where this is carelessly overlooked or wilfully neglected, a blight must fall upon the peace and prosperity of a country in every other respect. As in the world of nature, so in the civil world: earth can only be bright, joyous and lovely, in the light of a benignant heaven dawning upon it. We do therefore promote our civil and social interests when we suppress those vices, which, while they are offensive to God, are alike injurious to the mind and the body, to the man and the citizen.

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### TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

I KNOW that thou art with me mother, though I cannot hear thee speak,  
Still I feel thy presence near me, and thy breath upon my cheek,  
Sweet it is to hear thee, mother, like a dream within my heart,  
And to know that thou art absent we do not dwell apart.

They do not dream, mother, how my heart still clings to thine,  
How I still wander to thy silent grave, like a pilgrim to a shrine,  
They think the wound is early healed, because I lightly smile,  
But the heart may wear a heavy grief, and still be gay the while.

The laugh may tremble on my lip, the sunshine in my eye,  
They will not dream, I'm talking to an angel in the sky,  
But thy spirit knows, mother, when it bends down from above,  
And whispers to my fainting heart, the soothing words of love.

Meet we will again, mother, when the day of life is done,  
The weary strife all ended, and the victory quite won,  
And thou'lt be the first to meet me upon that golden shore,  
Oh! then how sweet the words from thee, "we meet to part no more."—L.

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### LIEE.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.—MOORE.



## LIFE INSURANCE.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

By this paper, it is our purpose to answer satisfactorily, if we can, some of the chief objections which have been urged against Life Insurance. This accomplished, we shall dismiss the subject, at least for the present.

Some object to Life Insurance on the ground of *risk*. They consider it morally wrong to run the risk which they say Life Insurance necessarily involves. A Life Insurance Company may break, they say, and you may therefore lose all the hard earnings you have paid into its treasury; or some of its officers may prove dishonest and rob the institution of its funds. True, all this *may* happen, but it has never yet happened with any well-regulated Life office, either in this country or in Europe. "The records of Life offices," says BURT, a standard British author, in speaking of the safety of English offices, "afford no instance of a legally-established assurance office having failed to fulfil its engagements. How many Life Insurance Companies have been called into existence within the last century? Millions of capital have been subscribed; millions have been paid up and invested; *and not a single instance can be adduced of any fairly, properly constituted office having failed; or loss having accrued to the shareholders.*" These are facts which ought to be remembered, when we make up our minds to pass judgment on the propriety of Life Insurance, in the direction of risk. It is true that a few offices on this side of the water, bearing the name of Life Insurance Companies, have failed, in part at least, to fulfil their engagements; but these cannot be justly reckoned among rightly-constituted and well-regulated Life offices. We have looked into this whole subject very narrowly, and with an earnest desire to understand it thoroughly, and the result of the investigation is, a strong conviction upon our mind, that there is no safer office in the world than a properly-constituted and well-conducted Life Insurance office. The risk involved, on the score of mortality, has been ascertained with mathematical certainty; and as to the Company breaking, we have seen that it is almost impossible, especially under proper legal restrictions. Let the experience of Life offices in Great Britain, for more than one hundred years last past, satisfy the most credulous on this point. To be sure, a company or two in the United States have lately failed to comply with all their engagements; but it had been predicted



by those who were acquainted with their table of rates, and the manner in which they conducted their business, that they would ultimately fail. If an office does business below the Carlisle rates, and receives premium-payments in *paper*, instead of the ready *cash*, it should be regarded with suspicion. The manner in which British offices conduct their business, is well worthy of our consideration and imitation; and if we act upon their long experience in this regard, we cannot fail to secure results of a highly beneficial character.

No one, who is at all acquainted with this subject, would think of placing a *banking* institution along side of a Life office, with a view of instituting a comparison between them on the score of *safety*; nor would he attempt to show that a savings bank, is either safer, or more advantageous than a Life Company. To say the least, a good Life office is as safe as the best-conducted savings institution; and besides, it is far more desirable in another very important respect. In a common savings bank, the party depositing his money must live many years, before two dollars and thirty-six cents per annum, will amount to one hundred dollars; or twenty-three dollars and sixty cents to one thousand dollars; or forty-seven dollars and twenty cents to two thousand dollars; but by applying the same sums to a life insurance, say at the age of thirty, he is secure, that die when he may, even the day after insurance is made, his object is attained, his family receives immediately the money his prudence has provided for them, whether it be one hundred, or one thousand, or two thousand dollars. In this is seen the very great advantage of a life office over the best savings bank.

If a man, under a proper sense of duty to his family, wishes to make a yearly deposit of his surplus earnings, for the benefit of his family, after death has separated him from them, where can it be done more safely and advantageously, than in a well-conducted Life Insurance office? If he make his deposit with a savings institution, or a private banker, or loans out his money on interest to his neighbor, or invests it in any kind of stock or trade, his family cannot possibly reap as much benefit from his earnings, as they would if his deposits were made with a life office, in the shape of premiums for an insurance on his life. All things considered, we know of no place where small yearly sums of money, for the future benefit of a wife and children, can be safer, or more advantageously deposited, than in the hands of a well-managed Life Insurance Company. Here a man runs no risk, comparatively; and he is at the same time making some certain provision for his family in the



event of his death. Highly benevolent and honorable, it seems to us, must be the views and feelings of that husband and father, who well considers the future circumstances of his wife and children, and who diligently seeks to make use of all the lawful and proper means within his reach, even at the sacrifice of personal comfort, for the certain reliance of his family, after he has gone down to the grave. Such a man has certainly achieved no small victory over his own naturally selfish nature. It seems to us that such an one is acting right in the sight of God, and performing his highest earthly duty towards his beloved family.

If it is wrong to insure one's life on the ground of risk, then almost all kinds of business would have to be abandoned, especially all mercantile and mechanical pursuits; travelling on railroads and on steamboats, on horseback and in coaches, would cease; even the preaching of the gospel would come to an end, in many places at least, for it so notorious that few ministers have a certain reliance, in the shape of salary. Promises indeed are as plenty as the grains of sand upon the sea shore, but there is a very great uncertainty about their faithful fulfilment. And in publishing books and papers there is still a greater risk, if possible. It is often at a great *venture*, that periodicals like the *Guardian* are established. It is very questionable indeed whether there would now *be* a *Guardian*, if its proprietors had not considered it right to run some *risk*, in its establishment and regular publication. Risk is inseparable from almost all lawful and proper human undertakings, and this we conceive to be a wise arrangement of providence. As matters stand, there is room for the exercises of wisdom and forethought and for that industry and enterprise which are highly conducive to man's highest welfare.

It should be understood, too, that Life Insurance contracts are as *equitable* as they are wise, because they are based on equal justice to all parties. They do not partake in the least of the nature of lotteries, or games of chance, as some erroneously affirm; nor are they wager-contracts. They are based upon the observed fact, that human life in the aggregate is of invariable duration for every age as a class, and each age has a tariff calculated for the average, and every man who throws himself into this community of protected life-interests, pays his average tariff, as he pays his school-tax, or pew-rent, or premium on fire and marine insurance, and secures to his family the advantages of the mean duration of his life, though he may die in the Providence of God the next day. We can scarcely con-



ceive of any thing more fair or equitable, than the principles on which Life Insurance is based. And then how opportunely do the more favored ones, that is those whose lives are spared the longest, come to the certain and cheerful relief of the families of those of their brethren whom Providence first calls out of time! This, indeed, they can well afford to do, because their lives are worth incalculably more to their families, than the amount of their policy, should it even be as much as five thousand dollars.

If Life Insurance is morally wrong, then society itself will have to be reconstructed from first to last; nay more, all the circumstances in which man is providentially placed in this lower world will have to be changed, for without this reconstruction and change, all sorts of business would decline, and life itself could scarcely be supported. But the principles of Life Insurance are fair and honorable, and just such as wise and good men daily practice in performing their duties in the various relations of life. They are such as are sanctioned by the spirit of Christianity; and, as it would seem, by the conduct of the Apostles themselves.

Some have objected to Life Insurance on the ground that it argues, as they suppose, *a want of confidence in the Providence of God*. That this is a very erroneous view of the subject, must be apparent to every one who has paid any considerable attention to it. Life Insurance is not to be regarded as an interference in any way with the ways of Providence; but on the contrary, taking advantage of a means kindly offered by Providence for our benefit. For, consider on what it rests. That regularity in the ratio of mortality, says an eminent author, is an institution of Divine wisdom, as clearly as any other of the great arrangements of nature. When we assume this ratio as a guide for certain conduct, not in itself responsible, we do no more than when we regulate a journey by what we know beforehand of the season and the length of the day. If we knew from unfallible signs that there was to be a failure of grain crops five years hence, would it not be doing right to save up corn against that time, and thus equalize the evil over a wider surface? Now, if a thousand persons know that a certain number of them will die next year, are they not to be at liberty to act upon that knowledge, and insure each other against calamities that might flow to their families, in the event of their being left without sufficient property to protect them from the evils of poverty? I humbly conceive that we are called upon by the most sacred



considerations, to adopt such an expedient, seeing that it is attended with no practical evils of any kind, but, on the contrary, produces an unmixed good."

To us, these seem to be just and scriptural views. In our humble judgment, it is no more interfering with Providence for a man to insure his life, than it is for him to provide for himself an overcoat against the cold blasts of winter, or for him to put up wires at the gable ends of his barn, to attract the lightnings of heaven, as they play in fearful grandeur around his property. It is morally wrong, we are sure, for a man to neglect those means which Providence has placed within his reach for the protection of his property, and for the well-being of himself and family; but it is *not* morally wrong for him to use means, discovered to him by Providence, for the protection of his barns, the comfort of himself, and the good of his wife and children.

It has been said by some that the State or the Church, or both, ought to make more suitable provision for the destitute widow and helpless orphan. But we see that this is not done, nor can it be done, we believe, in the present state of the Church and of the world. The thing is impracticable; and besides, is it right to expect either the Church or the State to do what God has made it the duty of the husband and father to do? We hold that it is neither fair nor wise to look to others for that provision for our families which both nature and the Bible require us to make for them.

We have now done with this subject. We have glanced at the origin and history of Life Insurance; explained its principles and objects; set forth some of its advantages; noticed the grounds on which it can be successfully defended and safely recommended; and have tried to answer the main objections urged against it. In all that we have written, our desire has been to subserve the cause of truth, and that only.

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## CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass how sweet  
 Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;  
 To roam in fancy in each cherished scene,  
 The village church-yard, and the village-green,  
 The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,  
 The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,  
 The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,  
 And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew!  
 How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,  
 To view th'unclouded skies of former days?—H. K. WHITE.



## THE DYING YEAR.

"THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY."

BY REV. S. H. REID.

THE year is dying. Its weeks and months are rapidly passing away. In a very short time the recording angel will lift up his hand and swear, that this year shall be no longer; and then eighteen hundred and fifty-two will have fled forever.

But let us look at the dying year. We already see the symptoms of its decay; and continually events are passing before our eyes, which make us feel that its fashion is passing away.

I. *Look at nature.* The outward world is well calculated to teach us solemn and important lessons. The scriptures often direct us to nature around us, and bid us learn a lesson from the grass that groweth up in the morning and in the evening withereth; or in the flowers that bloom and die. The seasons of the year come and go, like so many grand scenes in the drama of this world. But a few months ago beautiful spring, dressed in her green garments and perfumed with fresh and delightful odors, broke in upon us. Cheerfully and joyfully did we hail her first appearance; and with happy hearts did we shake off the gloom of the old and cheerless winter. We hastened forth to catch the morning's fresh air, or the evening's cool and refreshing breeze, wishing that this gay season of life might always continue.

But alas! what changes the flight of a few months can produce. How the fashion of even *nature* is passing away. The flower which we so carefully and tenderly nourished has faded and gone. No power can again revive it. Its beautiful tints have passed away. Its fragrance no more perfumes the air. Its *stem* is withering, and soon even its *place* will be lost for ever to our sight. The green tree, so lately fresh and gay, and under whose cool shade we sat with so much pleasure, is growing pale with age. We have fallen in the time of the sear and yellow leaf. Leaf after leaf is dropping from its stem, and soon will the cold blasts of winter pierce, unimpeded, its branches.

What a commentary have we here upon the brevity of human life. These occurrences are so common that they fail to arrest our attention, or suitably impress our minds. But this is our misfortune. There is a lesson even in *these* things. We are admonished in the flower that fades and dies! "Man that is



born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is soon cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not!"

II. *But look again at passing events, and especially at the death and departure of our fellow men.* No traces are so deeply drawn in time, as those of man's decay. We read this truth on the very ground we tread. Perhaps we scarcely step from our own door without treading on dust that was once animated with life. The graves of our Fathers are with us. We are constantly walking up and down in the midst of tombs, and skulls which once laid schemes of ambition and gain. Our Fathers, where are they? And the Prophets, do they live forever? Where are those who during the years before this, crowded our cities; toiled in our valleys; built our present habitations; and carried forth the business of this busy world? Where are those who reared our churches, and worshipped at their altars, and sat in their seats, and sang their praises, and mingled in their prayers? Where are many of those who occupied our pulpits, and urged upon us the claims of the gospel? And where is that great and thoughtless crowd, who have amused themselves with trifles and played their years away? Echo answers, Where? The fashion of this world passeth away. Every revolution of the earth carries numbers of bodies to their graves, and numbers of immortal souls to their final doom. And what numbers, during the flight of the year, whose death we will soon record, have been rolled over upon the bosom of Eternity!

And there is no respect of persons here. The great and small, rich and poor, high and low, meet in the same place, and share the same fate. But a few months ago, and one of the most distinguished citizens of this country passed away. He had lived a long life, and enjoyed many of the honors of his day and age. His venerable presence commanded almost universal respect; and his touching eloquence reached every heart that came under its influence. He was our nation's inheritance, and our nation's cherished Son. His memory will live upon the page of our history, and in the hearts of his countrymen; but his familiar face will be seen no more, and his thrilling voice will be no more heard; *for the year now dying, has carried him away.*

And what sad intelligence has the last few weeks disclosed? Another of our great ones has run his race, and has passed away. In apparent good health but a short time ago, and filling one of the most important posts in the government of his



country, he has been suddenly called upon to leave his honor and his wealth behind him, *and, also, pass away.*

And how do our own history and circumstances admonish us in this respect? Are we, too, not passing away? The traces of time are too legibly drawn upon us to doubt for a moment this truth. The wrinkles upon our brows—the furrows upon our cheeks—the feebleness of our steps—the flight of time, and the gradual approach of old age, tell most solemnly that we *too* are passing away!

Soon we also will live only in the recollections of those we leave behind us. Strangers will fill our places. The tread of our feet will no longer be heard upon this busy earth. And when strangers ask for us, the reply will be—*They have passed away!*

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## A FLYING VISIT TO GERMANY.

BY REV. J. P. LESLEY.

I ENTERED Germany by Basle. This little old town at the elbow of the Rhine, is in fact part of a Canton of the Confederation; but one has only to cross the bridge to stand on Teutonic soil, and all the associations of the place are with Wirtemberg and Eisleben as closely as with Geneva. Here Erasmus died, and Ecolampad's tomb is in the minster. Here, between Germany, France and Switzerland, as at the focus of a tornado, the fiercest fury of the Reformation raged, and sent a storm of books, pamphlets and tracts, flying like twigs and leaves, over Europe. It is said still to be the headquarters of Methodism in Switzerland; but it has ever been more pious than good. Its clocks stood an hour ahead of all other clocks in Europe for centuries, (that is, down to the year 1795); nobody knows why, but it was characteristic of the place. The inhabitants were old and wealthy burghers, whose interest money upon loans were enormous, and who enacted punishments for such as lent at less than five per cent.; "selfish, avaricious, and dangerous persons, who by their avarice did irremediable injury to churches, hospitals, widows and orphans," who also had money to invest. No alien has ever been permitted to do business in the town, much less to have a voice in government, and so the actual population has steadily *decreased*. The whole history of their



contests with the country part of the Canton, which has ended in a political separation of the two, has exhibited the spirit of the citizens as uniformly behind the age as the striking of their clocks foreran the time of day.

It was the 15th of October when I passed through Basle. I first went down upon the bridge to see the Rhine. It is a noble, rapid river ; as large as the Rhone at Arles ; twice as wide as the Schuylkill at the permanent bridge. But it comes down in a full broad sweep, rippling round the bend, and roaring between the stone piers of the bridge, and rolls away "the abounding river" towards the North Sea. It is worthy to bear the name of the Flowing One, Rhea, the Goddess of the Deluge.

At the other end of the bridge, on the German side, is Little Basle, and from it, one has a fine view of the wall of edifices which front the City Proper. The Hotels of the Couronne, that of the Kopf, and the grand Hotel of Trois Rois, the Club House, and the blood-red Cathedral, on its elevated platform of rock, look down upon the river.

This minster church is wholly peculiar in its aspect. It is built of a deep red sandstone, and therefore in strong contrast to the white marl Cathedrals of the cretaceous region of Northern France. It is the color of New York painted brick, like old houses between Broadway and the North River. Its west front runs up into two tall and slender spires, and is of the pointed Gothic ; while the Choir end and transept portal overlooking the river, are of the round arch and peculiar. The buttresses slope strangely out and have arch-ways hollowed under them, and they must be of immense depth, for even after this, a whole range of interior chapels are formed between them. The whole round end of the church is apparently sustained between the buttresses by a low plain arcade of round arches relieved against the foot of the wall under the great windows, and eminently satisfactory to the eye. In the curious northern door-way, the round arches are supported on each side by three light and elegant Norman pillars disengaged, and different from one another in their patterns ; the outer ones being plain, the middle traversed by four vertical beads, and the inner ones fluted in spiral ; while over the face of the side posts, runs a very elegant and various device of stems and flowers. Between and behind the three columns are two niched statues, and over the door are other figures all well executed.

Why do not our church architects learn to group their decorations thus about the points of common access, where they appeal to every eye ? The experience of centuries, and the natural taste



fulness of the age taught the builders of these old shrines that it was vain labor to spread over great areas of wall. They therefore left the vast cliffs of hewn stone which frown from the west end of the Caen Abbey of William the Conqueror, to suggest sublime images of mountains and the walls of Paradise ; but at their feet they made an entrance like the opening to a cave, and there they sat and carved, and laid out all their invention in rare and curious columns, in mouldings and statuary ; and while the eternal procession of worshippers kept going night and day, under the archway into the nave, these became the dreams and prophecies to them of mysteries that they should see within. Hence they put no inscriptions on the histories thus sketched in rude relief at the door way. The true worshippers would understand them ; the alien of another faith had nothing to do with them, Will the time ever come when plain brick walls will be thought handsome enough to shut in the sublimity of a Gothic interior, and when such bald doorways as those of the two Boston Churches in Bedford street, and in Bloomfield street will be restored to some fair property in the resources of the Norman chisel, for the pleasure of ingoers. If I had to build a church, and had but \$50,000 to build it with, I would spend \$20,000 on the doorway, and the remainder on plain walls without, and on a noble interior. For one object always kept in mind by these ancient builders was the *invitation to the crowd*, an object forgotten long ago. And moreover, such a doorway as that of Rheims Cathedral is a public benediction to the eyes and souls of all the generations of a city's tramping populace.

The Cathedral at Berne, I remember, is built so. It is neither an elegant nor a majestic edifice ; only its site is a wonder of nature, for it stands on the brink of the valley, gazing in mute astonishment at the whole range of the middle Alps. But its great doorway is equally a wonder of art, being crowded even to excess with small sculptured figures of every description. These little bizarre existences become in course of time vivid, and fellow citizens of the burghers of Berne ; every child makes friends with them as he grows up, and picks out from among them some to be his intimates, and when he comes stooping with the weight of years, gray-headed, and ready to pass likewise into the gates of Paradise, he bids these little fellows, young and fresh as ever, like the fairies of the North, farewell, and recommends to them his long line of descendants.

I chanced to go into the school-room opposite the church, and got myself into business, for a lad was sent to conduct me to



the gymnasium next door, and the rector handed me over to a teacher who spoke English fluently and introduced me to the classes on the several floors, the first and second on the lowest floors, and the third, fourth, fifth and sixth on successive higher ones. The scholars were divided into Humanists, who studied the Classics, and Realists, who do not. They enter at the age of eight or nine, and many drop away before sixteen, above which age there are none.

He showed me their system of marks by cards and monthly reckonings of standing, sent to parents and preserved in school. If a scholar misbehaves long and grossly, a tri-weekly account is forwarded to his home until his reputation be restored. His parents meanwhile visit the school and sometimes if his conduct still be bad, beat him publicly there. The rod is rarely used by the masters, of whom I saw eight or nine collected together in the recess of five minutes at the end of each hour. The classes and divisions of classes, enjoy separate rooms, and each scholar has a desk and numbered closet. There are about four hundred and fifty. In the next house is kept a "Real" school of about four hundred poorer children, such as being obliged to help their parents at home, cannot attend so closely nor accomplish so much. Those of talent finally appear at the "Gymnasium." But it must be understood that the Gymnasium of Switzerland, is not the Gymnasium of Russia, where the scholar enters at ten and continues to twenty; nor the French "Pension School," where the scholars cannot see their parents oftener than once a fortnight.

Under this one Gymnasium in Basle are four primary schools, in the four Cantons of the little city; and from it most of the scholars go at sixteen into life. Those who leave it for a Pedagogium or College, pass again out of this last into the famous University of Basle, the oldest in Switzerland, (1460) where formerly Erasmus, Euler and Bernouilli taught, and where the late lamented Dr. De Wette was received into what no wonder was to him, contrasting the dull red walls of the back street in this dull country town, with the breadth and glare of the Prussian Capitol, a dull, unworthy exile.

In the Gymnasium I saw sitting on the benches sons of the rich and sons of the poor, together. Each has his paper, pens and ink dealt out to him, for which he pays a trifle, and two Swiss francs, or sixty cents a month, besides for tuition. Many come in from the villages. The head boy in one class was a peasant's son; these things are noticed in Europe; the bloom has not been all rubbed off from the apple of Liberty, such as



it is; and apple of Discord as it is. Munificent legacies have been bequeathed to the foundation. Some pensioners pay one-half, some one-third. In all cases two brothers pay each one-half. If there be three or thirteen children, the first one pays and all the others enter gratis. Small as the charge is here, in the Real School it is still less.

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### THEY ARE NOT THERE!

THEY are not there! where once their feet  
Light answer to the music beat;  
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,  
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed.  
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song;  
Still trail the vine's green shoots along;  
Still are the sunny blossoms fair;  
But they who loved them are not there!

They are not there! by the lone fount,  
That once they loved at eve to haunt;  
Where, when the day-star brightly set,  
Beside the silver waves they met.  
Still lightly glides the quiet stream;  
Still o'er it falls the soft moon-beam—  
But they who used their bliss to share  
With loved hearts by it, are not there!

They are not there! by the dear hearth,  
That once beheld their harmless mirth;  
Where, through their joy came no vain fear,  
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear,  
It burns not now a beacon star;  
'Tis cold and fireless, as they are;  
Where is the glow it used to wear?  
'Tis felt no more—they are not there!

Where are they, then? oh! passed away,  
Like blossoms withered in a day!  
Or, as the waves go swiftly by,  
Or, as the lightnings cleave the sky.  
But still there is a land of rest:  
Still hath it room for many a guest;  
Still is it free from strife and care;  
And 'tis our hope that they are there!



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